

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
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