

# Paint It Red

Vaux

Cause there I a house made of black stone,  
And it sits at the end of the road.  
I'd paint it red and it's forgotten.

Some say. That I'd disappear  
That I'd disappear.  
That I'd disappear.

This isn't automatic.  
This is impossible.  
We all are far from tragic.  
We are like statues of.

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It's hard to stand when it's all in your head.  
Find that black house paint it red.  
It's hard to feel when you've been through this much.  
Wanna talk, wanna touch.  
It's hard to run when you can't find your feet.  
And I don't want your world on me.

Cause on the inside. Everything's white,  
And I'd lose myself in it's light.  
I'd close the door and get forgotten. Some say.  
We are like statues of stone.

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Statues of stone.  
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