

Harold Bloom

Cold War Kids

When you wake, levitate
Ideas pouring out
Then you set out to make
Something great
But nothing comes out

Are you quick on your feet?
It's time to dig deep

So don't lift your heroes up so high
That you can't touch
Don't let your innocence go dry
Before the flood

Guardians at the gate let you in
Into their mansions
I'm the acid head homeless man
Who demands an explanation

Can you be wise if you never leave the room?
There will always be another Harold Bloom, Harold Bloom
To criticize your every move

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