

Mr. Richards

R.E.M.

Mr. Richards, your position
Is a messenger pigeon
Left behind you when the camp moved on We thought that you would listen
But the words had never crystallized
Into a truth that you might own, hey hey Mr. Richards, your decision
Pay attention, pay attention Mr. Richards, you're forgiven
For a narrow lack of vision
But the fire's are still raging on The public's got opinions
And these consequences border on
The compound that you raised will sell it see, hey hey Mr. Richards, your decision
Pay attention, pay attention So listen, your intention
Sign the papers, stamp the ribbon
You're mistaken if you think we'll just forget You can thump your chest and rattle
Stand in front of your piano
But we know what's going on
Yes, we know what's going on We're the children of the choir, hey
And we know what's going on Mr. Richards, your conviction
Had us cheering in the kitchen
Now the jury's eating pigeon pie So tell me how is prison
Have they taught you how to listen?
We've begun to bridge the schism
Pay attention, pay attention Mr. Richards, your decision
Pay attention, pay attention You can thump your chest and rattle
Stand in front of your piano
But we know what's going on
Yes, we know what's going on We're the children of the choir, hey
From the compound fire, hey
And we know what's going on
Yes, we know what's going on

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