

Talk is Cheap

Citizen Fish

Talk is cheap and it's easy to shout
If we spent all our time working things out
Would it change anything?
Words are cheap and anyone can sing
So let's sing a song about all the wrongs
Complaining and straining
This is where it belongs
Or so some one said
It must've been something I read
But while I was reading
The ethics lay bleeding
Stab the back of the hand that feeds you
We fall apart in the 'basic human nature' excuse
It's the heart of the gig that bleeds
From the endless soul self-abuse
Tied to the bar in the hope of reviews
From the obvious to the obtuse
The critics who sound so profound
About the mythical 'new underground'
But talk is cheap
The words of wisdom put you to sleep
And you don't even read the cuttings you keep
Just following trends
The trail never ends
When all the solutions are just round the bend
You're upholding ideas that you'd never defend
In the endless search you cannot comprehend
That there's nothing that wonderful
In worshipping trivial
Ego material
Cos music sells papers
Who sell you the feeling
As if it was missing
Yeah really, talk is cheap
Till you put it in print
Sing as you read
The words all fit
Now we're learning the words
Obscure or absurd
It makes no difference
It never gets heard
No it never gets 'in'
But you really want to win
When there's nothing to be
You say 'look at me!'
And it works! Yes it works!
Cos talk is cheap
But shouting is free!