

The Dutchman

Man in bar 1

I've heard he's obsessed with the stars
No gest: he paints his 'best'
when he paints fast

Man in bar 2

If ever he should paint you
be sure to wear an apron
And sit well back, I warn you
By God he piles the paint on

Landlady

I've heard he upsets folks in town
His violent temper shows
if you don't back down

Man in bar 1

It's true he gets aggressive
He simply can't be told

Man in bar 2

He says his art is 'expressive'
but he paints like a ten year old

All

Let's not be mistaken
The Dutchman must be feared
He dresses like a vagrant
With an old straw hat
and a short red beard
He frightens women and children
and he worries many more
One day he might get violent
We cannot stay so quiet
We cannot trust the Dutchman
He'll harm us all for sure

Man in bar 2

Now I myself am an artist
While I admit I'm not the greatest
It doesn't take much to realise
That his tones are too hot
He's too unrestrained
His exaggerations are too much for the eye
A painter he is not
The man is derranged

All

Let's not be mistaken
The Dutchman can not paint
'Real' art he has forsaken
With a violent eye and the love of a saint

Man in bar 1

Painting should be a delicate art

Landlady

Sensitive and formal

Man in bar 2

When he gets a subject he rapes it

Man in bar 1

If there is no beauty he fakes it

Landlady

He cannot sell his work, let's face it
His paintings are abnormal
I've heard he's obsessed with the stars

Men in bar

Don't trust the Dutchman, watch the Dutch-
man

