Rhodes Happy, Poetic Justice

Get out of my world of worlds
You little poets crying pain
Just stand on your podium preaching beauty
I've gotta leave you in the rain
Now I've heard many people like you
From the undergrounds of France
Pushing your sickly sweet impressions of romance

My ears have parasites
My ears have parasites
You think I've never heard the lines before
With the candy sun and the creaking door
Get your head out of the cotton clouds
Put your precious feet on the floor
Don't give me those power lines
Just hit it right on
You can be precise
Miracles of mystery
With vagueness your device
My ears have parasites (go away)
My ears have parasites (go away)
My ears have parasites (go away)
My ears have parasites (go away)
Now clarify, what did you say?
You know you're not making any sense
Are you describing a vision of beauty?
Or a chain of events?
Oh get to the point you sappy wimps
I haven't got a lot of time

Simplicity is beauty
Are there poets less sublime?
My ears have parasites (go away)
My ears have parasites (go away)
My ears have parasites (go away)
My ears have parasites (go away)
My ears have parasites (go away)
My ears have parasites (go away)
My ears have parasites
My ears have parasites
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