

## Dar Williams "Mark Rothko Song"

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Words and music by Dar Williams

The blue it speaks so full  
It's like the beauty one can barely stand  
Or too much things dropped in your hand  
And there's a green like the peace  
In your heart sometimes  
Printed underneath the sheets of ashy snow  
And there's a blue like where the urban angels go, very  
bright  
Now the Calder mobile tips a biomorphic sphere  
Then it swings its dangling pieces  
round to other paintings here

Your behavior is so male  
It's like you can't explain yourself to me  
I think I'll ask Renoir to tea  
For his flowers are as real as they are all the time  
And the sunlight sets the furniture aglow  
It's a pleasant time as far as people go, how far do they  
go?  
Well his roses are perfect and his words have no wings  
I know what he can give me and I like to know these  
things  
I met her at the funeral  
She said I don't know what he meant to me  
I just know he affected me  
An effect not unlike his art,  
I believe

The service starts and we are in the know  
He had so much to say but more to show, and ain't that  
true of life?  
So we weep for a person who lived at great cost  
Yet we barely knew his powers till we sensed that we  
had lost

A friend and I in a museum room  
She says, "Look at Mark Rothko's side  
Did you know about his suicide?  
Some folks were born with a foot in the grave, but not  
me, of course"

And she smiles as if to say we're in the know  
Then she names a coffee place where we can go,  
uptown  
Now the painting is desperate, but the crowds wash  
away  
In a crowd of kind pedestrians who've seen enough  
today

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