

# Dear Artist

Pilot

Poor and penniless  
He tries to see himself in his eyes  
Trying to work himself out  
Trying to see himself through

He met someone who might help him  
But only hindered instead  
By giving him some colored sweets  
To paint through a hole in the sky

Dear, dear artist  
Da Vinci of the pavement  
Paint me a picture, who can tell  
Paint me a picture, call it hell  
Dear dear dear artist

In your hour of need  
An angel will appear  
To show a road of canvas  
To pastel shades of light

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