Lieutenant Jam

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The artist destroys her work again Tossing and turning through sleep Ripping the pages with furious rages The artist falls in a heap.

Frame by frame she grabs onto the door Ripping her nails onto the floor Slips on the red, falls into blue Dreams disappear all because of you

Don' t give up on me now Because the rain came in Don' t give up on me now l' m about to begin

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She had eyes in the sky She could fly Get a real job instead Swam through her head Move on now and move on fast Not all of your art dreams can last

She turned her chair Swivelled it round Put her headphones on from the ground Moved her hands from side to side She began to paint away the tide

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