

## **Reed Cale**

### **"Trouble With Classicists"**

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The trouble with a classicist he looks at a tree

That's all he sees, he paints a tree

The trouble with a classicist, he looks at the sky

He doesn't ask why, he just paints a sky

The trouble with an impressionist, he looks at a log

And he doesn't know who he is, standing, staring, at  
this log

And surrealist memories are too amorphous and proud

While those downtown macho painters are just  
alcoholic

The trouble with impressionists is

The trouble with impressionists is

The trouble with personalities, they're too wrapped up  
in style

It's too personal, they're in love with their own guile

They're like illegal aliens trying to make a buck

They're driving gypsy cabs but they're thinking like a  
truck

The trouble with personalities is

The trouble with personalities is

I like the druggy downtown kids who spray paint walls  
and trains

I like their lack of training, their primitive technique

I think sometimes it hurts you when you stay too long in  
school

I think sometimes it hurts you when you're afraid to be  
called a fool

The trouble with classicists is

The trouble with classicists is

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