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 moneyShe 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 alrightJust tell me 'bout the boulevards
Tell me 'bout your life in art
Yeah, tell me 'bout the boulevards
'Cause Europe always seemed so farLook 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 boyAnd 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 upJust tell me 'bout the boulevards
Yeah, tell me 'bout your life in art
Yeah, tell me 'bout the boulevards
'Cause Europe always seemed so farShe 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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