

# My Life In Art

## Mojave 3

Wendy gets high for the 2nd show  
I watch her dance and I watch her flow for a dollar  
She dreams of Vegas and the desert strips  
Where she can dance and she can make a lot of money  
She left her home in a pick-up truck  
Left her husband when he beat her up and now she works all night  
But the Kansas wind won't freeze her heart  
No, the rain just rolls right off her back, she's gonna be alright  
Just tell me 'bout the boulevards  
Tell me 'bout your life in art  
Yeah, tell me 'bout the boulevards  
'Cause Europe always seemed so far  
Look so young and you talk so old  
Lighten up, babe, I just might take you home if you're lucky  
You read some books and they broke your heart  
But you don't know one thing about life, you're just a pretty boy  
And those bums on the corner will take your  
time  
Sell you their stories for a nickel and a dime, you could learn something  
And she stares so hard at those neon lights  
I swear to God, she's gonna bust them up, she's gonna bust them up  
Just tell me 'bout the boulevards  
Yeah, tell me 'bout your life in art  
Yeah, tell me 'bout the boulevards  
'Cause Europe always seemed so far  
She laughs as she lights a cigarette  
Throws her arms around my head  
She says, "I'll kill you, I'll kill you just for trying  
I'll kill you just for trying"  
'Cause you don't have the money, you don't have the money  
Just buy me a drink and we'll call it quits  
Tell me all about your pretty boy face  
Yeah, tell me all about your pretty boy face

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