

# How To Hang A Warhol

Little Joy

Mama someday you'll be so proud of me  
You'll see me hanging in a New York gallery  
Someday I'm gonna draw from the left side of my brain  
People are gonna ask, "is it brilliant or plain?"

But as long as I don't know  
How to hang a Warhol  
I'll keep sketching birds  
That are all like her  
Very simple and true  
Like you've known me to do  
And if you like 'em  
Yeah but if you don't it's not bad  
Cause I really don't care

Said papa someday I'm gonna write a symphony  
48-piece band all dressed up like me  
I said, I'll write someday the saddest of all songs  
I'm gonna chill the marrow in their bones

But as long as I can't get into Carnegie Hall  
I'll keep writing songs that are all my own  
Very simple and dumb  
Like I always have done  
And if you like 'em, yeah  
But if you don't too bad  
Cause it's all I have  
Ever since I met her I keep thinking,  
God, how great it is to play a guitar  
This way I feel that she's always with me  
Cause every other song  
Underneath it's tongue  
Is about our love