

How To Hang A Warhol

Little Joy

Mama someday you'll be so proud of me
You'll see me hanging in a New York gallery
Someday I'm gonna draw from the left side of my brain
People are gonna ask, "is it brilliant or plain?"

But as long as I don't know
How to hang a Warhol
I'll keep sketching birds
That are all like her
Very simple and true
Like you've known me to do
And if you like 'em
Yeah but if you don't it's not bad
Cause I really don't care

Said papa someday I'm gonna write a symphony
48-piece band all dressed up like me
I said, I'll write someday the saddest of all songs
I'm gonna chill the marrow in their bones

But as long as I can't get into Carnegie Hall
I'll keep writing songs that are all my own
Very simple and dumb
Like I always have done
And if you like 'em, yeah
But if you don't too bad
Cause it's all I have
Ever since I met her I keep thinking,
God, how great it is to play a guitar
This way I feel that she's always with me
Cause every other song
Underneath it's tongue
Is about our love