

## Rem

### "MrRichards"

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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 they 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 fires are still raging on  
The public's got opinions  
And these consequences border on  
The compound that you race will sell it say, 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 fo the choir, hey  
And we know what's going on

Mr. Richards you're 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 fo the choir, hey  
From the compond fire, hey  
And we know what's going on  
Yes we know what's going on

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