

# Utopia, There Goes My Inspiration

They say pain can bring out the artist's best  
But since you've been gone, I just can't care less  
Common sense doesn't realize  
It can hurt so bad  
Everyday I sit in my garret staring at the floor  
But my heart isn't in it anymore

There goes my inspiration  
My reason for creation  
There goes my inspiration  
I felt it fly away when you said goodbye

Me and Gauguin used to party down  
I was hung in the Louvre, I was Renoir's pal  
Vincent van Gogh used to joke with me

Now they don't come 'round  
It's all over town that the master's lost his touch  
I'm so lost I can hardly hold a brush

And now my palette is a sorry mix of grey and brown  
And all the other art lovers stay away  
'cause I'm bringing them down

Now I wander the left bank every day  
Searching for my muse in sad cafes  
Peddle my oils to the galleries  
But they turn me down  
Everybody says I'm a master of technique  
But the style and the sentiment is weak