

Collaborations Don't Work

FFS

Collaborations don't work
They don't work, they don't work
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I'm gonna do it all by myself
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Mozart didn't need a little hack to chart
Warhol didn't need to ask De Kooning about art
Frank Lloyd Wright always ate à la carte
Wish I had been that smart
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Collaborations don't work
You start off deferential
And strangely reverential
You both feel it's essential
Collaborations don't work
He's eyeing your new lover
Then one night you discover
Them underneath your covers

Collaborations don't work
Delaying your vacations
To sundrenched island nations
To seek some affirmations
Collaborations don't work
A colon or a comm
And then a drawn-out drama
Bring in the Dalai Lama

Where is this damn thing a-goin'?
Where is this going, someone tell me
Starlight, rub off on me
Star bright, rub off on me

I don't need your patronizing
I don't need your agonizing
I don't need your navel gazing
I don't get your way of phrasing
I don't think you're really trying
What, pray tell, are you implying?

I ain't no collaborator
I am the partisan
Rebel in the rocks with dirty trousers, broken pistol in the hand
I ain't no collaborator
Hack my scalp if you think I am
I am a sadistic young usurper, a hand on your neck
Hand on your lover, oh, give the man a hand
I ain't no collaborator
I ain't no collaborator
I am the master, independent
If I ever need a father, it won't be you, old man

