

# The Replacements, Achin' To Be

Well she's kind of like an artist  
Sittin' on the floor  
Never finishes, she abandons  
Never shows a soul

And she's kind of like a movie  
Everyone rushes to see  
And no one understands it  
Sittin' in their seats

She opens her mouth to speak and  
What comes out's a mystery  
Thought about, not understood  
She's achin' to be

Well she dances alone in nightclubs  
Every other day of the week  
People look right through her  
Baby doll, check your cheek

And she's kind of like a poet  
Who finds it hard to speak  
Poems come so slowly  
Like the colors down a sheet

She opens her mouth to speak and  
What comes out's a mystery  
Thought about, not understood  
She's achin' to be

I've been achin' for a while now, friend  
I've been achin' hard for years

Well she's kind of like an artist  
Who uses paints no more  
You never show me what you're doing  
Never show a soul

Well, I saw one of your pictures  
There was nothin' that I could see  
If no one's on your canvas  
Well, I'm achin' to be

She closes her mouth to speak and  
Closes her eyes to see  
Thought about an' only loved  
She's achin' to be  
Just like me