

## **Cribs**

# **"Shoot the Poets"**

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Cut off your nose to spite your friends  
Breathing holes that will never end and  
Speak all you want or just pretend

'Cos you think she is a different class  
So, she sits all day by the looking glass, oh  
It doesn't talk, it doesn't last

But it's not what I've heard you know  
A picture speaks a thousand words  
But baby, don't feel down  
I left my heart in a provincial town, yeah

You sold your souls for magic beans  
Don't believe all you read on computer screens and  
These things they mean nothing to me  
Ripton stain came off the track  
You go there once and you don't come back, oh  
Good, that's what I say

But it's not what I've heard you know it  
Cut your losses, shoot the poets  
And one day you'll come down  
To find yourself in a provincial town, now

But it's not what I've heard you know  
A picture speaks a thousand words  
But baby, don't feel down  
I left my heart in the privacy of town, yeah

But it's not what I've heard you know it  
Cut your losses, shoot the poets  
And one day you'll come down  
Oh, to find yourself in a provincial town, yeah

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