There Goes My Inspiration

Utopia

They say pain can bring out the artist's best
But since you've been gone, I just can't care less
Common sense doesn't realize, it can hurt so bad
Everyday I sit in my garret staring at the floor
But my heart isn't in it anymoreThere goes my inspiration
My reason for creation
There goes my inspiration
I felt it fly away when you said goodbyeMe and Gaugin used to party down
I was hung in the Louvre, I was Renoir's pal
Vincent Van Gogh used to joke with me
Now they don't come 'round
It's all over town that the master's lost his touch
I'm so lost I can hardly hold a brushAnd now my palette is a sorry mix
Of gray and brown
And all the other art lovers stay away
'Cause I'm bringing them downNow I wander the left bank every day
Searching for my muse in sad cafes
Peddle my oils to the galleries
But they turn me down
Everybody says I'm a master of technique
But the style and the sentiment is weak

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