

Eudora

"Not So Academic"

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I'm a rogue, saint and a scoundrel
I terminate at Bethnal Green
I'd shake hands with the devil
To get where I want to be
Because I feel my soul
Swell through my brain
And spit tears out my eyes
When I hit the refrain

And lately I just daydream
A social outcast in my tower
If only all men had the courage
They too could be cowards
They could feel their souls
Swell through their brains
And spit tears out their eyes
Again and again
When they hit the refrain
But mother I'm not so academic
I'm not so academic but I love

I'm a rogue, saint and a scoundrel
I spend my days on the echoing green
Come thunder frightening
Or dumb white lightning-flooded
Couldashouldawouldofbeens
Out of control
Out of sync
Everywhere but the bowl
Everywhere but the kitchen sink
Mother I'm not so academic
Mother I'm not so academic but I love

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