

Shoot The Poets

The Crips

Cut off your nose to spite your friends
Breathing holes that will never end and
Speak all you want or just pretend

'Cos you think she is a different class
So, she sits all day by the looking glass, oh
It doesn't talk, it doesn't last

But it's not what I've heard you know
A picture speaks a thousand words
But baby, don't feel down
I left my heart in a provincial town, yeah

You sold your souls for magic beans
Don't believe all you read on computer screens and
These things they mean nothing to me

Ripton stain came off the track
You go there once and you don't come back, oh
Good, that's what I say

But it's not what I've heard you know it
Cut your losses, shoot the poets
And one day you'll come down
To find yourself in a provincial town, now

But it's not what I've heard you know
A picture speaks a thousand words
But baby, don't feel down
I left my heart in the privacy of town, yeah

But it's not what I've heard you know it
Cut your losses, shoot the poets
And one day you'll come down
Oh, to find yourself in a provincial town, yeah

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by RYAN JAMES JARMAN, ROSS ANTHONY JARMAN, GARY JOHN JARMAN

Lyrics Â© CHRYSALIS MUSIC GROUP

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>