Face the Nation

Dead Nation

My mind is finally clearing
What is this sound I'm hearing?
Chainsaws on bone and gristle
Carving out a new epistle
I've got my pencil sharpened
I will not be disheartened
I won't be disenchanted
Even though the news is slanted
Face the nation
Face the nation
Face the nation
I see you shaping nooses
Sixty minutes of excuses
Airwaves and wire service
Trying to make me nervous
Your problem's overrated
Your headaches are inflated
No talk now, only chatter
Little chipmunk, what's the matter?
Face the nation
Face the nation
Face the nation
I'm entertaining notions
Propelled by raw emotions
Put down your Time and Newsweek
Listen to me when I speak
There is no pulse to finger
No waves of grain to bring her
No purple mountain story
And no epoch of glory
Face the nation
Face the nation
Face the nation, hey

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