

The Pop Singer's Fear Of The Pollen Count

The Divine Comedy

Are you ready?
OK, let's do it
1,2,3,4
Woo, ah ha, yeah
Ba ba da ba da ba da
Oh yeah

Laugh at the tears you're crying
Smile while your head explodes
Y'don't have to take this lying down
So blow your nose baby
And just get your fingers clicking
To the rhythm and the rhyme
Otherwise you'll just be kicking around
And that's a crime

How can you talk that way
On such a lovely day?
When sunshine comes your way
It's time to make some hay

I fall for this season every time
When it's hot and everybody smiles
I can't help myself
I'm in love with the summertime
Even when I get hay-fever I find
I may sneeze but I don't really mind
As long as I'm in love with the summertime

Oh stop your belly-aching
We all know what it's like
There ain't a pill I haven't taken I guess
But that's alright baby
'Cause your daddy's car is waiting
To take us to the sea
She feels like celebrating life
And so should we

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CLAP YOUR HANDS!