

# Teenage Fanclub, Every Picture I Paint

See her lying in my bed  
My pillow stuffed beneath her head  
Her hair is like a sea of gold  
I'd love to say it her  
Kiss her lips, they're wet with spit  
It's more a flavor, taste like wine  
Sticking something cold inside  
Those eyes leave goosebumps on my spine

You're very presence turns me dear  
It takes a hundred thousand colors to paint you  
And every picture that I paint doesn't capture you

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