No Mercy for the Muse

Neil Halstead

Shabby boys kept you up all night
Oh, sentimental drinkers
Sing songs that end in fights about fightsAnd theyll swear to you
That they just cant help it
Know that poem in their head
That painting of your bed, it must outDoes time stand still
When you cross the room?
Oh, surely it must do
When they write a song
That goes on and on about youDoes your golden hair, fall in waves?
No mention of a spot
Tantrum or tooth rot, not for themJust pearly smiles and Mona Lisa wiles
For your coterie of stars
Your barrel of charlatansCelebrate, 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 youOh, you live your life in black and white
No subtlety for you, no mercy for the muse
Its trueCome in again, number 10
Oh, your army of typewriters
Your consequence of biters wont last longAnd life will burden you not
Love will carry on with a thrustAnd 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 outCelebrate 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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