

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 their 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