

Marty Willson-Piper

"Art On The Run"

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The cane on the table is getting lighter, it's almost
disappeared
I always thought that furniture was weird
Rooms full of battered wood, I'd live in empty rooms if I
could
The shape of my face is well-defined, improving with
age
All I need now is something to engage
Grinning at images, I'll only talk to you if you appeal
Braving the elements
Childlike and delicate
Art is on the run, Art is on the run
The blood on the ticket is the same as the blood on the
fingers at my throat
I'll prove it was you by the paintings on your coat
Seams split in violent times, art is on the run and drunk
again on wine
I'm safe and sound, I'm full of money, a silver sixpence
shines
Somewhere else a beach is sad and cries
Sand swept to damaged hills, another empty canvas
I've to fill
Close to you and far away

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