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 ectasy

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...)