# John Cale, Trouble With Classicists

Words and music: Lou Reed & John Cale
The trouble with a classicist he looks at a tree
That's all he sees, he paints a tree
The trouble with a classicist he looks at the sky
He doesn't ask why, he just paints a sky
The trouble with an impressionist, he looks at a log
And he doesn't know who he is, standing, staring, at this log
And surrealist memories are too amorphous and proud
While those downtown macho painters are just alcoholic
The trouble with impressionist is
The trouble with impressionist is
The trouble with personalities, they're too wrapped up in style
It's too personal, they're in love with their own guile
They're like illegal aliens trying to make a buck
They're driving gypsy cabs but they're thinking like a truck
The trouble with personalities is
The trouble with personalities is
I like the druggy downtown kids who spray paint walls and trains
I like their lack of training, their primitive technique
I think sometimes it hurts you when you stay too long in school
I think sometimes it hurts you when you're afraid to be called a fool
The trouble with classicists is
The trouble with classicists is