

That's Just About Right

BlackHawk

My old friend,
Lives up in the mountains
He flew up there to paint the world
He says, "Even though interpretation's what I count on, this little picture to me seems blurred"
"Hard lines and the shadows come easy
I see them all just as clear as a bell
I just can't seem to set my easel to please me;
I paint my Heaven, but it looks like Hell"

[Chorus:]

Your blue might be gray, your less might be more
Your window to the world might be your own front door
Your shiniest day might come in the middle of the night
That's just about right

He says, "Man, I ain't comin' down 'til my picture is perfect
And all the wonder has gone from my eyes"
Down through my hands and onto the canvas,
Still like my vision but still a surprise"
"Real life", he says, "is the hardest impression
It's always movin' so I let it come through"
"And that", I say, "is the glory of true independence" "Just do
what you do what you just gotta do"

[Chorus]

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My friend came down from the mountain
Without even looking, he found a little truth
"You can go through life with the greatest intentions; but you
do what you do what you just gotta do" (Yeah)

[Chorus: x2]

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