

## **Dime Store Prophets "Yeah Sure Ok Monet"**

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Is that the hills under your fingernail  
The tempest and the hurricane  
The clouds to come beneath your breath  
Did you introduce the night to day  
Orion with the Milky way  
And all the stars on your rolodex  
Well you carve and you smash, what you paint you call  
trash  
Man you must have something to say  
Sweat falls to the plate, the burden to create  
All your colors washed, inspiration lost  
Yeah, sure, o.k., Monet  
There's nothing new in the world (ha, na, na, na,)  
There's nothing new in the world (hey...)  
Was that the roses knocking at your door  
Asking how tall that they should grow  
Well, if it was give them my best  
Is that a lightning bolt back in your coat  
A fist of hail for rainy days  
A tidal wave in your coffee cup

Well you reach down deep, and find nothing unique  
Truth is getting so hard to paint  
Just chasing the wind, no place to begin  
Mister, you're not the first  
Try working with dirt  
Yeah sure ok Monet  
There's nothing new in the world (ha, na, na, na,)  
There's nothing new in the world (hey...)  
Another empty canvas Tuesday  
Howling Wolf is on the LP  
But even he can't prime this poets pump  
The agony and the ecstasy  
The tension and the sweet release  
Did you know you were looking for me  
There's nothing new in the world (ha, na, na, na)  
There's nothing new in the world (hey...)

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