

# Nick Cave, We Call Upon The Author

What we once thought we had, we didn't  
And what we have now will never be that 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 behind  
I ask them to desist and to refrain!  
Then we call upon the author to explain

Well, 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 called upon the author to explain

He said, everything is messed up round here  
Everything is banal and jejune  
There is a planetary conspiracy against the likes of you and me  
In this idiot 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

Well, I go guring down the street  
And young people gather round my feet  
And they ask me things but I don't know where to start  
They ignite the powder-trail straight to my father's heart  
And, yeah, once again  
I call upon the author to explain

Who is this great burdensome slavering 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

Rampant discrimination  
Mass poverty, third world debt  
Infectious disease, global inequality  
And deepening socio-economic divisions  
Well, it does in your brain  
We call upon the author to explain

Now hang on  
My friend Doug is tapping on the window!  
Hey Doug, how you been? (hey Doug)  
Well, he brings me a book on holocaust poetry complete with pictures  
And then he tells me to get ready for the rain  
And we call upon the author to explain

Prolix! Prolix!  
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Bukowski was a jerk!  
Berryman was best!  
He wrote like wet papier mach  
But he went the Hemming-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

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