

Bad English

"Every Poet Wants To Murder Shakespeare"

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Every poet wants to murder Shakespeare
Were just pissing on the grave of what went on before
And everyone invents the world the day that they were
born
Somethings going on here and it's going on without me
Im standing on the precipice and counting all my
recipes
Im sick and tired of paying homage to the altar
Of the things that went before me when I wasn't born to
be there
Every poet wants to murder Shakespeare
Were just pissing on the grave of what went on before
And everyone invents the world the day that they were
born
There's a painting of my lover in the corner
Shes taken off her clothing and she's standing in the
rain
Seems like she's beckoning for me to come and join
her
But she's trapped inside a painting and Im running out
of patience
I sip a pint of beer and marvel at the magic
I must be as drunk as Mister Marlowe in his prime
I stumble through the shambles of my own imagination
Cause the poet of tomorrow will be just as drunk as I
am
Every poet wants to murder Shakespeare
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