

# Art Is Hard

## Eureka California

"Who's on the seventh floor?  
Brewing alternatives"  
Spare us all your flowery words  
They won't help you here  
They won't help you at all It's ok  
I know one day  
Someone will say the same things I have said in my place  
Art is Hard "I am the Dice Man  
And I take the chance, yeah"  
Do you take the chance?  
Well I can't believe that  
I don't believe that at all It's ok  
I know some day  
Someone will say the exact same things You have said in your place  
Art is Hard And there you sit  
As same as ever  
As idle as a thousand suns You put your hand to the pencil  
And the pencil to the pad  
Never has anything so sharp  
Ended up so dull and bland Is tonight just not your night?  
Did you set the bar too high?  
Crumbling prose  
Nobody knows  
What I've been going through Well I hate to be the bearer of bad news  
But they do and they have and they will, yes it's true  
And they've articulated it better than you Money, money's everywhere  
But there's not a cent to spend  
What do I care?  
If I don't get my share? Am I taking myself too seriously?  
Or have I realized I just haven't earned it yet, baby Because it's never the being that you dream of  
It's only the becoming you want  
If this wasn't your life would you care what you've got? Because Art is hard

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