

# No Mercy For The Muse

Neil Halstead

Shabby boys kept you up all night  
Oh, sentimental drinkers  
Sing songs that end in fights about fights And theyll swear to you  
That they just cant help it  
Know that poem in their head  
That painting of your bed, it must out Does time stand still  
When you cross the room?  
Oh, surely it must do  
When they write a song  
That goes on and on about you Does your golden hair, fall in waves?  
No mention of a spot  
Tantrum or tooth rot, not for them Just pearly smiles and Mona Lisa wiles  
For your coterie of stars  
Your barrel of charlatans Celebrate, and they will venerate  
Hold their heads in the morning glare  
For with some faint praise  
They will hold your gaze  
And dedicate it all to you  
Yeah, dedicate it all to you Oh, you live your life in black and white  
No subtlety for you, no mercy for the muse  
Its true Come in again, number 10  
Oh, your army of typewriters  
Your consequence of biters wont last long And life will burden you not  
Love will carry on with a thrust And theyll swear to you  
That they just cant help it  
That poem in their head  
That painting of your bed  
It must out, it must out Celebrate and they will venerate  
Hold their heads in the morning glare  
For with some faint praise  
They will hold your gaze  
And dedicate it all to you  
Yeah, dedicate it all to you  
Yeah, dedicate it all to you

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