

# 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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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  
Mhmmm-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m



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