

Leave It Like It Is  
By  
David Wilcox

Now when the paint jar tipped off of the table you watched as it started to fall  
Glass popped, shattered and splattered and paint spray hit the wall  
Light blue color enamel across the kitchen floor  
You said "Good God" look at that pattern, I've never seen that before

Leave it like it is. Never mind the turpentine  
Leave it like it is. It's fine

Now when the paint dried, you gave it a title, you called it kitchen blue  
A white frame painted around it, Gallery lighting too  
The rich folks come over to dinner, they all wanted one of their own  
They said "how much? Who's the artist? My what a beautiful home

Leave it like it is. Never mind the turpentine  
Leave it like it is. It's fine

Now most folks suffer in sorrow, thinking they're just no good  
They don't match the magazine model as close as they think they should  
They live just like the paint by numbers the teacher would be impressed  
A life time of color the lines so they're just like everyone else

Leave it like it is. Never mind the turpentine  
Leave it like it is. It's fine