

# Eugene McGuinness, Not So Academic

I'm a rogue, saint and a scoundrel  
I terminate at Bethnal Green  
I'd shake hands with the devil  
To get where I want to be  
Because I feel my soul  
Swell through my brain  
And spit tears out my eyes  
When I hit the refrain

And lately I just daydream  
A social outcast in my tower  
If only all men had the courage  
They too could be cowards  
They could feel their souls  
Swell through their brains  
And spit tears out their eyes  
Again and again  
When they hit the refrain  
But mother I'm not so academic  
I'm not so academic but I love

I'm a rogue, saint and a scoundrel  
I spend my days on the echoing green  
Come thunder frightening  
Or dumb white lightning-flooded  
Couldashouldawouldofbeens  
Out of control  
Out of sync  
Everywhere but the bowl  
Everywhere but the kitchen sink  
Mother I'm not so academic  
Mother I'm not so academic but I love