

**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