

The Kinks - Art School Babe

Tom: G

My art school babe with your palette-knives and brushes
 Painted face, Egyptian eyebrows and bright red lips
 Pale white make-up, tight black skirts like Juliette Greco
 And there's me quoting pretentious chat up lines
 >From Marcel Proust, Jean Cocteau and Jean-Paul Sartre

Sitting by a gasfire in a drafty bedsit
 RIFF 1
 The art school babe quotes William Blake and she rolls a joint
 And I think "Oh oh, I've scored", start to make myself at home
 (n.c.)
 But the room starts moving as she starts to get me stoned

I close my eyes and give in, the room goes in a spin
 My lips are dry, I wander around with a ridiculous grin
 I grovel on the floor, I think ha ha ha "Yeah I think I can make her"
 Then I wake up and realize I've been kissing the refrigerator
 Art school chaps with creative grand illusions

My sketch pad at the ready, my eager charcoal in my hand
 Boring the world for hours with political theories
 Just to impress anyone who listens while my art school babe
 Just puts another inch of make-up on her face

RIFF 3 (slowly)
 And she says to me: "Arty farty, you'll never fool your Auntie
 Who knew you when you picked your nose and wet your pants"
 How did she know that?
 Arty farty, I try to throw a party
 To impress my peers I struck a creative stance

Art school cat, ah, I was really on a mission
 I made my play for my art school babe
 By humming jazz tunes with words by Furlinghetti
 I thought I was ever so cool
 (slow down)
 But I was really such an obvious, pretentious, irritating little fool
 For my art school babe

(bend) RIFF 1: RIFF 2: RIFF 3: RIFF 4:
 G e|-----
 B|-----
 G|-----
 D|----- -2-0-
 A|----- -2-0-
 E|-3(1/2) -----3- -0--0--2--4-- -0-2-4--

Acordes

