

Paint Your Picture

Josh Ritter

Pictures on my wall
Fifteen different colors
Starting with vermilion
The first flower of the summer
And don't think I'll be finished
Till I've begun to understand this

With you stretched out in the sunlight
As your laughter fills my canvas
The sun falls in my fingers
On your back against the blinds
It's tracing out your hollows
It is filling in your lines

There your curl finds your spiral
As you silhouette the window
When my brush forgives itself
Spills lines upon your pillow
Finds you standing in the middle
Of the lines you've laid down before
Try to trace my picture into yours

Let me paint you in the corner
As your shoulders trap the light
See the sunset feeling golden
On the wine skins of the night

I have seen your eyes in paintings
As Cathedrals cried Hosanna
Let me paint your face in frescoes
Hang your hair like Angelabra
See you standing in the middle
Of lines you laid down before
Try to paint my picture into yours

In the morning let me find you
As I call to you by name
Your body warm beside me
Not imprisoned in a frame

I could never find the colors
Or the light that finely paints you
With those roses in your hair
Smell of wine, immortal perfume
As you're standing in the middle
Of lines you laid down before
Tryin' to paint my picture into yours