

SHE PAINTS, I WRITE (JODY'S SONG)

Words & Music: Mike Appel © 2004

The hedgeron's in bloom, this time in June
As we traipse to the beach
The sea rolls in calm, in all its charm
A perfection of peace, with the chaotic world just safely out of reach
Her canvas and stand's, stuck in the sand
She begins to unwind
She sketches things out; then just fleshes it out
From designs in her mind, intuitive sparks dance on subconscious
Key-lines,
The craft is all hers but its source is divine, as

She Paints her colors like stars and stripe streamers
She Paints as the wind toys with her hair
She Paints for the innocent and wide-eyed dreamers, while I Write

She's finding her space, at her own pace
With a Dutch Master's touch
From inner landscapes, it begins to take shape,
Through the strokes of her brush

A picture's worth, a thousand words
Isn't that what they say?
Her Impressionist greens, mixed in water-colored dreams
Spoken like a true Monet
Though she's new to it and still tryin' to find her own way
She's a renaissance woman and her gift's in full play, as

She Paints her palette a blaze now in fuchsia,
She Paints and renders it all by feel
She Paints her artistic fires to infuse her, while I Write

She loses herself in a place somewhere just out of time
Her abstract symmetrical patterns seem to walk such a fine line.

For the vanguard of the art scene in Chelsea it was nothin' more than a well-disguised hard sell
You could hear the gallery owner pontificating about the virtues of Minimalism for the sake of his rich clientele.
Now you can see the literati and glitterati cuein' up after working up the courage to bid Andy Warhol a final fond farewell.

With a true artist's call, for the wonder of it all
And far, far from the crowd
Her inner voice speaks; ever gently then peaks
As she paints right out loud
The perfectionist in her says it'll never be complete, well say what you want but it's your masterpiece, and

She Paints from visions deep in her mind's eye
She Paints on a backdrop of clouds and blue sky
She Paints from some kinetic impulse inside, while I write

She Paints the pageant of life all in rainbows
She Paints in spite of the pragmatic world
She Paints from an interior Louvre draped in Van Goghs, while I Write