

# Art Is Hard

## Klankarbeit featuring Nina Kinert

Cut it out  
Your self-inflicted pain  
It's getting too routine  
The crowds are catching on  
To the self-inflicted song  
Well, here we go again  
The art of acting weak  
Fall in love to fail  
To boost your cd sales  
And that cd sells  
Yeah, what a hit  
You've got to repeat  
You gotta' sink to swim  
If at first you don't, you don't succeed  
You gotta recreate your misery  
'Cause we all know art is hard  
Young artists have gotta starve  
Try, and fail, and try again  
The comforts of repetition  
Keep churning out those hits  
'Til it's all the same old shit  
Oh, a second verse!

Well, color me fatigued  
I'm hiding in the leaves  
In the cd jacket sleeves  
Tired of entertianing  
Some double-dipped meaning  
A soft serve analogy  
This drunken angry slur  
In thirty-one flavors  
You gotta' sink, gotta' sink, gotta' sink to swim  
Immerse yourself in rejection  
Regurgitate some sorry tale  
About a boy who sells his love affairs  
You gotta' fake(fake!), fake(fake!), fake the pain  
You better make(make!), make(make!), make it sting  
You're gonna' break(break!), break(break!), break a leg  
When you get on stage

And they scream your name  
"Oh, cursive is so cool!"  
You gotta' sink, gotta' sink, gotta' sink to swim  
Impersonate greater persons  
'Cause we all know art is hard  
When we don't know who we are

Lyrics provided by  
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