## © By Elva Jones-Hahn and Andrea C. Renfree (Renfree Music. BMI)

Painted pretty pictures in a line He doesn't't know what's real or what is lost in his mind He thinks of her often but he's blind Twisted leaps of faith so unkind Raptured by the love he had inside

She once was a vision in his eyes His passion was so bitterly and nakedly disguised Like a light held deep within his heart Surrendered dreams, lovers pulled apart Giving up was easier than being scarred

And the lines have been drawn The web's been spun He's in so deep, there's no hope of return Now the roads been lost And the bridge's burned Only the devil knows what lovers never learn

Winters crocus buried in the snow The promise of a springtime he will never know Starry, starry night hangs darks and deep Over places where secret lovers sleep Where fates of broken hearts lay cold and weak

And the lines have been drawn The web's been spun He's in so deep, there's no hope of return Now the roads been lost And the bridge's burned Only the devil knows what lovers never learn