

# Jennifer Onesto, Picasso

Well I ran across Picasso  
With a paintbrush in his hand  
He painted twenty houses  
Between Elmhurst Road and Rand  
And as he washed on up  
I could tell that he was through  
So I went up and I asked him  
How does it feel to be you?

So Picasso and me  
We were walking hand in hand  
We came across Van Gogh  
And he was playing in a band  
And though I liked his music  
He just didn't have a clue  
So I went up and I asked him  
How does it feel to be you?

How does it feel to be you?  
How does it feel to be me?  
I painted myself in a corner  
And I can't leave

So the three of us we traveled  
And we came across Rembrandt  
He was taking dirty pictures  
Of some photogenic tramp  
And though I liked his poses  
With the sunlight's gentle hue  
I went up and I asked him  
How does it feel to be you?

Well the four of us stood there  
With nothing left to say  
It's amazing how our lives have turned  
In several different ways  
Without no hesitation  
But by more a subtle cue  
They smiled and then they asked me  
How does it feel to be you?