

Painted

I wasn't big on arts and crafts or waiting for things to dry
And I didn't think I knew how to paint but one day I gave it a try

So I propped up a canvas and sketched an outline to start
And then I created something beautiful that I believed was art

So then I called myself a painter and I put my work up on display
And i'd rush home from school to add more colors every day

And I thought that may be my full time job, that I could make this hobby my career
Cause I painted it for hours, days, months, and on the 12th it was a year

It was everything I wanted, nothing else seemed as entertaining
I'd spend weekends and my holidays just working on my painting

Id make it sheer and then metallic and try matte and then add chrome
And I stopped going out with friends because I just wanted to keep painting at home

I loved being an artist, until I came back one day
And saw my masterpiece I spent hours on had somehow become gray

It was just a smudge on large white canvas, not the hard work that I knew
And I couldn't figure out how that happened, because I last recalled it being blue
I screamed out
“my painting showed something beautiful, and whatever this is doesn't”
My painting was incredible
And then one day
It wasn't

I spent all my time painting, but it made me unaware
The art work I created has long since not been there
I was so close to it that I never saw when it became defiled
And that it's not just gray today,
It been like that for a while

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I know it won't go back, I just want to hope it does
But at some point I have to see, my painting isn't what it was

I want to keep it with me, I can't let my hard work go bequeathed
it's gray and sloppy **now**, but I swear it's better underneath
I want to preserve it because i've spent so long to assure that it will stay
The painting that I love is there if I could scrape off all the gray

I built my life around this craft that now I can't restore
So I can't throw it away because then what was it all for

A day would come where it'd be there end, when the song was just a hush
And I knew that going in, when I picked up the brush
But I'm not ready to do it now, I could wish for more time from every genie
but there'd never be day were leaving my painting would be easy

But it still holds something special, there's still art in that display
It shows love is still love, even when its been covered up in gray
It shows a heart can still beat even when it doesn't get its way
It shows beauty is still beauty, even when it doesnt stay
but most importantly, you seeing that, shows that you will be okay

You became somebody better in every single mistaking
Just because you have to throw it out doesn't mean it's not worth making

When you drew outside the lines or made the colors fainter, you didn't keep the painting...
But you became a better painter

It was a valuable experience, it was a worthwhile endeavor
To be something extraordinary is not to just exist forever

To be something of profit is just to make a sum
But to be something of purpose is something you learn from

Just because you can't sell it, even though heartbreaks unpaid,
Stand strong on your ground, and don't regret the art that you made
Don't be embarrassed that its not vibrant now, be proud that it **once was**
You don't need to prove it has color underneath
Just.know.that.it.does.

Its one of the most painful things to do, but it is now your turn
You have to look it in the eye and you have to watch it burn
You have to live with the reminder, and see it every day,

You have to pass it in the halls and come to terms with all the gray

(You have to let go, knowing you'll regret it
And it will find another painter, and you'll just have to let it
And it will smile at another, just like it once did you
And you'll be there to watch somebody else repaint it blue
But it isn't your fault. And it's not the canvas either
It is part of living, part of times procedure

You can spend all your time wishing, waiting to see if paint dries
Hoping that if you kill it with kindness then maybe it dies
You can believe that it's there, but the mail lost your letter
And you can sit with crossed fingers hoping things will get better
And you could walk for miles just for them to walk across
And you could ignore all the things you said were deal breakers
You could hand them a gift that you let them misuse
And forfeit the pieces you never want to lose
And you could take only a little and never ask for more
And you could settle for things you'd never settle for
You could uncage the pigeons that you thought would be doves
And you could agree to disagree on what defines love
You could live happily ever after in a house that is haunted
But you can't block out the part of you
That knows this isn't what you wanted

You can hide it away and shove it in drawers
And put it in vents or under nailed floors
You can lock it in a room and turn off the light
Or boil it in water or let it freeze overnight
You can squeeze it in a cube or diffuse it in **air**
... You can't pretend you don't see it....
But you can't pretend it's not there

You have two options:
You can settle on gray
Or be a painter who knows when to walk away.

Choice

You ask, "in a room full of people, would he still choose you?"
And i don't have an answer i don't know where to begin
Besides what makes you assume he'd walk into a room that i'm in?

I analyze and replay conversations in my head
But there is much more of a story in what was unsaid

Because you are like the faint smell of smoke left behind a cigarette
Like a heartache type memory that i'd like to forget
Like the one undying leaf that made it past November
You're from a time of my life that i don't want to remember

You're the ice that stays even after the snow
The breeze that feels like it did a year ago
The burn on my tongue cause i won't let coffee cool down
The smile that fades when you're the reason to frown

You're the flinch at the sound of a lays bag pop
You're the song replaying in my head that won't ever stop
You're the grief, the white flag, the forced to surrender
From a time of my life i don't want to remember

You're the drop in my heart when I lose a bid
You ask, did they trip me?
I'd say not anymore than he did.

Did they hurt you?
Did they leave you?
You ask if im scared
Maybe I am, maybe they did, but it never compared

They lied and they cheated
They enforced what I knew
... That someone can hurt me, but never like you

They can leave, they can stay and then lose their temper
But no one else is a pain im scared ill always remember

It can bruise it can stain

It can leave me in the dark
But you're the type of thought that really leaves a mark

Because even with all bad dreams
In every smoke trailing a cigarette
You're a time of my life that I cannot forget
Because I hear you in rain, I hear your voice
So i have to remember when i dont have the choice
So maybe i fix myself maybe i learn to move on
But that doesnt mean the feeling is ever really gone

Everything comes back to you, you're behind every door
And if i cannot forget it, i have to ignore
If the healing was linear then im just a dot
Because even months after i have stayed in one spot.
And time goes on because it has to
It's a law of science but i'm stuck missing you
And yeah days pass by because that's how the earth spins
But you're the kind of bet where no one really wins

Maybe ill get lucky but i know i really won't
Life moves on but maybe i don't

Maybe i'll always miss you
I'll see you as the leaves in November
Maybe you will always be a time of my life
That i have to remember