

Art Of Me

Kashmir

She made art of me
she made my day
the spanish way

People came to see
the art of me
the disagree
between you and I-

Can never walk
nor even talk
I'm bound to hang
on this masterpiece
I'll never find
within my mind, ...ind, ...ind

I was just a boy
she acted like decoy
and I became her toy

After shaking hands
captured by the glance
impressed by all the fans
by all the fans, by all the fans, by all the fans

I had never felt so weird before
when she left me hanging on the wall
all the love she gave to me came through her hands
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Oh I had a lovely woman back in all the early days
but I was crying she sailed away left the day
I found another on the train but she was in a haze
she had lost everything that she had earned on her lays
I got a job in a cafe behind the bar
but I was fired, took it all too far, too far

Too much hip
got the pink slip
bought myself a razor
cut off the red feb
started jogging the next day
just to get in a good shape
looked at the trees, looked at the good babes
the good babes they were everywhere
but there was only one that I really wanted to get near, getnear

She put me on a wheel-barrow
drove me to the gate
could not escape
much too late
the gate was real narrow
so she carried me home, carried me home, carried me home

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