Guggenheim Love

Ookla the Mok

Nothing you have to say could possibly change my mind
I'm calling your bluff I'm drawing the line
But if you ask me nice you know I'll probably stay
And listen to you tell me why I should sit here
while you say

for half an hour

I've heard this all before so I won't listen anymore

I'm getting tired of all these games

You care much less for me

than you care about this gallery

At least you don't forget their names

Damn it all Marc Chagall

We must rely on protocol

I don't know what I was thinking of

Oh man Paul Gaugin

I try by I can't understand

What made me fall in Guggenheim love

You can't go to the Guggenheim without me by your side

You're looking at art I'm along for the ride

You point at every wall and whisper in my ear

"God, that guy is so overrated," but all I ever hear is

blah blah

for half an hour

Stop talking about composition

or I swear you're gonna need a physician

You and I are never gonna last

I want to smash your face

every time you mention negative space

Talk about contrast

Hey hey Claude Monet

I just don't know quite what to say

Heaven knows what I was thinking of

Good grief Georgia O'Keefe

I come to you beyond belief

What made me fall in Guggenheim love

You hailed a cab and left and I took the subway home

Damn it all Marc Chagall we must rely on protocol
Oh man Paul Gaugin I try but I can't understand
Hey hey Claude Monet I just don't know what to say
Good grief Georgia O'Keefe I come to you beyond belief
Oh no Vincent Van Gogh where did all those Q-Tips go?
Good golly Salvador Dali
ding went the bell and clang went the trolley

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