

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
Weve 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
Theres 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 cant fix Well I, I go gurning down the street
And young people gather 'round my feet
And they ask me things but I dont know where to start
They ignite the powder trail straight to my fathers 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 slaving dog thing
That mediocres my every thought?
I feel like a vacuum cleaner, a complete sucker
Its 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 cant fix Bukowski was a jerk, Berryman was the best
He wrote like wet paper mach but he went the Hemingway
Weirdly on wings and with maximum pain
We call upon the author to explain
Yeah well, I call upon the author to explain Yeah well, down in my bolt hole I see they've published
Another volume of unreconstructed rubbish
Well, the waves, the waves were soldiers moving
Well, thank you, ya thank you, thank you
And again I call upon the author to explain
Yeah, I call upon the author to explain
I call upon the author to explain
Yeah, we call upon the author to explain I said, prolix, prolix
There's nothing a pair of scissors cant fix

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