

Art Crisis

Bob Mould

Overhearing conversations turn into dust
Critically acclaimed and publicly defamed
There's nothing I can say about it
Much less I could do about it
Who cares anyway?
Who cares anyway?
There's nothing I can do about it
Screw it, I don't care about it
Nothing I can say about it
Hey, it's OK now
Monkeys made of brass fly out of your ass
Self-destructive fool fell into the pool
So content with treading water
If it doesn't get much hotter
Tired of every day's morality plays
There's nothing I can do about it
Screw it, I don't care about it
Nothing I can say about it
Hey, it's OK now
I'm so tired of trying to explain
I'm so bored I hardly stand the strain
Everything you hate
Is everything that you created
Rollercoaster pharmacy of ups and downs
Endless ride upon your merry-go-round
Stupid is as stupid says
Now it all goes to your head
Inspirations fade
The failing grade