

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?