

# An Audience With You (Album Version)

## John Wesley Harding

Your footman barred me from the door  
Said I couldn't see you no more  
What's with this bureaucracy  
When I filled the forms you left for me  
He's a loyal man who waits for you  
Where loyalty is such taboo  
Sixteen keyholes in one straight line  
I look through them from time to time  
The weather down your end looks fine  
But the forecast's grim down mine  
I'm no gamble better understand  
I like to know the story plan  
People say I got no sense

But I'm waiting for an audience with you  
And all the wrestlers you've employed  
And all the boys with whom you toyed  
You tell me please don't get annoyed  
You're behaving like some helen of troy  
I don't care for original sin  
It's a stupid world we're living in  
Your paid assassin makes me wait  
He eats with fingers off his plate  
He says you've got a pressing date  
With r.i.ps and heads of state  
I know that he won't let me in  
Cos villains always have bad skin  
People say I got no sense

But I'm waiting for an audience with you  
A plastic surgeon's your best friend  
He's got the means to any end  
He's so efficient, you're so vain  
So we won't see your face again  
Heaven knows how hard you tried  
Hell was such a bumpy ride  
The widow with the holy eyes  
Got a pistol strapped into her thighs  
Says you're as sweet as apple pie  
You only get so bitchy cos you're shy  
But that's a load of papal bull  
I put you on that pedestal  
People say I got no sense

But I'm waiting for an audience with you  
Give me the strength of hercules  
His fallen arches, water knees  
And please please let me be like I oughtta be  
Lost and lonely, hurt and happy  
With a singer's vanity

Songwriters  
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