

Here we go in spurts
The colors ready to burst
And you may notice a shaking in your eye
Metaphors the worst
Well are you being driven or do you drive?
On a trip between two points and your infinity
Now, obliterate yourself from the scene
But please do not forget

Cover me with spots
Black and red dots
Till I'm clouding up your visual field
Bare assed and beautiful
You're climbing on your art like a [?]
Now I want
I say
I do
Everybody dance now

And welcome to art class
Forget your acid, free paper and glass
Welcome to art class
Lead blind
Stripped bare of the past
Why so serious?
Why so serious, when it's only your life that's at stake?
Why so serious?
When your life is the art that you make
Life is the art that you make

Sell anything you want
But it's worth no more and no less than a kiss
Try not to represent even that
Cause this moment is all that it is
And a garden in glass there is a red plastic tree
So shit in a can but your art is not free
I say
I want
I do
And everybody dances with me

And welcome to art class
And yes it does involve shaking your ass
Welcome to art class
Always keep your face to the blast
Why so serious?
Why so serious, when it's only your life that's at stake?
Why so serious?
When your life is the art that you make
Life is the art that you make