

## Art Crisis

Bob Mould

Overhearing conversations turn into dust  
Critically acclaimed and publicly defamed  
There's nothing I can say about it  
Much less I could do about it  
Who cares anyway?  
Who cares anyway?  
There's nothing I can do about it  
Screw it, I don't care about it  
Nothing I can say about it  
Hey, it's OK now  
Monkeys made of brass fly out of your ass  
Self-destructive fool fell into the pool  
So content with treading water  
If it doesn't get much hotter  
Tired of every day's morality plays  
There's nothing I can do about it  
Screw it, I don't care about it  
Nothing I can say about it  
Hey, it's OK now  
I'm so tired of trying to explain  
I'm so bored I hardly stand the strain  
Everything you hate  
Is everything that you created  
Rollercoaster pharmacy of ups and downs  
Endless ride upon your merry-go-round  
Stupid is as stupid says  
Now it all goes to your head  
Inspirations fade  
The failing grade