

No I don't give a shit about warhol
And oldenberg's really gone soft in the brain
Now dali just wants to be cornholed
With one of those crutches he sold to man ray

Yes calder was hung up on mobiles
And rauchenberg gives a particular pain
Now art's just another distraction
Like tv commercials that won't go away

Bourgeois what's the deal
Don't want no dada
No don't try to hand me no fantasy
It's for surreal

When your taste is confined to their palates
And their pictures are easily framed on your walls
Did you ever consider the malice aforethought
Contained in that trivial parcel of art

Van gogh does a flip in his casket
Rafaels and da vincis are moved down the hall
To make way for neimans and no ones
Like rock and roll portraiture by guy pellaert

Tell me what good is color on canvas
Just who will it feed tell me who will it save
And do they expect us to stand this barrage
Of collage and potage and potage st. germaine

The people who work for a living
Don't need to ask questions from cradle to grave
They don't need di carlo to tell them
What's good and what's bad and what's really insane