

# THE PAINTER

*From Album Spanish Train And Other Stories / The River Sessions . By Chris de Burgh . Written by Chris de Burgh*

I'd like you to meet my last queen,  
Over there large as life  
She's been hanging there for almost a week,  
My poor late wife;

What do think of the colour of her skin,  
It has the bloom of a rose,  
You see she begged me to bring a certain painter in,  
And for that picture in her bedroom she would pose;

Well after a while he was driving me mad, as you could well understand,  
Sitting in there, day after day, with my wife in the palm of his hand...  
It was -

"Madam please do this and Madam please do that",  
You've never heard such display,  
But he didn't mind he was taking his time, it was me that had to pay,  
"Oh Madam I think we should take a walk in the woods,  
You understand it's the light",  
And did I mind, no, I was so kind when they came back in the middle of the night,  
And I swear I'll take care of the painter, Oh the painter...

Well as you can see it was hard for me,  
But something has to be done,  
She only has eyes for him and his lies, and as for me,  
Not a glance, not a single one;  
My orders were severe and she disappeared,  
It really was such a shame,  
And when they told me she was dead I broke down and said,  
"It's that painter, it's him, he's to blame."

With his "Madam please do this and Madam please do that",  
You've never heard such display,  
But he didn't mind he was taking his time, it was me that had to pay,  
"Oh Madam I think we should take a walk in the woods,  
You understand it's the light",  
And did I mind, no, I was so kind when they came back in the middle of the night,  
And I hope it's the rope for the painter,  
When he's found, it's hellbound for the painter,  
I'll get that painter...