

# Estelle

## DJ River

I was painting a still life this morning  
Of a throat lozenge sitting on a copy of Tropic of Cancer  
The only thing weird about it is that a year ago  
I never thought I'd paint anything again  
I decided I wasn't ever gonna paint again  
It didn't bother me too much, Warhol's dead  
David Hockney's still alive, I don't need to paint I painted over ten thousand paintings  
Sad ones, funny ones, dark ones and light ones  
I've done haystacks and rich old ladies by their pools  
Wearing nothing but a scarf  
I've painted everything there was to paint  
Now it was time to sit back, give interviews  
Get on the internet, hang out at club med  
Take stock of what I've done You know, the best friend I ever had was a dog  
It sounds like a cliche unless it's happened to you  
Some days that dog was the only reason I even got out of bed  
That dog went everywhere with me and then I heard the crack addicts  
Were stealin' dogs and selling them for animal research  
It sounded like an urban myth to me like the mouse in the Coke bottle  
But I started leavin' her at home after that You know, Paula was my wife for a while  
She ran off to Paris with the great grandson of Van Gogh  
A cartoonist who did fashion graphics for Le Monde  
When Paula left she took my dog, I never saw her again  
Except in the court during the custody battle  
She won and got to keep the dog  
And I didn't speak to anyone for months You know sometimes it feels  
Like there's so much that you need  
Sometimes the world is upside down  
Sometimes it seems like the only thing you need  
Is holdin' someone's hand as you walk through town I started hanging around with Dino  
He used to run a poker game back east  
Now he has a little coffee shop, sells cappuccino to his old pals  
Tommy, Chicago and Jimmy the Wig and Ugly Rose You know the best person I ever knew  
Was a Mormon woman named Estelle  
She still calls me drunk every few months  
And asks me stuff I don't want to talk about  
You can't talk to her long unless you're drunk yourself  
Then we go all night Yeah she goes, "Why baby, why baby, why baby, why  
Have you turned your back on love?"

You had so many chances

Why have you let 'em all go by?"Well, one morning I was sitting out in front of Dino's place

With Jake the Shears, a guy from Philly who gives free mohawks

There were a couple of young painters, I was hopin' to come by

So I could give 'em some adviceYeah, I was sittin' there updating my list of enemies

When this girl walks in and the universe kind of stops

Turned out she drank the same tea as me

Don't take more than that to start a conversation sometimes

She believed collage was the greatest of all the arts

And was busy pasting pictures of horses, next to ads for laundry soap

Next to Mohammed Ali, she had a turquoise in her ear

And said Rachmaninoff was always in her headBut later that day I was trying to describe her to Jimmy the Wig

I couldn't find any words and I realized I'd started to sketch her chin

Somehow it didn't look right, I scratched it out and tried it again

I filled an entire pad, I threw it away, I never even came closeFor a six days I sat at Dino's place

The rain wouldn't quit and no one came in

Finally on the seventh day it cleared and in she walked

I asked her to sit with me and I bought her a cup of tea

And I asked her to model for me sometime

That afternoon I was at a canvas

She was wearing a yellow dress

I swore if she let me, I'd get it rightI've painted over ten thousand paintings

Sad ones, funny ones, dark ones, and light ones

But sitting there, it was like I couldn't even write my own name

I apologized and said, "It's been a few months

If you have patience, I'll get the hang of it again"

In the next few weeks, I painted her hundreds of times

If I get the nose right, the chin's too long

If I get 'em both right, the face is too thin

But I keep after it and one day I, I'll get it all rightI painted a still life this morning, of a throat lozenge

Sitting on a copy of Tropic of Cancer

The only thing was funny is that

I never thought I'd paint anything again

I think I might go visit Estelle

Those Utah mountains are good for the soul

I'll bring my brushes and some Jack Daniels

And we can make up for lost timeAnd she said, "Why baby, why baby, why baby why?

Baby why have you turned your back on love

You had so many chances

Why have you let 'em all go by?"And she says, "Why baby, why baby, why baby why?

Baby why have you turned your back on love

You had so many chances

Why have you let 'em all go by?"Sometimes it seems like there's so much that you need

Sometimes the world is upside down

Sometimes it seems like the only thing you need

Is holdin' someone's hand as you walk through town

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