

Lou Reed & John 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 impressionist is [x4] 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 [x4] 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 [x4]

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