

Stew "Naked Dutch Painter"

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The naked Dutch painter does not want to fuck you
She's got 17 boyfriends and an eight o'clock class
to get to
She's smoking hash all night with some coffee
amaretto
She's asking stupid questions about my groovy black
ghetto
And the naked Dutch painter in the kitchen does not
want to fuck you.

The naked Dutch painter in your bed does not want to
sleep with you
She just feels like being naked
You don't think you can take it but they're next to
you
She says, "Ghandi used to sleep next to two naked
women"
But you're not the Mahatma and that's a whole
'nother religion
And the naked Dutch painter in the bed does want to
sleep with you

The naked Dutch painter in the morning does not want
to need you
She missed her eight o'clock class cause she
couldn't get her ass up off of you
So you walk along the Rhine and jump back in the sack
If this is how they do it you ain't never going back
And the naked Dutch painter in the morning does not
want to need you

Talking 'bout the naked Dutch painter
the naked Dutch painter
the naked Dutch painter
the naked Dutch painter
la la la la la la la la la la la la laaaa
la la la la la la la la la la la la laaaa

The naked Dutch painter in the gallery does not want to
love you
She's throwing fluorescent paint accompanied by a
Mingus tape that she stole from you

Its performance art porno under trippy black light
She left with her professor, he can stretch her canvas
tight
And the naked Dutch painter in the gallery does not
want to love you.

The naked Dutch painter in his arms does not want to
see you
You are drunk and you are sore
You busted down professor's door but he feels for
you
So a wicked joint is rolled and mellows out your head
But you're not feeling too bold when he invites you
into bed
While the naked Dutch painter in his arms does not
want to see you

Talking 'bout the naked Dutch painter
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So now you're on your own in a freezing pay phone
around day break
You're feeling so shitty that your calling Culver City
just to belly ache
But there's no body home 'cept your answering
machine
So you write a stupid poem about the freaky shit
you've seen
Like the naked Dutch painter in the morning sky who
hovers above you

The naked Dutch painter at your door says she finally
loves you
But she said "I'll see you later" when she saw
another naked painter sitting in the kitchen with you
Well she seemed a little shattered and she got a little
pissed
When she saw that you were flattered by the fact that
you'd been missed
While the naked Dutch painter at your door says....

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the naked Dutch painter
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la la la la la la la la la la la la la laaaa

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