

How Silly

Donovan

HOW SILLY The politician look
Wearing his public smile
Trying to hide his incapacity
When it's sticking out a mile
With his papier mache wife
And his papier trashy life
If he sees himself as the man for the job
His mirror's telling lies.

HOW SILLY the priest of parson looks
Striking a holy pose
Trying to hide their nakedness
With mediaval clothes
They're holding a golden key
But what it looks like to me
If they're holding all the real estate
That's your neighborhood poverty.

These are just few of the things
I've been noticing
Dear Politician, Priest & Parson
If you really feel like helping:
Open up your heart.. That's the helpin' part
Open up your heart.. That's at least a start

HOW SILLY the Queen of England looks
Slipping her royalty
The essence of noncommitalness
In the grand democracy.
It's the Hanoverian Strain
Erin's isle is not the same
For the poet's rhyme, she give us wine
We hope for better things from Charles.

These are just of the things
I've been noticing.
Your Royal Majesty, Dear Madame
If you really feel like helping:
Open up your heart.. That's the helpin' part
Let your Christmas message start: «Open up your hearts...»

HOW SILLY The politician looks
Wearing his public smile
HOW SILLY the Priest or Parson looks
Stricking a holy pose
HOW SILLY the Queen of England looks
HOW SILLY, HOW SILLY, HOW SILLY!