He doesn't price his paintings Before the canvas dries His life is living colors like the ones in the sky On the fourth of July You can keep the closet door cracked Look outside, and dodge accusing eyes And be yourself for the first time Bristles and whiskers and a broad jawline are the prize Enjoy it now, because at sunrise Your friends and family think You're a pervert contaminating their lives He hides his dirty movies, he kisses his wife She has a suspicion of his filthy desire They don't make love they fuck And he assumes it's enough They both pretend to come with a common image Of another man filling them with love He lives his life shaving The whiskers that prickle his wife She's sitting in a pew praying to a father He better purge that closet before the canvas dries