

## Bad Examples

# "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 its 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 wasnt 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  
Theres a painting of my lover in the corner  
Shes taken off her clothing and shes standing in the  
rain  
Seems like shes beckoning for me to come and join her  
But shes 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  
Were just pissing on the grave of what went on before  
And everyone invents the world the day that they were  
born  
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  
Every poet wants to murder Shakespeare...

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