

Whistleblower

Jon Balke's Batagraf

Words, they keep dropping.
They keep spilling from my hands on to paper.
I'm in Virginia.
It's 3am and I can't fall asleep. Just a little bit of faith is what I want,
it's what I need in my institutions.
So I wait, so patiently But when it happens, over and over
Can we hear it?
Yeah let's hear it for the whistleblower Wait! Won't you look around you?
Won't you look beside you now and figure out the score?
Read. Skim down the front page and you'll see my given name presenting yours. Just a little bit of faith is what I
want,
it's what I need in my institutions.
So I wait, so patiently But when it happens, over and over
Can we hear it?
Yeah let's hear it for the whistleblower You can say it any way you want.
you can frame it any way you can.
But I can tell you I've read the fine print written by your steady hand. You can say it any way you want.
you can frame it anyway you can.
What's behind your good intentions
On your heart, a hidden hand? Just a little bit of faith is what I want,
it's what I need in my institutions.
So I wait, so patiently But when it happens, over and over
Can we hear it?
Yeah let's hear it for the whistleblower

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