

## Tragically Hip, The "Poets"

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Spring starts when a heartbeat's pounding  
When the birds can be heard above the reckoning carts  
doing some 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

And porn speaks to its splintered legions  
To the pink amid the withered cornstalks in them winter  
regions  
While aiming at the archetypal father  
He says with such broad and tentative swipes "Why do  
you even bother?"  
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

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

If there's nothing more that you need now  
Lawn cut by bare-breasted women  
Beach bleached, towels within reach for the women  
gotta make it  
That'll make it by swimming

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