Art Is Hard

Cursive

Cut it out
Your self-inflicted pain
It's getting too routine
The crowds are catching on
To the self-inflicted song
Well, here we go again
The art of acting weak
Fall in love to fail
To boost your cd sales
And that cd sells
Yeah, what a hit
You've got to repeat
You gotta' sink to swim
If at first you don't, you don't succeed
You gotta recreate your misery
'Cause we all know art is hard
Young artists have gotta starve
Try, and fail, and try again
The comforts of repetition
Keep churning out those hits
'Til it's all the same old shitOh, a second verse!
Well, color me fatigued
I'm hiding in the leaves
In the cd jacket sleeves
Tired of entertianing
Some double-dipped meaning
A soft serve analogy
This drunken angry slur
In thirty-one flavors
You gotta' sink, gotta' sink, gotta' sink to swim
Immerse yourself in rejection
Regurgitate some sorry tale
About a boy who sells his love affairs
You gotta' fake(fake!), fake(fake!), fake the pain
You better make(make!), make(make!), make it sting
You're gonna' break(break!), break(break!), break a leg
When you get on stage
And they scream your name
"Oh, cursive is so cool!"You gotta' sink, gotta' sink, gotta' sink to swim

Impersonate greater persons
'Cause we all know art is hard
When we don't know who we are

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