

## Sharpening Axes

Graham Parker

I'm not selling molasses I'm not pushing tea  
I don't appeal to the masses and they don't appeal to me  
I'm not peddling fiction I'm not packaging youth  
I've got a predilection for the truth

I can't stand it any longer I can't suffer any more fools  
I'm gonna keep on sharpening axes till I've got the sharpest tools  
I can't access information comin' down the mainframe  
Those puerile incantations in couplets or quatrains

Watch it all run amok now watch those idiots score  
Till you can't remember that they're idiots any more  
Watch that stain increasing spreading out across the earth  
Till you can't remember what anything is worth

I can't stand it any longer I can't listen to any more words  
I'm gonna keep on sharpening axes till they cut right through to  
his dirt  
I can't access information comin down the satellite beam  
All I hear is psycho babble and I don't know what it means