

# Face The Nation

John Hiatt

My mind is finally clearing  
What is this sound I'm hearing?  
Chainsaws on bone and gristle  
Carving out a new epistle  
I've got my pencil sharpened  
I will not be disheartened  
I won't be disenchanted  
Even though the news is slanted

Face the nation  
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I see you shaping nooses  
Sixty minutes of excuses  
Airwaves and wire service  
Trying to make me nervous  
Your problem's overrated  
Your headaches are inflated  
No talk now, only chatter  
Little chipmunk, what's the matter?

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I'm entertaining notions  
Propelled by raw emotions  
Put down your Time and Newsweek  
Listen to me when I speak  
There is no pulse to finger  
No waves of grain to bring her  
No purple mountain story  
And no epoch of glory

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