

# We Call Upon The Author

Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds

What we once thought we had we didn't, and what we have now will never be th  
at way again  
So we call upon the author to explain

Our myxomatoid kids spraddle the streets, we've shunned them from the greasy-  
grind  
The poor little things, they look so sad and old as they mount us from behin  
d  
I ask them to desist and to refrain  
And then we call upon the author to explain

Rosary clutched in his hand, he died with tubes up his nose  
And a cabal of angels with finger cymbals chanted his name in code  
We shook our fists at the punishing rain  
And we call upon the author to explain

He said everything is messed up around here, everything is banal and jejune  
There is a planetary conspiracy against the likes of you and me in this idio  
t constituency of the moon  
Well, he knew exactly who to blame  
And we call upon the author to explain

Prolix! Prolix! Nothing a pair of scissors can't fix!  
Prolix! Prolix! Nothing a pair of scissors can't fix!

Well, I go gurning down the street, young people gather round my feet  
Ask me things, but I don'r know where to start  
They ignite the power-trail ssstraight to my father's heart  
And once again I call upon the author to explain

We call upon the author to explain

Who is this great burdensome slaverling dog-  
thing that mediocres my every thought?  
I feel like a vacuum cleaner, a complete sucker, it's fucked up and he is a  
fucker  
But what an enormous and encyclopaedic brain  
I call upon the author to explain

Oh rampant discrimination, mass poverty, third world debt, infectious disea  
se  
Global inequality and deepening socio-economic divisions  
Well, it does in your brain  
And we call upon the author to explain

Now hang on, my friend Doug is tapping on the window (Hey Doug, how you been  
?)  
Brings me back a book on holocaust poetry complete with pictures  
Then tells me to get ready for the rain  
And we call upon the author to explain

I say prolix! Prolix! Something a pair of scissors can fix

Bukowski was a jerk! Berryman was best!  
He wrote like wet papier mache, went the Heming-  
way weirdly on wings and with maximum pain  
We call upon the author to explain

Down in my bolthole I see they've published another volume of unreconstructed rubbish

"The waves, the waves were soldiers moving". Well, thank you, thank you, thank you

And again I call upon the author to explain

Yeah, we call upon the author to explain

Prolix! Prolix! There's nothing a pair of scissors can't fix!