

# Billy Bragg, Scholarship Is The Enemy Of Romance

Scholarship is the enemy of romance  
Where does that leave me? Alone in the rain again  
What happened to the weekend I planned with you?  
We didn't even get upstairs this time

I never missed that end-of-term kiss  
But where did it go, miss? I don't know, miss

Take me to the fair and hold me close as we fly  
through the air  
Then suddenly on Sunday, it all just melted away  
And when it had gone, between patches of yellowing grass  
I found a coin and lost what I was looking for

I never took the advice in that book  
Oh you should look, sir, you might learn, sir,  
You might learn, sir