Obsessed With the Excess

Les Savy Fav

Catching whispers on the phone
But the whispers get away.
Making entries in our diaries
With all the things we think they say.Can you hear it?
I can't hear it!
Can you see it?
I can't see it!We've been feeding the vermin,
Now they're hanging around.
Can't we take back the sermon
That we tossed to the crowd?
Obsessed with the excess
But stuffed with a crumb.
The lessons progress less
As professors succumb.
They're craving confusion
When starved of sense
And graven confusion
Has been heaven sent.Can you do it?
I can't do it!
This is the way the sick people play:
Hands in their pockets, goose bumps on display.
This is the way the well people drink:
Mouths on the spigots of the sick people's sink.
In the town square,
In the city hall,
In the war room,
On a conference call,
They set the date to drop the bomb
And sit and wait with perfect calm.
I wanna do it!

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