

Stanley Michael**"Poison Pen"**

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from "Coming Up For Air", 1996, Intersound Music Inc.

So you've got a leather jacket and a backstage pass...
And an attitude that just won't quit
You've got your greasy little toady walking two steps
behind
telling you, man, you're 'it'...

You say you're looking for an angle but I think it's the
beer
You cop a few and you're long gone
Headline, deadline, anything to hide behind
Why don't you strap a set on?...

(CHORUS:)

Those that can, do
Those that can't,
write about it
Those that can, do
Those that can't,
write about it

So you bought a poison pen, couldn't make it yourself...
was the only way that you knew how
And you renew your subscription to the Catch of The
Day
at the Church of What's Happening Now...

Reading...all the big boys starting to drool
Steal from them, chapter and verse
Let's not talk about original thought--
If you had one it would be the first...

(CHORUS)

Well, it's gotta make you crazy that you don't have the
guts...
to lay it out on the line
And think it's time to face you're just taking up space...
and wasting everybody's time

And year after year, when you're looking in the mirror
all you see's the great unknown
You had a little power and it went to your head--
when it got there, it was all alone...

(CHORUS)

--words & music by Michael Stanley

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