

# The Pop Singer's Fear Of The Pollen Count

The Divine Comedy

Are you ready?  
OK, let's do it  
1,2,3,4  
Woo, ah ha, yeah  
Ba ba da ba da ba da ba da  
Oh yeah

Laugh at the tears you're crying  
Smile while your head explodes  
Y'don't have to take this lying down  
So blow your nose baby  
And just get your fingers clicking  
To the rhythm and the rhyme  
Otherwise you'll just be kicking around  
And that's a crime

How can you talk that way  
On such a lovely day?  
When sunshine comes your way  
It's time to make some hay

I fall for this season every time  
When it's hot and everybody smiles  
I can't help myself  
I'm in love with the summertime  
Even when I get hay-fever I find  
I may sneeze but I don't really mind  
As long as I'm in love with the summertime

Oh stop your belly-aching  
We all know what it's like  
There ain't a pill I haven't taken I guess  
But that's alright baby  
'Cause your daddy's car is waiting  
To take us to the sea  
She feels like celebrating life  
And so should we

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CLAP YOUR HANDS!