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 youAnd 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 youA 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 youGive 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

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