

The Trouble With Poets

Peter Mulvey

The trouble with poets is they talk too much
They tell us it hurts them a little more
And we cannot tell if they make this up
We've never stood in their shoes, in skins, in their heads, on
their shores

The trouble with you is you drive me nuts
I cannot tell what's behind your smile
What can we find just to lift us up
Just for tonight, for a time, for the sake us of all for awhile

I know it's only trouble
I know it makes us real
I wish that peace of mind was something I could steal

The trouble with shoes is they come untied
You might take a fall down the stairs
And a poet might come along and say,