

Waste Of Paint
Bright Eyes

hammer on the b string when you do the F

F (003210)

C F C F

I have a friend, he s mostly made of paint

C F C F

He wakes up, drives to work and straight back home again

C F C F

He once cut one of my nightmares out of paper

C F C F

I thought it was beautiful, I put it on a record cover

G C F

And I tried to tell him that he had a sense

G C F

Of color and composition so magnificent

F G F G

And he said thank you, please, but your flattery

F G F G

It is truly not becoming me

F G F G

Your eyes are poor, you re blind, you see

F G F G

No beauty ever could have come from me

C F

I m a waste

C F C F C F

Of breath, of space, of time