

## The 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 (yaa-Aa)

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, all right

And porn speaks to it's splintered legions  
To the pink amid the withered corn stalks in them  
winter regions (euyaaaah)  
While aiming at the archetypal father  
He said with such broad and tentative swipes why do  
you even bother (yeeaaaah)

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

{ Instra }

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, all right  
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'

(Guitar, drum ends)

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