

Tragically Hip "Poets"

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Spring starts when a heartbeat's poundin'
When the birds can be heard
Above the reckonin' carts
Doing some final accounting

Lava flowin' in Super Farmer's direction
He's been gettin' reprieve from the heat
In the frozen-food section, yeah

Don't tell me what the poets are doing
Don't tell me that they're talkin' tough
Don't tell me that they're anti-social
Somehow not anti-social enough, alright

And porn speaks to it's splintered legions
To the pink amid the withered corn
Stalks in them winter regions, yeah

While aiming at the archetypal father
He said with such broad and tentative swipes
Why do you even bother, yeah

Don't tell me what the poets are doing
Those Himalayas of the mind
Don't tell me what the poets been doing
In the long grasses over time

Don't tell me what the poets are doing
On the street and the epitome of vague
Don't tell me how the universe is altered
When you find out how he gets paid, alright

If there's nothing more that you need now
Lawn cut by bare-breasted women
Beach bleached towels within reach for the women
Gotta make it that'll make it by swimmin'

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