

The Crinn "A Fool's Poetry"

Visit "[A Fool's Poetry](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The child with no toes knows the way through danger goes.

So follow the leader, if you want to escape your fears

A fool is a poet with his glasses on

A poet is a fool when he doesn't write his songs.

Everyone around me is looking down my neck

Wondering which jugular vein will erupt next

People say that I have a way with words,

But in reality they have their way with me

I am a captive of my own creativity.

And my obligation to be what I don't want to be.

And do what I don't want to do. but lord for you,

I will do what I have too.

ARREEBBBAAAA!!!!

I fell down a flight of stairs.

I caught myself with my teeth on the bottom step

Lucky for me they're made of cement.

Is it time for desert already?

Im not finished with the main course of regret.

A fool is a fool even with his reading glasses on.

A poet isn't a poet just because he writes songs.

Sometimes I feel like I just want to disappear

Vanish in thin air.

Close my eyes and wind up in a different place,

A different world where nothing is the same.

Walking through the park I read the chalk

That was written on the sidewalk it said: warning

The trees have fingers; they pick pocket strangers.

The child with no toes knows the way through danger goes.

So follow the leader, if you want to escape your fears.

I found a whole in my head, just like anyone I tried to fill it.

Little did I know I was already dead and my attempts were useless.

The child with no self-esteem knows the morality of his preist.

A fool is a poet with his reading glasses on

A poet is a fool when he doesn't write his songs.

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

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