

Divine Comedy

"The Pop Singer's Fear Of The Pollen Count"

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Laugh at the tears you're crying
Smile while your head explodes
You don't have to take this lying down
So blow your nose, baby
Just get your fingers clicking
To the rhythm and the rhyme
Otherwise, you'll just be kicking around
And that's a crime
How can you talk that way
On such a lovely day?
When sunshine comes your way
It's time to make some hay
I fall for this season every time
When it's hot and everybody smiles
I can't help myself
I'm in love with the summertime
Even when I get hayfever, I find
I may sneeze but I don't really mind
As long as I'm in love with the summertime
Oh, stop your belly-aching
We all know what it's like
There ain't a pill I haven't taken, I guess
But that's alright, baby
'Cos your daddy's car is waiting

To take us to the sea
She feels like celebrating life
And so should we!
How can you talk that way
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It's time to make some hay
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