

# 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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