

# Donovan Leitch

## "How Silly"

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HOW SILLY The politician look  
Wearing his public smile  
Trying to hide his incapacity  
When it's sticking out a mile  
With his papier mache wife  
And his papier trashy life  
If he sees himself as the man for the job  
His mirror's telling lies.

HOW SILLY the priest of parson looks  
Striking a holy pose  
Trying to hide their nakedness  
With mediaval clothes  
They're holding a golden key  
But what it looks like to me  
If they're holding all the real estate  
That's your neighborhood poverty.

These are just few of the things  
I've been noticing  
Dear Politician, Priest & Parson  
If you really feel like helping :  
Open up your heart ãã,ãã,ãã“ That's the helpin' part  
Open up your heart ãã,ãã,ãã“ That's at least a start

HOW SILLY the Queen of Englang looks  
Slipping her royalty  
The essence of noncommitalness  
In the grand democracy.  
It's the Hanoverian Strain  
Erin's isle is not the same  
For the poet's rhyme, she give us wine  
We hope for better things from Charles.

These are just of the things  
I've been noticing.  
Your Royal Majesty, Dear Madame  
If you really feel like helping:  
Open up your heart Ã¢â‚¬Â€ That's the helpin' part  
Let your Christmass message start : Ã¢â‚¬Â€ Open up  
your hearts...Ã¢â‚¬Â€

HOW SILLY The politician looks  
Wearing his public smile  
HOW SILLY the Priest or Parson looks  
Stricking a holy pose  
HOW SILLY the Queen of England looks  
HOW SILLY, HOW SILLY, HOW SILLY !

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