

Four Portraits  
Vansire

There s Arnold  
With his back to me  
Wandering down through an ill-lit street  
I m curious  
And would like to entreat  
Is it inspiration or self-defeat

And from the corner his figure fades  
And should I follow or retrograde

There s Anton  
With a furrowed brow  
A crooked finger and non-plussed scowl  
There s symmetry  
He will soon endow  
Crafting tone rows with his head faced down

If I seek pleasure in melody  
Have I betrayed best tendencies

Oh Alban  
We part our hair the same  
Posing next to a drawer and frame  
At 23 and two years of age  
Your work is tasteful your life s urbane

**Gm7**                    **C7**                    **Fmaj7**  
As for the despots who bring you down  
**Fm**                    **A#7**                    **Gm**  
A century later they're still around

**F#m**                    **Bm**                    **Bm/E**  
And so I sit by the window sill  
                         **Bm/D**                    **Bm/G#**  
Feeling sad, the questions linger still  
                         **G**                    **Gm7**  
I'm trying to decide if it's fake or real

**D**                    **Em**  
I'm all alone  
                         **F#m**                    **Em7**  
In a noisy throng  
                         **D**                    **Em**                    **F#m**                    **Em7**  
Nameless and ageless, all strung along  
                         **D**                    **Em**                    **F#m**                    **Em**  
Nobody else can name this song  
                         **D**                    **Em**                    **F#m**                    **Em7**  
Mispronunciations and words spelled wrong

**Gm7**                    **C7**                    **Fmaj7**  
At times like these I think I'm on my own  
**Fm**                    **A#7**                    **D#7**  
A new self-portrait of my own