

We Call Upon the Author

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

What we once thought we had, we didn't
And what we have now will never be that way again
So we call upon the author to explain Our myxomatoid kids spraddle the streets
We've shunned them from the greasy-grind
The poor little things they look so sad and old
As they mount us from behind
I ask them to desist and to refrain!
Then we call upon the author to explain Well, rosary clutched in his hand
He died with tubes up his nose
And a cabal of angels with finger cymbals
Chanted his name in code
We sour fists at the punishing rain
And we called upon the author to explain
He said, everything is messed up round here
Everything is banal and jejune
There is a planetary conspiracy against the likes of you and me
In this idiot constituency of the moon
Well, he knew exactly who to blame!
And we call upon the author to explain Prolix! Prolix!
Nothing a pair of scissors can't fix Well, I go gurning down the street
And young people gather round my feet
And they ask me things - but I don't know where to start
They ignite the powder-trail straight to my father's heart
And, yeah, once again
I call upon the author to explain
Who is this great burdensome slaving dog-thing
That mediocres my every thought?
I feel like a vacuum cleaner - a complete sucker!
It's fucked up and he is a fucker
But what an enormous and encyclopaedic brain!
I call upon the author to explain Rampant discrimination
Mass poverty, third world debt
Infectious disease, global inequality
And deepening socio-economic divisions
Well, it does in your brain
We call upon the author to explain Now hang on
My friend Doug is tapping on the window!
Hey Doug, how you been? (hey Doug)
Well, he brings me a book on holocaust poetry - complete with pictures
And then he tells me to get ready for the rain
And we call upon the author to explain Prolix! Prolix!
Something a pair of scissors can fix! Bukowski was a jerk!

Berryman was best!
He wrote like wet papier maché
But he went the Hemming-way
Weirdly on wings and with maximum pain
We call upon the author to explain
Down in my bolthole I see they've published
Another volume of unreconstructed rubbish
"The waves, the waves were soldiers moving"
Well, thank you - thank you!
Thank you and again
I call upon the author to explain
Prolix! Prolix!
Nothing a pair of scissors can't fix

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