

## Rem "Mr. Richards"

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Mr. Richards, your position  
Is a messenger pigeon  
Left behind you when the camp moved on

We thought that you would listen  
But the words had never crystallized  
Into a truth that you might own, hey hey

Mr. Richards, your decision  
Pay attention, pay attention

Mr. Richards, you're forgiven  
For a narrow lack of vision  
But the fire's are still raging on

The public's got opinions  
And these consequences border on  
The compound that you raised will sell it see, hey hey

Mr. Richards, your decision  
Pay attention, pay attention

So listen, your intention  
Sign the papers, stamp the ribbon  
You're mistaken if you think we'll just forget

You can thump your chest and rattle

Stand in front of your piano  
But we know what's going on  
Yes, we know what's going on

We're the children of the choir, hey  
And we know what's going on

Mr. Richards, your conviction  
Had us cheering in the kitchen  
Now the jury's eating pigeon pie

So tell me how is prison  
Have they taught you how to listen?  
We've begun to bridge the schism

Pay attention, pay attention

Mr. Richards, your decision  
Pay attention, pay attention

You can thump your chest and rattle  
Stand in front of your piano  
But we know what's going on  
Yes, we know what's going on

We're the children of the choir, hey  
From the compound fire, hey  
And we know what's going on  
Yes, we know what's going on

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