

Coffee House Gypsies "The Artist"

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In a Black & White World
You are told that you are crazy
You are bought, packaged, and sold
You are controlled
By crowds and corporations
That determine your station
They down-size inspiration
They drop your fate on a plate and just wait
They expect you to consume
They expect you to sedate

And oh
How you hate the love
That you have towards your curse
And worse:
You are aware that you are addicted
To your power to create
You waste youth in silent prisons
As quietly you wait

But the famous and the unknown gifts
And dreamers in their own
And underdogs seeking higher lift
And even legends on their thrones
Have all had their dreams stepped on
Stolen, raped, and badly beaten

But when the muse calls on it won't be long
Soon we all are what we've eaten

So this is for artists
Who do not cease to give birth
And the many things your wild hearts bring
To grace our blessed earth

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