
THE LAMENT OF THE LITERARY CRITIC [Traditional]

Yesterday, lit crit was such an easy game to play
Now all the fun has gone away
Oh, I believe in yesterday

Yesterday, all statistics seemed so far away
Theory testing is now here to stay
Oh, I believe in yesterday

Now I'm not the critic that I used to be
There's a corpus hanging over me
Oh, yesterday came suddenly

Why we have to prove
What is true, I just can't say
How can my view be wrong?
How I long for yesterday

Why things had to change
I don't know, I just can't say
What have I done wrong?
Now I long for yesterday

Yesterday, lit crit was such an easy game to play
Now I need a place to hide away
Oh, I believe in yesterday

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