

Hockney

Pollock

We're tired from waiting for a chance
Standing there with nothing new
These things are tearing up your mind oh no
They choose the same mediocre ideas
Kind ladies with expensive coaches
Lost their way
Singing until setting sun Where do you belong?
Keep asking for more oh girl
Are they cruel or dumb?
A hit from above goes off The chess board tells you that you won
So make a wish and break a stone
We worked so hard to see it grow countdown
Those days are gone
You're sitting next to pretty girls
And think they need to learn some manners
Close enough
Take another plastic bow Where do you belong?
Keep asking for more oh no
Are they cruel or dumb?
A hit from above goes off Where do you belong?
Boring days are gone
Are they cruel or dumb?
Keep asking for more

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