

## 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