

Rhodes Happy "Poetic Justice"

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Get out of my world of worlds
 You little poets crying pain
 Just stand on your podium preaching beauty
 I've gotta leave you in the rain
 Now I've heard many people like you
 From the undergrounds of France
 Pushing your sickly sweet impressions of romance

My ears have parasites
 My ears have parasites
 You think I've never heard the lines before
 With the candy sun and the creaking door
 Get your head out of the cotton clouds
 Put your precious feet on the floor
 Don't give me those power lines
 Just hit it right on
 You can be precise
 Miracles of mystery
 With vagueness your device
 My ears have parasites (go away)
 My ears have parasites (go away)
 My ears have parasites (go away)
 My ears have parasites (go away)
 Now clarify, what did you say?
 You know you're not making any sense
 Are you describing a vision of beauty?
 Or a chain of events?
 Oh get to the point you sappy wimps
 I haven't got a lot of time

Simplicity is beauty
 Are there poets less sublime?
 My ears have parasites (go away)
 My ears have parasites (go away)
 My ears have parasites (go away)
 My ears have parasites (go away)
 My ears have parasites (go away)
 My ears have parasites (go away)
 My ears have parasites
 My ears have parasites

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