

Post-Paint Boy

Stephen Malkmus

Revelation artistry
So fed up with hypocrisy
There isn't a label large enough to fit your bill
Act like you deserve to win
Trade up for a thicker skin
For scraps of acceptance from coked-up quasi-urbane kids
I'm really, really, really,
Really proud of what you did
Post-paint boy, with your art
You're penny rich and dollar dumb
In a style that they call
So non-European
You're the maker of modern, minor, masterpieces for the untrained eye
You're the maker of modern, minor, masterpieces for the untrained eye--yep!
Belarus biennale
You surely, surely made them wow
Minds were blown and bombs were thrown--oh no!!
Seventeen anteaters
Sequestered in a room
With the sisters of mothers of famous gluttons I don't know
You really, really, really,
Really, really, really showed
Who can blame you for becoming
Penny smart and dollar dumb
In a world that has become
So American
You're the maker of modern, minor, masterpieces for the untrained eye
You're the maker of modern, minor, masterpieces for the untrained eye
You're the maker of modern, minor, masterpieces for the untrained eye
You're the maker of modern, minor, masterpieces for the untrained eye
You're the maker of modern, minor, masterpieces for the untrained eye--yep!

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