

The Firebird Band

"Art"

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I miss all my old friends as they were before I miss all
the cities as they were before I miss all the daytimes
spent with some old friends but I know everything must
end you live like shit and suffer for your art... is that
what you call it is that what you call it? she said you live
like shit and suffer for your art... is that what you call
it is that what you call it? that's messed up and it's
fucking depressing how much of this must you put up
with and how times do I have to say stay away? and
how many friends must I go through and how many lies
must I put you through you live like shit and suffer for
your art... is that what you call it is that what you call
it? It wouldn't be art if you didn't starve yourself to
death she said it wouldn't be art if you didn't starve
yourself to death she said that's messed up and it's
fucking depressing when was the last time that
you've seen the sun and I don't mean at sunset
when you're just waking up and I don't mean at
sunrise when you're still up from the night before
when was the last time that you felt good as deep as
you are through hours of my time and minutes of
daylight glimpse yourself thin pale soft and white and
sick as hell live like shit and suffer for your art is that
what you call it is that what you call it she said you live
like shit and suffer for your art is that what you call it is
that what you call it she said and that's messed up
and it's fucking depressing

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