

The Kinks, Art Lover

Sunday afternoon there's something special
It's just like another world.
Jogging in the park is my excuse
To look at all the little girls.

I'm not a flasher in a rain coat,
I'm not a dirty old man,
I'm not gonna snatch you from your mother,
I'm an art lover.
Come to daddy,
Ah, come to daddy,
Come to daddy.

Pretty little legs, I want to draw them,
Like a Degas ballerina.
Pure white skin, like porcelain,
She's a work of art and I should know
I'm an art lover.
Come to daddy,
And I'll give you some spangles.

Little girl don't notice me
Watching as she innocently plays.
She can't see me staring at her
Because I'm always wearing shades.
She feeds the ducks, looks at the flowers.
I follow her around for hours and hours.
I'd take her home, but that could never be,
She's just a substitute
For what's been taken from me.
Ah, come to daddy, come on.

Sunday afternoon can't last forever,
Wish I could take you home.
So, come on, give us a smile
Before you vanish out of view.
I've learned to appreciate you
The way art lovers do,
And I only want to look at you.