

# No Poetry (From Trading Snakeoil for Wolftickets)

[Gary Jules](#)

"There's no poetry between us"  
Said the paper to the pen  
Something's burning in the attic  
That her tongue will not defend  
Through the arc of conversation  
Past the teeth behind the smile  
Down the miracle mile  
To the bottom of the ladder  
Paint your eyes and hide the tatters  
What's the matter baby?  
Could we go downtown  
To the middle of the world?  
You were always such a pretty girl  
And you told me I was beautiful  
"There's no poetry between us"  
Said the paper to the pen  
"And I get nothing for my trouble  
But the ink beneath my skin"  
If your clothes are getting weary  
And your soul's gone out of style  
Blame the miracle mile  
And the bottom of the ladder  
Paint your eyes and hide the tatters  
What's the matter baby?  
...I'm coming too

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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