

## Divine Comedy, The

### "The Pop Singer's Fear Of The Pollen Count"

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Are you ready?  
OK let's do it 1, 2, 3, 4 Woo, ah ha, yeah  
ba ba da ba da ba da oh yeah

Laugh at the tears you're crying  
Smile while your head explodes  
Y' don't have to take this lying down  
So blow your nose baby  
And just get your fingers clicking  
To the rhythm and the rhyme  
Otherwise you'll just be kicking around  
And that's a crime

How can you talk that way on such a lovely day?  
When sunshine comes your way it's time to make some  
hay

I fall for this season every time  
When it's hot and everybody smiles  
I can't help myself  
I'm in love with the summertime  
Even when I get hay-fever I find  
I may sneeze but I don't really mind  
As long as I'm in love with the summertime

Ah, stop your belly-aching  
We all know what it's like  
There ain't a pill I haven't taken I guess  
But that's alright baby  
'Cause your daddy's car is waiting  
To take us to the sea  
She feels like celebrating life  
And so should we

How can you talk that way on such a lovely day?  
When sunshine comes your way it's time to make some  
hay

I fall for this season every time  
When it's hot and everybody smiles  
I can't help myself

I'm in love with the summertime  
Even when I get hay-fever I find  
I may sneeze but I don't really mind  
As long as I'm in love with the summertime  
Clap your hands!

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