

## The Critics Are Never Kind

Michael Franks

The critics are never kind  
They thrive on the negative  
They seldom give  
Their praise or their thanks  
And their word is sacrosanct  
The critics are always blind  
Deaf and dumb when it comes to change  
Their feeble brains cannot penetrate  
Until it's too late

We are Degas, Gauguin, Van Gogh  
We are painters not parasites  
Which one of them will ever know  
What it's like to get high on sweet inspiration

The critics are lonely souls  
Their job is a thankless one  
Which must be done  
If art is to survive  
Their specialty is jive  
The critics must earn their keep  
By using pedantic words  
Ones never heard  
With razor sharp wit  
But who gives a sh..

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