

Tism

"Fuck 'Em Fuck 'Em - The Lot Of 'Em"

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Who needs one more tortured artist
Whingeing about the pain
Of being a creative genius
And the heavy burden of fame?
O! The struggles they have nightly
Let's them understand completely
The tragedy of Brett Whitely -
Shame they're more like Glenn Wheatly.
Here's an exhausted actor
Complaining about the shoot -
When we're all shovelling guano
For half the fucking loot -
And the life of top fashion models
Isn't all parties and glamour;
But it ain't so fucking great either
Working with a chisel and hammer.
Come, everybody, let's get together
And shout, "Well, hip hip hooray"
'Cos Sebastian the theatre director
Just put in another creatively draining day.
And, fuck me, let's fall over backwards
'Cos some snivelling rock star jerk
Calls snorting cocaine in a studio
The same thing that we all call "work".
Fuck 'em - fuck 'em, the lot of 'em -
You know, there's a harder job
Than being a creative genius -
It's being your garden style slob.
And going to work every morning;
And catching that peak hour train -
Two hours pushing a wheel barrow
Hurts more than metaphysical pain.
You want to understand Kafka
And his tortured soul, never at rest?
Forget about reading his novels -
Get a job like him: behind a desk.
Artists are beyond good and evil;
For them, morality is just crud -
There's a bouncer who thinks the same thing
When he's bashing heads down at the pub.
So put down those paints and brushes;

Give up your creative fight -
Die totally anonymous,
And teach your kids to be polite.

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