

Kashmir, Art Of Me

she made art of me
she made my day
the spanish way

people came to see
the art of me
the disagree
between you and I-

can never walk
nor even talk
I'm bound to hang
on this masterpiece
I'll never find
within my mind, ...ind, ...ind

I was just a boy
she acted like decoy
and I became her toy

after shaking hands
captured by the glance
impressed by all the fans
by all the fans, by all the fans, by all the fans

I had never felt so weird before
when she left me hanging on the wall
all the love she gave to me came through her hands
all the love she gave to me came through her hands

oh I had a lovely woman back in all the early days
but I was crying she sailed away left the day
I found another on the train but she was in a haze
she had lost everything that she had earned on her lays
I got a job in a cafe behind the bar
but I was fired, took it all too far, too far

too much hip
got the pink slip
bought myself a razor
cut off the red feb
started jogging the next day
just to get in a good shape
looked at the trees, looked at the good babes
the good babes they were everywhere
but there was only one that I really wanted to get near, get near

she put me on a wheel-barrow
drove me to the gate
could not escape
much too late
the gate was real narrow
so she carried me home, carried me home, carried me home

I had never felt so weird before
when she left me hanging on the wall
all the love she gave to me came through her hands
all the love she gave to me came through her hands