

# We Call Upon The Author

## Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

Oh, what we once thought we had, we didn't  
And what we have now will, will never be that way again  
So we call upon the author to explain  
Our myxomatoid kids spraddle the streets  
We've shunned them from the greasy grind  
The poor little things they look so sad and old  
As they mount us from behind  
I ask them to desist and to refrain  
And then we call upon the author to explain  
Well, a rosary clutched in his hand  
He died with tubes up his nose  
And a cabal of angels with, with finger cymbals  
Chanted his name in code  
We shook our fists at the punishing rain  
And we called upon the author to explain  
He said, everything is messed up 'round here  
Everything is banal and jejune  
There's a planetary conspiracy against the likes of you and me  
In this idiot constituency of the moon  
Well, he knew exactly who to blame  
And we call upon the author to explain  
Well, prolix, prolix  
Nothing a pair of scissors can't fix  
Well I, I go gurning down the street  
And young people gather 'round my feet  
And they ask me things but I don't know where to start  
They ignite the powder trail straight to my father's heart  
And yeah, once again I call upon the author to explain  
Yeah, we call upon the author to explain  
Well, who is this great burdensome slaver dog thing  
That mediocres my every thought?  
I feel like a vacuum cleaner, a complete sucker  
It's fucked up and he is a fucker  
  
But what an enormous and encyclopedic brain  
I call upon the author to explain  
Yeah, we call upon the author to explain, alright, yeah  
Well, rampant discrimination  
Mass poverty, third world debt

Infectious disease, global inequality  
And deepening socio-economic divisions  
Well, it does in your brain  
We call upon the author to explain  
Oh, now hang on, my friend Doug is tapping on the window  
?Hey, Doug, how you been??  
Well, he brings me a book on holocaust poetry  
Complete with pictures and then he tells me to get ready for the rain  
And we call upon the author to explain  
Well, you know I say prolix, prolix  
Some a pair of scissors can?t fix  
Bukowski was a jerk, Berryman was the best  
He wrote like wet paper mach

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