

## Dar Williams

# "The Poignant, Yet Pointless, Crisis Of A Coed"

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I'm not a leader,  
I'm not a left-wing rhetoric mobilizing force of one  
But there was a time way back,  
Many years ago in college  
Don't laugh  
But I thought I was a radical,  
I ran a Hemp Liberation League with my boyfriend  
It was true love, with a common cause  
And besides that, he was a Sagittarius

We used to say that our love was like hemp rope,  
Three times as strong as the rope that you buy  
domestically  
And we would bond in the face of oppression  
From big business and the deans  
But I knew there was a problem--  
Every time the group would meet, everyone would light  
up  
It made it difficult to discuss glaucoma  
And human rights, not to mention chemotherapy

Well sometimes, life gives us lessons  
Sent in ridiculous packaging  
So I found him in the arms of a  
Student Against the Treacherous Use of Fur  
And he gave no apology,  
He just turned to me, stoned out to the edge of oblivion  
He didn't pull up the sheets, and I think he even smiled  
As he said to me:

"Well, I guess our dreams went up in smoke"  
"Uh-huh-huh-huh"  
And I said,  
"No, our dreams went up in dreams, you stupid  
pothead!"

And another thing,  
What kind of a name is Students Against the  
Treacherous Use of Fur?  
Fur is already dead  
And besides, a name like that doesn't make a good  
acronym!

Well I am older now,  
I know the rise and gradual fall of a daily victory  
And I still write to my senator saying they should  
legalize cannabis,  
And I should know  
'Cause I am a horticulturist,  
I have a husband and three children out in Lexington,  
Mass.  
And my ex-boyfriend can't tell me I've sold out  
Because he's in a cult  
And he's not allowed to talk to me.

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