

Bleed for the Artist

Electric Six

Ninety-nine rooms in the Pharaoh's tombs
He was young and hungry king
He spent a lot of time in his room, staring at the moon
And he loved to hear the young girls sing
Remember as you bleed for the artist
He only goes the hardest way
And as you plead for him to start this
You live to hear the artist to say:
I love you!
So let the criticism start
And blow that poison dart
You never disrespect
The artist or his art
It's such a tender heart
The one that creates the art

Sixty-nine dudes just to get you in the mood
I got some issues with your style, girl
If my desires do intrude this pleasant interlude
I'll probably stay here a little while, girl
And now you bleed for the artist
Though it might not be the smartest play
And as you try to tear apart this
You live to hear the artist say:
I love you!
So let the nihilism start
And read a little Sartre
You never deselect
The artist or his art
It's such a wild heart
The one that bleeds the art

Descend these scales of hollow chorus dressed girls of angels on my heart
Statues of males and Christs adorn, but begs the question "Is this art?"

Hey, bleed for the artist
He only goes the hardest way
And as you plead for him to start this
You live to hear the artist say:
That's right!
So throw your items in the cart
And burn the Super Mart
You can never separate
The artist from the art
What finally stopped my heart
Where to start?
Where to start?
Where to start?

We are the young and hungry patrons of the arts
We are the young and hungry patrons of the arts
What finally stopped my heart
What finally stopped my heart

Goo, goo, goo, goo, goo, goo

Tištěno z nispicky-akordy.cz
I thought...is that the end of the song?

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