

# Ray Davies, Art School Babe

My art school babe with your palette-knives and brushes,  
Painted face, Egyptian eye-brows and bright red lips  
Pale white make-up, tight black skirts like Juliette Greco  
And there's me quoting pretentious chat up lines  
From Marcel Proust, Jean Cocteau and Jean-Paul Sartre

Sitting by a gasfire in a drafty bedsit  
The art school babe quotes William Blake and she rolls a joint  
And I think "Oh oh, I've scored", start to make myself at home  
But the room starts moving as she starts to get me stoned

I close my eyes and give in, the room goes in a spin  
My lips are dry, I wander around with a ridiculous grin  
I grovel on the floor, I think "Yeah I think I can make her"  
Then I wake up and realize I've been kissing the refrigerator

Art school chaps with creative grand illusions  
My sketch pad at the ready, my eager charcoal in my hand  
Boring the world for hours with political theories  
Just to impress anyone who listens while my art school babe  
Just puts another inch of make-up on her face

And she says to me:  
"Arty farty, you'll never fool your Auntie  
Who knew you when you picked your nose and wet your pants"  
How did she know that?  
Arty farty, I try to throw a party  
To impress my peers I struck a creative stance

Art school cat, ah, I was really on a mission  
I made my play for my art school babe  
By humming jazz tunes with words by Furlinghetti  
I thought I was ever so cool,  
But I was really such an obvious, pretentious, irritating little fool  
For my art school babe