

Exhibit of the Year

Down to Earth Approach

Where you when I said,
"You remind me of a portrait in a dream"?
So I'll say, "Cry, but your watercolors fade"
This ain't science baby, it's called creativity
If I move my hands right
(If I move my hands right)
If I move my hands right
If I move my hands right will you see yourself disappear?
(If I move my hands right)
If I move my hands right
If I move my hands right
Don't wash my filthy hands off
As your watercolors stain my fingers red and black
So take my brushes off your portrait of a face
Cause I will paint your smile into obscurity
If I move my hands right
(If I move my hands right)
If I move my hands right
If I move my hands right will you see yourself disappear?
(If I move my hands right)
If I move my hands right
If I move my hands right
Fill lips with black lines
Darken your smile
Layer paint upon paint until the words dry dead
Deep in your mouth, a desert's dry air
Layer pain upon paint like you were never there
Will you see yourself disappear?
Will you see yourself disappear?
Will you see yourself disappear?

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