

## Mrs. Stadler

Mars Argo

Mrs. Stadler, won't you teach me how to paint?  
To paint, today  
Mrs. Stadler, won't you teach me how  
Mrs. Stadler, your hair is turning gray  
I heard about your cells today  
I didn't want to leave that way, oh, oh, oh

If you see me again, will you still be my friend?  
Why must we grow older, older?  
And when we meet again, just after freedom ends  
When the world is almost over, over  
Will everything still be the same?

(Bum, bum, bum...)  
I come in peace  
To drink your wine  
And find myself in photographs  
We're all crossing  
The starting line  
It hurts my back to think of it  
I wanna leave  
This place and time

Mrs. Stadler taught me to paint  
She taught me to live my own way  
I've got a feeling, it's so hard to say  
But your life will happen anyway, oh, oh

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