

## Neil Innes

### "I Like Cezanne"

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Annie went to art school  
At the age of seventeen  
Her drawings in a folio  
To keep them looking clean  
Her tutors all agreed  
She had a certain "je ne sais quoi"  
With her Modigliani body  
And her face by Renoir

"I like Cezanne," says Anne,  
"He does something for me.  
I like Cezanne," says Anne,  
"It's not what you see.  
The power of nature is something to feel.  
I like Cezanne," says Anne,  
"To me he's surreal\*."

They showed her Botticelli  
Rembrandt, Bruegel, Ernst and Braques  
And talked of chiaroscuro  
Or the use of light and dark  
But all they really wanted was to get her into bed  
And everytime they tried it on,  
This is what she said:

"I like Cezanne," says Anne,  
"He does something for me.  
I like Cezanne," says Anne,  
"It's not what you see.  
The power of nature is something to feel.  
"I like Cezanne," says Anne,  
"To me he's so real\*."

Time went by so slowly  
As in any school of art  
She was all alone  
Until the day she lost her heart  
To a shy and gentle student  
Whose name happened to be Paul  
And so they hung their drawings  
Side by side upon the wall

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