

## Cribs, The "Shoot The Poets"

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Cut off your nose to spite your friends  
Breathing holes that will never end and  
Speak all you want or just pretend  
Cos you think she is a different class  
So she sits all day by the looking glass, oh  
It doesn't talk, it doesn't last

But it's not what I've heard you know  
A picture speaks a thousand words  
But baby don't feel down  
I left my heart in the provincial town, yeah

You sold your soul for magic beans  
Don't believe all you read on computer screens and  
These things they mean nothing to me  
Rimpton stain came off the track  
You go there once and you don't come back, oh

Good that's what I say

But it's not what I've heard you know it  
Cut your losses, shoot the poets  
And one day you'll come down  
To find yourself in the provincial town

But it's not what I've heard you know  
A picture speaks a thousand words  
But baby don't feel down  
I left my heart in the provincial town, yeah

But it's not what I've heard you know it  
Cut your losses, shoot the poets  
And one day you'll come down  
Oh, to find yourself in the provincial town.

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