

## Territory Of Poets

Eleanor McEvoy

He's tired of getting up  
Tired of life  
Tired of working at the same old job  
And tired of his wife  
Overcome with a desire  
To come of age  
Better step aside for Johnny  
'Cause he's come to take the stage  
Take the stage

He's in the territory of poets  
Movin' slow  
He's in the territory of moving  
But not knowing which way to go  
He hides the ring that's on his finger  
Made of gold  
He's in the territory of poets  
And he's doing what he's told  
What he's told

Johnny's looking 'round the bar  
For a dance  
Once he sets his eye on Sally  
She doesn't stand a chance  
Though the lines that he's rehearsed  
Pass her by  
When he asks her for a date  
She says, Friday would be fine  
How 'bout nine?

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Movin' slow  
He's in the territory of moving  
But not knowing which way to go  
He hides the ring that's on his finger  
Made of gold  
He's in the territory of poets  
And he's doing what he's told  
What he's told

Sally's putting on her dress  
Half past eight  
Johnny takes a little line of something  
Just to keep him straight  
Through her shadow and her blush  
She shines through  
She says her powder makes her feel much better  
He says his does too  
His does too

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He's in the territory of moving  
But not knowing which way to go  
He hides the ring that's on his finger  
Made of gold  
He's in the territory of poets

And he's doing what he's told  
What he's told