

**Painting
Atmosphere**

Chords: **Am F G E**

Seems to work when played along.

Am F
Ain t no color paint gonna cover the stains
G E
The pictures on the wall will all remain
Am F
And even though he s home now sounding safe
G E
Surrounded by the faces that he placed his faith
Am F
The images visit from the past he witnessed
G E
Can t stay away from the memories, sticks with
Am F
each detail embedded in stone
G E
like he chiseled those convictions into his bones
Am F
the progress stops and pauses
G E
spits and sputters like the basement faucets
Am F
and it s obvious he s lost in his regrets,
G E
you can smell it on his breath

Just repeat through out in a similar fashion

Ain t no color paint gonna cover the stains
but now the alcohol is gonna mother the pain
Tuck it away, no complaints just laying on his back on his
backyard under the rain
Take tomorrow but doesn t no how though for every swallow there s another to
follow
He weaves his way throughout the story
looking for a new missing piece or a door key
Spirits used to be for celebration
But now they just take him away from the hell that s waiting
Re-up until it s three sheets up
and pick a place for the skeletons to meet up

Ain t no color paint gonna cover the stains
But if the oxygen escapes it ll smother the flames

No introduction doesn't speak his own name
Gonna beat them demons at they own game
The sunset rides to the end slow
Same song echoing outside of the window
You can't grow if the skin don't fit you
Sometimes you gotta get low just to get through
No inspiration left to do your best when,
nobody hates you more than you're reflection
Suffer the shame until it stuffs the drain
He's got two hands and a bucket of paint, come on