Mark Rothko Song

Dar Williams

The blue it speaks so full
It's like the beauty, one can barely stand
Or too much things dropped in your hand
And there's a green like the peace in your heart sometimesPainted underneath the sheets of ashy snow
And there's a blue like where the urban angels go, very bright
Now the Calder mobile tips a biomorphic sphere
Then it swings its dangling pieces, round to other paintings hereYour behavior is so male
It's like, you can't explain yourself to me
I think, I'll ask Renoir to tea
For his flowers are as real as they are all the timeAnd the sunlight sets the furniture aglow
It's a pleasant time as far as people go, how far do they go?
Well his roses are perfect and his words have no wings
I know what he can give me and I like to know these thingsI met her at the funeral
She said, "I don't know what he meant to me
I just know he affected me
An effect not unlike his art, I believe"The service starts and we are in the know
He had so much to say but more to show and ain't that true of life?
So we weep for a person who lived at great cost
Yet we barely knew his powers 'til we sensed that we had lostA friend and I in a museum room
She says, "Look at Mark Rothko's side
Did you know about his suicide?"
Some folks were born with a foot in the grave but not me, of courseAnd she smiles as if to say, we're in the know
Then she names a coffee place where we can go, uptown
Now the painting is desperate but the crowds wash away
In a world of kind pedestrians who've seen enough today

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