Magritte

I forgotten how often we saw Magritte He's been much on my mind these days Often we saw Magritte Inside a canvas of blue saturated with beauty In a web of glass Pinned to the edges of vision

There's a car-horn in the street outside And a museum with its windows open Often we saw Magritte Running with the legends of conspicuous men And how often we forgot Magritte How we remembered him then And worshipped at his feet Pinned to the edges of vision

Somebody's coming that hates us Better watch the art Upstairs there's a canvas stretched For umbrellas and bowler hats Everybody knows Rene did that Often we saw Magritte Pinned to the edges of vision Often we saw Magritte We all know Rene did that Often we saw Magritte

John Cale