

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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