

# I Am Not A Muse

Paul Heaton & Jacqui Abbott

I am not a muse  
I don't have hits on charts with other people's bad news  
I'm not a series of childish clues that believe cleverly in half truths  
I am not a muse, I am not a muse

I am not some sad jack in anorak or half-cap, high on smack  
I am not a muse, I am not a muse, I am not a muse, I am not a muse

I am not in the band because daddy didn't understand  
I do not gain from others' pain and then sell it back to them again  
I'm not mad or insane  
I'm not into early Miles Davis or John Coltrane  
I am not a muse...

I am not a muse  
I do not profess to love the blues  
I'm not fit to shine Gram Parsons' new soft shoes  
I do not mention countless interviews, countless interviews, I am not a muse

I am not a northern star  
I do not greet my friends with 'ay-ups' and "alright lads"  
I don't sit outside of Italian (star bombs and talk about the Lars...  
[?])

I am not a muse  
I'm not a series of "don'ts and do's" and "who's whose" for the middle classes to peruse  
I don't hang with North London crews  
I am not a muse, no I ain't no muse...

I am not a professional southerner  
I know I'm not "Alright, guv'nor."  
As one masochist said to the other, "don't beat yourself up about it, brother  
Don't beat yourself up about it, brother."

I did not form a band to get a larger plot of land  
It was not engineered or planned to spend a life by sea or sand  
To get our tail feathers fanned  
I am not a muse, I am not a muse

I am not a muse  
I'm not into Robert Johnson  
I don't love those Delta blues, I can feel the breeze but I can't change a few  
I am not a muse, I am not a muse

I am not in the band because Daddy or Mommy didn't understand  
I do not gain from others' pain and then sell it back to them again  
I'm not mad or insane

I'm not into early Miles Davis or John Coltrane  
I am not a muse...