

# Please Don't Talk About Murder While I'm Eating

Ben Harper

You're the first one to get there  
And always the last one to leave  
You're the first one to chuckle  
But the last one to grieve  
I know all too well the world takes a daily beating

Please don't talk about murder while I'm eating

You walk into the temple  
And call it a church  
I try to keep things simple  
But you always need the works  
Your life is marked by numbers and symbols  
Excessive drinking from out of golden thimbles  
Just a moment of silence I'm needing

So let's not talk about murder while I'm eating

You get all hot and bothered  
At the strangest times and places  
But don't notice the looks on all the other faces  
You're dressed for summer in the middle of december  
What you've all but forgotten  
I painfully remember  
I don't care in the least what you're reading

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