

# Ookla The Mok, Guggenheim Love

Nothing you have to say could possibly change my mind  
I'm calling your bluff I'm drawing the line  
But if you ask me nice you know I'll probably stay  
And listen to you tell me why I should sit here  
while you say  
Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah  
blah blah blah  
for half an hour  
I've heard this all before so I won't listen anymore  
I'm getting tired of all these games  
You care much less for me  
than you care about this gallery  
At least you don't forget their names  
Damn it all Marc Chagall  
We must rely on protocol  
I don't know what I was thinking of  
Oh man Paul Gauguin  
I try but I can't understand  
What made me fall in Guggenheim love  
You can't go to the Guggenheim without me by your side  
You're looking at art I'm along for the ride  
You point at every wall and whisper in my ear  
"God, that guy is so overrated," but all I ever hear is  
Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah  
blah blah  
for half an hour  
Stop talking about composition  
or I swear you're gonna need a physician  
You and I are never gonna last  
I want to smash your face  
every time you mention negative space  
Talk about contrast  
Hey hey Claude Monet  
I just don't know quite what to say  
Heaven knows what I was thinking of  
Good grief Georgia O'Keefe  
I come to you beyond belief  
What made me fall in Guggenheim love  
You hailed a cab and left and I took the subway home  
I got some peace and quiet now I'm finally alone  
But it's like some strange disease  
that takes away my choice  
I gotta call you on the telephone  
so I can hear your voice while you say  
Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah  
for half an hour  
Damn it all Marc Chagall we must rely on protocol  
Oh man Paul Gauguin I try but I can't understand  
Hey hey Claude Monet I just don't know what to say  
Good grief Georgia O'Keefe I come to you beyond belief  
Oh no Vincent Van Gogh where did all those Q-Tips go?  
Good golly Salvador Dali  
ding went the bell and clang went the trolley