

## Portrait Painter

The Bear Quartet

Weekend been here  
Taking care of everything  
Although it isn't much

Tell the inventor of crayons  
Many wallpapers they've improved  
And tell the funeral parlor

I still feel ripped off  
Sick of making deals  
I'm slipping on dead leaves

It's like he had two homes  
And in this cabin  
He kept what mattered most

Always open  
But if anyone came too close  
They'd pass through like a ghost

Never saw him  
Sit still only in his boat  
I was not welcomed there

So still, real still  
As he was practicing  
To finally give in

The cabinet's emptied,  
Abandoned it will rot  
I lock up and leave

The wooden rowboat  
Half-sunken in the reeds  
The wiping out proceeds

Tell that portrait painter  
His eyes weren't that color, no  
Still I recognize the glow

Drawing  
Shows a boy whose rocket leaves  
Disappearing over trees