

## Paintbox (acoustic version)

Pendragon

Painting pictures of a thousand different paths  
We sketch an outline of a love that hopes to last  
Casting a wand over imaginary hopes  
And close our eyes so we don't feel the ebb and flow

And paintbox you are my only hope  
Of covering the faded past and starting out once more  
With a fortune in new colours new hopes to inspire  
I paint the path I want to take and paint a life of fire

Marking out our lives full of different plans  
Excitedly we hold the key to change our hearts and hands  
We climb the hill to see if green fields lie beyond  
Only to realise they've faded now and gone

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