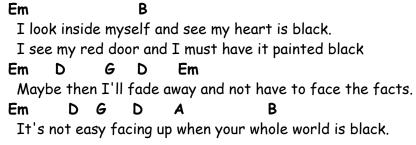
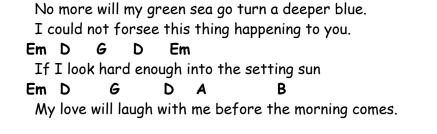
Paint it back Rolling Stone В I see a red door and I want it painted black. No colours anymore I want them to turn black. Em D D Em I see the girls walk by dressed in their summer clothes. Em D G A I have to turn my head until my darkness goes. Em I see a line of cars and they're all painted black. With flowers and my love both never to come back. Em D G Em I see people turn their heads and quickly look away. D G D Α Like a newborn baby it just happens every day.





Em

