

Grasping for oblivion

Billy Squier

Cezanne, the unloved prophet, found a dignity
the grace in everyone
He packed his reverence and his paints and went
where no one else had gone
Such a lone-strung man was he
Solitary vision, dyin' to break free
And I hear the voices when you call
see the hero where you fall
You're the reason why I can't get old
You're the reason why I run
you're the reason why I come
I will be forever grasping your oblivion
Picasso in his world ruled over everything
there was no other way
How else could he face the Dons of history
and brush them all away
Such a potent man was he
Scandalized by nothing - perhaps what only he could see
A man is just a man until he finds himself
as part of something more
And even then he stops to ask himself
what it is he came here for
Such a wondering soul is me
Sure of barely nothing - except for my uncertainty