

Spring starts when a heartbeat's pounding  
When the birds can be heard above the reckoning carts doing some  
final accounting  
Lava flowing in Superfarmer's direction  
He's been getting reprieve from the heat in the frozen food section

Don't tell me what the poets are doing  
Don't tell me that they're talking tough  
Don't tell me that they're anti-social  
Somehow not anti-social enough, all right

And porn speaks to it's splintered legions  
To the pink amid the withered cornstalks in them winter regions  
While aiming at the archetypal father  
He said with such broad and tentative swipes why do you even bother?

Don't tell me what the poets are doing  
Those Himalayas of the mind  
Don't tell me what the poet's been doing  
In the long grasses over time

Don't tell me what the poets are doing  
On the street and the epitome of vague  
Don't tell me how the universe is altered  
When you find out how he gets paid, all right

If there's nothing more that you need now  
The lawn cut by bare breasted women  
Beach bleached towels within reach for the women  
Got to make it, that'll make it by swimming