

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 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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