

I had a friend
He said he was an artist
Knew more than the average schmuck
He said he must have been given
A real gift
Well I said that was just dumb luck

All work is honorable
Yet art is just a job
Let me spend my paycheck on a beer
No heroes, no leaders, no artists, no gods
I'm a worker, you're a worker
Wouldn't you like to be a worker too?

My work he said
Is so complex
So much so he couldn't sell it at an auction
He shuts his mouth
And dotes away
I guess he serves to serve a function

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What's to think
Is the difference between
The tortured artist or the union Joe
From the market I live in
To the world I see
Whatever we reap we're lucky if we sow

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