

## Don't Pick a Fight with a Poet

Madeleine Peyroux

When you're walking on the street,  
and the people that you meet,  
make you want to start a big fight,  
'cause they talk as if they're so right.  
There is one thing to remember,  
in case you haven't heard:  
You can kill a mighty emperor,  
but you cannot smite a word.

So, don't pick a fight with a poet.  
Don't raise your hand on a whim.  
Whether it's wrong or it's right,  
there's a lesson in life,  
and to learn it, you have to give in,  
cause the poet knows you can't win.

When you're twitching at the bar,  
No one knows who you are,  
and you want to prove them all wrong,  
you think you are so strong.  
You can try to make them listen.  
You can try to be the boss,  
but the storyteller is the one  
who calls the toss.

So, don't pick a fight with a poet.  
Don't raise your hand on a whim.  
Whether it is wrong or it's right,  
Whether it's wrong or it's right  
there'll be a lesson tonight,  
and to learn it you'll have to give in,  
'cause a poet knows you can't win.

Over there in the corner with a Cheshire grin  
making rhyme out of broken hearts  
cryin' the hymn.  
And two tokes from a good time,  
a toast away from fist flying,  
congregating the world  
with a paper and pen.

Don't pick a fight with a poet.  
Don't raise your hand on a whim.  
Whether it's wrong or right,  
there's a lesson in life,  
and to learn it, you'll have to give in,  
cause a poet knows, you can't win.