

Art Exhibit

Young the Giant

I, I saw a picture of you today
At an art exhibit
On memory lane
You wore those pearls we found on Champs-Elysees
Framed like the golden masters
Forgotten all these years
Pouring like rain
A true thought appears
Oh, the genius of pain
Without a name
Pouring like rain

Cause I'm on my back, on my back again
Words we had to describe the same feeling
Now without a meaning
Cause I'm on my back, on my back again
Looking at a hole in the ceiling
I, I watched the movie of you today
Silver screen adapted from my thoughts on Broadway
You saved the world; we lived in such harmony
Blockbuster sales in twelve countries
Remembered all these years
Falling like rain
A truth that appears
Oh, the genius of pain, oh

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