

Beautiful

Michael Penn

One more for the collection
You've got on your wall
Paint it in the frame until
You hire out a little stall
And on a few,
You've got to laugh
As you inscribe
His autograph
They are the ones that
Everybody chooses
Beautiful excuses
Closing in on targets
In an open sight
Each one spins around you
And around you like a satellite
Just take one down
When times are tough
A diamonetta in the rough
They are the ones that
Everybody chooses
Beautiful excuses
Always tragic perfect bait
They grip you as they captivate
Twist, but do not fabricate
Then imply they implicate
You get thirsty; while you wait
A demonstrator demonstrates
That you've run out of
Holy water, dude

Your works of art are
Hanging in the Parthenon
But where's the only one who
Ever bothered to take you on
You can't explain
Why that one's gone
Until you put your finger on
Whatever it accuses
Beautiful forgery
Such beautiful excuses
All you ever wanted someone
Who refuses
Beautiful