

## Cure, The "Desperate Journalist"

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Hey mister a review  
A word for salad  
Is written by my friend  
In penman

He uses long words  
Like semiotics and semolina  
But i counted  
With  
Enigma and metropolis

The lads go rampant on insignificant symbolism  
And compound this with rude soulless obliqueness

Everything's coming to a grinding halt  
I use such long words

It's all clever stuff  
All this charming childish fiddling about aims for the  
anti-image  
But it naturally creates the perfectly malleable image

Tantalizing enigma  
Of the cure  
They try to take  
Everything

But the cure really  
They're just trying to sell us something  
Their product is more artificial than most  
This is perhaps part of their  
Masterplan  
But it seems more like their naivety

Everything's coming to a grinding halt  
Everything's coming to a grinding halt  
Everything's coming to a grinding halt

Note how really songs what are made of (?)  
Murk and marshes  
Tawdry images

Inane realisations  
Dull dull dull epigrams  
Sometimes they sound like an avant-garde john otway  
Or an ugly spirit

Toy drumming  
Sprightly bass  
Limited guitar riff

Check the sheet out of my favorite book

People don't forget the penman  
It's just that in 1979 people shouldn't be allowed to get  
away with things like this

I say.

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