

Saint Beneath The Paint

Nick Lowe

Ah just-a look at that place
It's longer than a mile
Livin' on stolen kisses and borrowed time
That smile is painted on
All revved up on retinol
Making it's mind up where to wind up

Well, just-a look at this place
It's late here all the time
It's a shrine dedicated to singing and women and wine
She's suffering just for you
And all the other monkeys livin' in the zoo
How can she clean up
Livin' on peanuts?

But there's a saint beneath the paint
A talk without a heart is what she ain't
Make no mistake
She can't face the saint beneath the paint

Ah, just a look face cast itself way back when
It's twelve o'clock and all is hell again
That was some sight to see
Him rockin' around the Christmas tree
Makin' his mind where to grind up

But there's a saint beneath the paint
A talk without a heart is what she ain't
Make no mistake
She can't chase the saint beneath
She can't fake the saint beneath
She can't face the saint beneath the paint

It's looks real cute
That little town flirt will be pushing up daisy still
That's tough
Cause she's the only one who can ever get enough

Of the saint beneath the paint
A talk without a heart is what she ain't
Make no mistake
She can't face the saint beneath the paint

There's a saint beneath the paint
A talk without a heart is what she ain't
Make no mistake
She can't face the saint beneath
She can't trace the saint beneath
She can't face the saint beneath the paint