

Art Smock

The Pains of Being Pure At Heart

I want to know what happened to you
I liked you better in your art smock, mocking art rock
without intention, without design
You said you'd never be fine with being fine, or mine

So we went out to see your favorite band,
left when we saw they were bone and skin and 77
And I wanted to be something like you
and nothing like them

What you wanted I never knew
I was a mess but so were you
I should have guessed it was going to fall

to pieces in my hands again
I'm broken where I stand again
I never learn this lesson right,
but I want you here

You learned to mingle with a well-bred crowd,
straightened your hair and forgot all about
torn jeans and sweaters from the lost and found,
dropped some pounds and the people that you used to hang around

What you wanted I never knew
I was a mess but you turned so cruel
I should have guessed it was going to fall

to pieces in my hands again
I'm broken where I stand again
I never learn this lesson right
When I spent the night it just felt wrong,
like a Felt song, I'm off the throne
and I need you here, and you're not around