

Red Paint

Matt & Kim

You're bringing the bar up
Life's not plastic forks and paper cups
A mind certainly can make
A heavy weight
We'll set all things straight

Hands and red paint
Let's make some stains
Let's make some stains
Getting dark
Hands and red paint
Let's make a mark

All of these years
You've brought me here
You've brought me here
I thank you
All of these years
That we've cut through

Some parts never taught
Climbing fences, sleeping on roof tops

While so many things I see are sugar fed
Still rocks, bricks, and lead

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Still rocks, bricks, and lead

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Let's make life so big
Make sure can't be missed
I'll carry all these days for months and for years
I'll listen, you'll hear (all these days for months and for years
I'll listen, you'll hear)

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