

Paint Your Joy on the Wall (kitselman)

Your first snow storm three feet tall
You were three feet tall yourself
Little snow suit at the back door
Opened for our brave little elf
It was not what you expected
And I saw the fear rise in your eyes
I scooped you up and we made an igloo
Filled it with joy under [cold blue skies]

Don't let the line go slack or the distance get too far
Remember your way home, as you find out who you are
Dead-ends and disappointment are part of any life well lived
Learn from these but paint your Joy on the wall

Cell phone call on Sunday
Dad, I've really screwed up now
Down by the river, cops and cruisers
With your friends, I was mad as hell
It was not the end of everything
Or even fair from what I could see
We learned about the Fifth Amendment
And when to just [let things be]

CLIPPED CHORUS & CASTING (3)

Drove you up to Baltimore
Brownstone apartment you would share
Smiling face waiting for you
Sitting on the stoop when we got there
I think maybe she's more than a friend
I saw the look in your eyes
Maybe someday you will build an igloo filled with joy under [cold blue
skies]

CHORUS