

Scott Edgar And The Universe, Trapped In A Con

A picture in a wooden square
Li'l landscape hanging there
Little sheeps and dogs and stuff
But it's really not enough
For the little people there

The sky is blue, the hills are green
The only hills they've ever seen
And it's a lovely, lovely blue
But there's not a lot to do
In this pastoral scene

"Why are they trapped in a Constable?
Why can't they race through the fire on a train in a Turner?
Why can't the ride in the clouds of Michelangelo?
Smashed apart in a Picasso?
Why can't the lie in a nude on a beach in a Whitely?
Or swim in the violet clouds of Monet?
They're frozen on a farm on a lovely day
And it will always be this way."

They'll never die they'll never breathe
They'll never fight or feel the need
They'll never march along a wall
And if they do, have blooded all,
They'll never get the chance to bleed!

Oh, little people!
Oh, little painted people!

Trudge the same eternal track
To the same old boring shack
Same old wheat upon their back
Peaceful lives do tend to lack

"Why are they trapped in a Constable?
Why can't they race through the fire on a train in a Turner?
Why can't the ride in the clouds of a Michelangelo?
Smashed apart in a Picasso?
Why can't the lie in a nude on a beach in a Whitely?
Or swim in the violet clouds of Monet?
They're frozen on a farm on a lovely day... (2x)"

Why can't they fuck Cicciolina?
Why can't they fight for Mother France with a brace of blazing arrows?
They could have been Greek gods destroying landscapes with a nod.

But no.
They are pushing barrels, on a farm on a lovely day...
And it will always be this way!