

Kevin Gilbert, Ghetto Of Beautiful Things

Sometimes you have to climb up real high and it's scary
Just to paint the big letters that say "One Day Only"
Exhaust so bad, headache won't quit
I painted Santa with a brown nose just for the fun of it
Windows full of sleazy androgynous guys in tight leather vests
And girls in fishnet pantyhose that never smile at me
Everything must go - Everything must go
America's having a blow out sale
I'm cultivating the stroke garden
And I'm run down by the drunken taxi cab of absolute reality

I just wanted to work with my hands
See something go from A to B
And somehow I ended up in the Ghetto of Beautiful Things
In the Ghetto of Beautiful Things

Kick away the pigeons
Dripping day glow sidewalks
They stole my bag of horse-hairs
While I was painting a toothy woodchuck
Change my sex, burn my cash
Stick my tongue up the client's ass
And I vanish into Nowhere's End New Jersey

Uniforms, formulas, Formica, office forms
Conformism, formalism, formalities
Anima's the thing I never had
Anima's the thing I never had
I just want to play catch with my dad

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Fuck em all this is art
Fuck em all this is art
Fuck em all this is art
Fuck em all this is art
High noon at the oasis
Put your content to bed
Exclamatory penance served
I've slid to hell on Satan's sled

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I'm too late to be a slacker, doesn't matter