

**Shades of Paint**  
**Copyright 2020 Charlene Sullivan**  
**Suggested A-list Recording and Performing Artist(s):**  
**Taylor Swift, Carrie Underwood, Trish Yearwood, Faith Hill, The Dixie Chicks,**  
**Kelly Clarkson, or Little Big Town**

**Verse 1**

In the beginning, you were rude almost every night,  
Why did you have to be so mean always picking fights?

I never started this, ain't my fight, I got no animosity.  
More than how many years we've been together?

Never knew you then, surely, don't know you, now.  
All this time, pretending, living a lie, tell me why, tell me when, tell me how?

**Chorus**

How did we get, here, I'll never know.  
Guess it was never love to begin with.

But, now, we'll never really know.  
Remember the forever and always that you promised we'd be.

But, last Tuesday in our kitchen you looked over, you were staring at me.  
I dared to ask if you loved me way back, then.

You said, you never meant our vows, never meant the words you said.  
The Church says it's over, on that basis alone, you see.

We were never married, to begin with, so nothing's ending for me.

## **Verse 2**

Living with someone like this feels like forever,  
And forever feels like a really long time, to be on pins and needles, and brushing through pain.

It's Tuesday night, again, and we're sitting in the kitchen,  
Starring at each other, and guess what, you're looking to pick a fight.

This time it's about the antique colors we chose to paint the walls back in 1988  
When we still knew how to masquerade and believed that playing house would somehow make us fall in  
love and live, forever after, happily.

## **Chorus**

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## **Verse 3**

Here we go, again, arguing over the choice of this season's shades of paint.  
You're being rude, again, it must be Tuesday night.

Why do you always have to be so nasty and so downright mean?  
After all this time thought we'd mastered, polite, during game night, playing charades and make believe.

Your true colors, finally, beginning to shine.  
The glossy glow, the luster in my eyes, one Tuesday night, faded like this palette's flat antique white

Now we find ourselves on the threshold, sitting on the witness stand, on the verge of saying it out loud,  
It's over, this time, I'm not going back!

### **Bridge**

Do you still love him, the judge asked of me?  
Only ask a question, I retorted, when the answer has a shred of relevancy.

How did you know that he no longer loved you, the judge asked, again, of me?  
He starred, I responded, that's how I knew he never love me.

Why do you no longer love him?  
He was downright rude, can you hear him objecting, again, your honour, oh so very mean!

When did you stop loving him, the judge continued with his questioning,  
I, clearly, recall it was in our old kitchen, renovating, choosing colors from palette the man at the paint store had given me.

He was complaining, over and over again, about too many damn shades of paint!  
I said to myself might as well play dead and relinquish (give up) this awful ,terrible, fight!

### **Chorus**

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The End!