

Paint The Walls

[Intro]

Yeah

Cristofaro

Future looking brighter

And brighter

Look

[Chorus]

Paint the walls

Change the whole room

New life

Same us

Big plans

Coming real soon

Paint on our shirts

Laughing like we made it

If the color comes out wrong

Fuck it we can change it

Warm lights

Late nights

Building what we wanted

No fake

No stress

Everything is honest

Your hand

My hand

Color on the floor

Guess I can believe in fate

Now Im walking through the door

[Verse 1]

Long week done

Sixty hours

Still aint slowing down

Finally breathe

Grab some food

Take a look around
Talking like its nothing
Then you said it casually
Paint the walls
Build it with me
Like you saw what I could see
Music playing
Paint everywhere
All across our shirts
Build the table
Kinda crooked
Laugh and make it work
Take a break
Start some dinner
Leave the brushes where they are
Laughing over something stupid
Thats the shit that hits my heart

[Pre Chorus]

No grand speech
No perfect line
Just the way you said it
Put the future in my mind
One little sentence
Made the whole thing come alive
Now the smallest moment
Started looking like our life

[Chorus]

Paint the walls
Change the whole room
New life
Same us
Big plans
Coming real soon
Paint on our shirts
Laughing like we made it
If the color comes out wrong

Fuck it we can change it
Warm lights
Late nights
Building what we wanted
No fake
No stress
Everything is honest
Your hand
My hand
Color on the floor
Guess I can believe in fate
Now Im walking through the door

[Verse 2]
Sterile white
Blue light
Yeah we both get enough
Give me lamps
Turned down low
Dinner cooking in the warm glow
Leave the stress
At the doorway
Let the whole week dissolve
These dreams
Making headway
Now I know whos involved
Still ambitious
Still obsessed
Still got numbers in my head
Still gon make sure
Were ahead
Success used to mean leaving
Always chasing something more
Now Im grinding just as hard
For the life behind that door
Used to draw
Escape routes
Now Im drawing floor plans

Used to keep
Everything spotless
Now theres color on my hands

[Bridge]

Maybe one wall
Comes out awful
Maybe leave it
For a week
Maybe every time
We see it
We just laugh
And let it be
Maybe furniture
Gets scratched up
Maybe coffee
Leaves a stain
Maybe perfect
Wasnt ever
What we wanted
Anyway

[Break]

Give me something lived in
Give me something ours

[Chorus]

Paint the walls
Change the whole room
New life
Same us
Big plans
Coming real soon
Paint on our shirts
Laughing like we made it
If the color comes out wrong
Baby we can change it
Warm lights
Late nights

Building what we wanted
No fake
No stress
Everything is honest
Your hand
My hand
Color on the floor
Guess I can believe in fate
Now Im walking through the door

[Outro]
Warm lights
Paint stained shirts
Something cooking
Something crooked
That we built ourselves
Yeah
Leave it
Its ours
Cristofaro