

## Reed Lou "Trouble With Classicists"

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The trouble with a classicist he looks at a tree  
That's all he sees, he paints a tree  
The trouble with a classicist he looks at the sky  
He doesn't ask why, he just paints a sky  
The trouble with an impressionist, he looks at a log  
And he doesn't know who he is, standing, staring, at  
this log  
And surrealist memories are too amorphous and proud  
While those downtown macho painters are just  
alcoholic  
The trouble with impressionist is X4  
The trouble with personalities, they're too wrapped up  
in style  
It's too personal, they're in love with their own guile  
They're like illegal aliens trying to make a buck  
They're driving gypsy cabs but they're thinking like a  
truck  
The trouble with personalities is X4  
I like the druggy downtown kids who spray paint walls  
and trains  
I like their lack of training, their primitive technique  
I think sometimes it hurts you when you stay too long in  
school  
I think sometimes it hurts you when you're afraid to be  
called a fool  
The trouble with classicists is X4

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