

The Tragically Hip, Poets

(Drum Intro)

(Guitar starts up, followed by another)

Spring starts when a heartbeat's poundin'

When the birds can be heard above the reckoning carts doing some final accounting

Lava flowing in Super Farmer's direction

He's been gettin' reprieve from the heat in the frozen-food section, ya

Don't tell me what the poets are doing

Don't tell me that they're talkin' tough

Don't tell me that they're anti-social

Somehow not anti-social enough, all right

And porn speaks to it's splintered legions

To the pink amid the withered corn stalks in them winter regions, yeah

While aiming at the archetypal father

He said with such broad and tentative swipes why do you even bother, yeah

Don't tell me what the poets are doing

Those Himalayas of the mind

Don't tell me what the poet's been doing

In the long grasses over time

{ Instra }

Don't tell me what the poets are doing

on the street and the epitome of vague

Don't tell me how the universe is altered

When you find out how he gets paid, all right

If there's nothing more that you need now

Lawn cut by bare-breasted women

Beach bleached towels within reach for the women gotta make it that'll make it by swimmin'

(Guitar, drum ends)