

The Cure, Desperate Journalist

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 countered
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 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