

Dime Store Prophets, Yeah Sure Ok Monet

Is that the hills under your fingernail
The tempest and the hurricane
The clouds to come beneath your breath
Did you introduce the night to day
Orion with the Milky way
And all the stars on your rolodex
Well you carve and you smash, what you paint you call trash
Man you must have something to say
Sweat falls to the plate, the burden to create
All your colors washed, inspiration lost
Yeah, sure, o.k., Monet
There's nothing new in the world (ha, na, na, na,)
There's nothing new in the world (hey...)
Was that the roses knocking at your door
Asking how tall that they should grow
Well, if it was give them my best
Is that a lightning bolt back in your coat
A fist of hail for rainy days
A tidal wave in your coffee cup
Well you reach down deep, and find nothing unique
Truth is getting so hard to paint
Just chasing the wind, no place to begin
Mister, you're not the first
Try working with dirt
Yeah sure ok Monet
There's nothing new in the world (ha, na, na, na,)
There's nothing new in the world (hey...)
Another empty canvas Tuesday
Howling Wolf is on the LP
But even he can't prime this poets pump
The agony and the ecstasy
The tension and the sweet release
Did you know you were looking for me
There's nothing new in the world (ha, na, na, na)
There's nothing new in the world (hey...)