

## **Kinks**

### **"Art Lover"**

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Sunday afternoon there's something special  
It's just like another world  
Jogging in the park is my excuse  
To look at all the little girls

I'm not a flasher in a rain coat  
I'm not a dirty old man  
I'm not gonna snatch you from your mother

I'm an art lover, come to daddy  
Ah, come to daddy, come to daddy

Pretty little legs, I want to draw them  
Like a Degas ballerina  
Pure white skin, like porcelain  
She's a work of art and I should know

I'm an art lover, come to daddy  
And I'll give you some spangles

Little girl, don't notice me  
Watching, as she innocently plays  
She can't see me staring at her  
Because I'm always wearing shades

She feeds the ducks, looks at the flowers  
I follow her around for hours and hours  
I'd take her home, but that could never be  
She's just a substitute for what's been taken from me

Ah, come to daddy, come on

Sunday afternoon can't last forever  
Wish I could take you home  
So, come on, give us a smile  
Before you vanish out of view

I've learned to appreciate you  
The way art lovers do  
And I only want to look at you

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