

## Art Exhibit

### Young the Giant

I, I saw a picture of you today  
At an art exhibit  
On memory lane  
You wore those pearls we found on Champs-Elysees  
Framed like the golden masters  
Forgotten all these years  
Pouring like rain  
A true thought appears  
Oh, the genius of pain  
Without a name  
Pouring like rain

Cause I'm on my back, on my back again  
Words we had to describe the same feeling  
Now without a meaning  
Cause I'm on my back, on my back again  
Looking at a hole in the ceiling  
I, I watched the movie of you today  
Silver screen adapted from my thoughts on Broadway  
You saved the world; we lived in such harmony  
Blockbuster sales in twelve countries  
Remembered all these years  
Falling like rain  
A truth that appears  
Oh, the genius of pain, oh

Cause I'm on my back, on my back again  
Words we had to describe the same feeling  
Now without a meaning  
Cause I'm on my back, on my back again  
Looking at a hole in the ceiling