

## Nick Cave

### "We Call Upon the Author"

Visit "[We Call Upon the Author](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

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

(Doop doop doop doop dooop)

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  
And then we call upon the author to explain

(Doop doop doop doop dooop)

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

(Doop doop doop doop dooop)

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 idiot constituency of the moon  
Well, he knew exactly who to blame  
And we call upon the author to explain

(Doop doop doop doop dooop)

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

(Doop doop doop doop dooop)

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

(Doop doop doop doop dooop ...)

We 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

(Doop doop doop doop dooop ...)

Oh rampant discrimination, mass poverty, third world  
debt, infectious disease

Global inequality and deepening socio-economic  
divisions

Well, it does in your brain

And we call upon the author to explain

(Doop doop doop doop dooop ...)

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

(Doop doop doop doop dooop ...)

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

(Doop doop doop doop dooop ...)

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!

Visit [Nick Cave](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.