

Eleanor Mcevoy "Territory Of Poets"

Visit "[Territory Of Poets](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

TERRITORY OF POETS ã,â© ELEANOR MCEVOY

He's tired of getting up
Tired of life
Tired of working at the same old job
And tired of his wife.
Overcome with a desire
To come of age
Better step aside for Johnny
'Cause he's come to take the stage
Take the stage

He's in the territory of poets
Movin' slow
He's in the territory of moving
But not knowing which way to go.
He hides the ring that's on his finger
Made of gold
He's in the territory of poets
And he's doing what he's told
What he's told

Johnny's looking 'round the bar
For a dance
Once he sets his eye on Sally
She doesn't stand a chance
Though the lines that he's rehearsed
Pass her by
When he asks her for a date
She says, "Friday would be fine.
How 'bout nine?"

He's in the territory of poets
Movin' slow
He's in the territory of moving
But not knowing which way to go.
He hides the ring that's on his finger
Made of gold
He's in the territory of poets
And he's doing what he's told
What he's told

Sally's putting on her dress

Half past eight
Johnny takes a little line of something
Just to keep him straight
Through her shadow and her blush
She shines through
She says her powder makes her feel much better
He says his does too.
His does too.

He's in the territory of poets
Movin' slow
He's in the territory of moving
But not knowing which way to go.
He hides the ring that's on his finger
Made of gold
He's in the territory of poets
And he's doing what he's told
What he's told

Visit [Eleanor McEvoy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.