

The Maven

The Church

Here comes the maven, he's coming around
He's such a connoisseur, he's such an autograph hound, yeah
He's got sixteen yes-men and they tend to agree
There's a lover but without any eyes
He's got my number but he's got the size, yeah
And if you measure up a short trip could be wise

Just turn the light off when you go (leave it dark)
Just turn the jury on you go (make them bark)
We'll send a sign to you over the sea

There goes the maven, sowing his seed
One for the rock, one for the hand that feeds, yeah
He reaps the harvest with a sleight of hand
Just say the magic word, he's at your side
Beware his magic touch, his plans are cheery and wide, yeah
He sleeps through the winter in a white-white land

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Here is the maven, draining the cup
He takes your arm then he beats you up, yeah
There is a surfeit of everything you crave
Here is the maven, signing the check
He orders dinner, so what the fucking heck, yeah
There is a surplus of everything you save

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