Happy Mondays"Poetic Justice"

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Get out of my world of worlds
You little poets crying pain
Just stand on your podium preaching beauty
I've gotta leave you in the rain
Now I've heard many people like you
From the undergrounds of France
Pushing your sickly sweet impressions of romance

My ears have parasites My ears have parasites You think I've never heard the lines before With the candy sun and the creaking door Get your head out of the cotton clouds Put your precious feet on the floor Don't give me those power lines Just hit it right on You can be precise Miracles of mystery With vagueness your device My ears have parasites (go away) Now clarify, what did you say? You know you're not making any sense Are you describing a vision of beauty? Or a chain of events? Oh get to the point you sappy wimps I haven't got a lot of time

Simplicity is beauty
Are there poets less sublime?
My ears have parasites (go away)
My ears have parasites
My ears have parasites

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