

Poets

The Tragically Hip

Spring starts when a heartbeat's pounding
When the birds can be heard above the reckoning carts doing some
e final accounting
Lava flowing in Superfarmer's direction
He's been getting reprieve from the heat in the frozen food section

Don't tell me what the poets are doing
Don't tell me that they're talking tough
Don't tell me that they're anti-social
Somehow not anti-social enough, all right

And porn speaks to it's splintered legions
To the pink amid the withered cornstalks in them winter regions
While aiming at the archetypal father
He said with such broad and tentative swipes why do you even bother?

Don't tell me what the poets are doing
Those Himalayas of the mind
Don't tell me what the poet's been doing
In the long grasses over time

Don't tell me what the poets are doing
On the street and the epitome of vague
Don't tell me how the universe is altered
When you find out how he gets paid, all right

If there's nothing more that you need now
The lawn cut by bare breasted women
Beach bleached towels within reach for the women
Got to make it, that'll make it by swimming