

sometimes I could see  
how cutting an ear off might be  
the most productive and satisfying thing to do

because sometimes I feel  
my insides are heavy  
as heaven must be on the sky

I paint a starry night  
I seal my heart in the brightest colors  
I hope someone finds it there  
and it makes them feel the way I do  
it could be that would be enough  
it could be that would be enough

Wednesdays he feels  
just like a lack-a-day  
been trying too hard all week  
but he's got no money to show

so he makes himself  
squeeze into the pocket of a flock of pants  
fits just like a rock inside a shoe  
in everyone he falls right through

so he paints a starry night  
he seals his heart in the brightest colors  
he hopes someone finds it there  
and it makes them cry  
makes them want to take him home to dinner  
like a long lost lover  
like an only child  
like his younger brother  
it could be that would be enough  
it could be that would be enough

sometimes when he feels  
his insides are heavy  
as heaven must be on the sky  
he goes to the familiar  
emptiness of a blank canvas  
to fill it with the riches of a lonely poor man  
he steals into his brushes  
to make his life amend, amend

he paints a starry night  
seals his heart in the brightest colors  
he hopes someone finds it there  
and it makes them cry  
makes them want to take him home for dinner  
like a long lost lover  
like an only child  
like his younger brother  
like a soul unfurled  
like his favorite girl  
out of this cold cold world  
it could be that would be enough

it could be that would be enough