

Paint It, Black – The Rolling Stones

I see a red door
And I want it painted black
No colours anymore
I want them to turn black
I see the girls walk by
Dressed in their summer clothes
I have to turn my head
Until my darkness goes

I see a line of cars
And they're all painted black
With flowers and my love
Both never to come back
I see people turn their heads
And quickly look away
Like a newborn baby
It just happens every day

I look inside myself
And see my heart is black
I see my red door
I must have it painted black
Maybe then I'll fade away
And not have to face the facts
It's not easy facing up
When your whole world is black

No more will my green sea
Go turn a deeper blue
I could not foresee
This thing happening to you
If I look hard enough
Into the setting sun
My love will laugh with me
Before the morning comes

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And I want it painted black
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I want them to turn black
I see the girls walk by
Dressed in their summer clothes
I have to turn my head
Until my darkness goes

Mhmmm-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m
Mhmmm-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m
Mhmmm-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m
Mhmmm-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m

I wanna see it painted
Painted black
Black as night, black as coal
I wanna see the sun
Blotted out from the sky
I wanna see it painted
Painted, painted
Painted black, yeah

Mhmmm-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m
Mhmmm-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m
Mhmmm-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m
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Słowa: Keith Richards, Mick Jagger
Muzyka: Keith Richards, Mick Jagger
Rok wydania: 1966
Płyta: Aftermath