

Problematic Art of Conversation

Leonardo's Bride

So there I was at the party
And everybody seemed to be so well rehearsed.
Come the time to play my part I tried
But I couldn't find the page
I stumbled through the scene
And out the door onto the street
And off the stage
Now I'm thinking of marcel marceau.
Marcel why is it so?
In the problematic art of conversation
I'm sitting down to t.v.
Almost every waking moment of my time
Now I find I eat I sleep I dream in hour episodes.
It sure is hard remembering the names of everyone I meet
So pardon me but who are you and am I wrong
But are you talking to me?
In the problematic art of conversation.
So I watch the prince and princesses of prose
Pissing in pockets everyday
And it only makes me think of oscar wilde
And the fickleness of pop,
Popularity,
If I had a silver tongue I would have sold it long ago
While poetry is dandy,
There are handier collectables.
In the problematic art of conversation.

Lyrics provided by

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