

blank canvas

In awe I stand here in front of my canvas
mildly amused that it's blank yet again
I know all the colours to have a good time
have tasted the truth and decided it's fine

In awe I stare at my blank canvas
not fathoming yet what picture I print
where do I go from here what words to use
to fill this new canvas till next time its blankness leaves me amused

I sure wouldn't mind to have that good time
that I know now how to draw with just one fine line
Oh I sure wouldn't mind
I sure wouldn't mind
so I start with writing my very first line

I certainly think that there is nothing better
to start anew every once in a while
rethink your options and ponder your heart
does where you are going lead from where you did start

Make yourself use your new canvas
and paint only what you would like to see
there's nothing more silly than drawing black holes
when all other colours are there for you to unfold

If you and me stood in front of our canvas
and we would only use our colours all bright
couldn't we draw the world a good time
make a full circle and draw that fine line

If you and me use our colours together
leave out black holes and their silly idea
of ensuring the balance to prevent the big crumble
this justification would no longer make us stumble