

## **Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds "We Call Upon The Author"**

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Oh, what we once thought we had, we didn't  
And what we have now will, 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  
And then we call upon the author to explain

Well, a rosary clutched in his hand  
He died with tubes up his nose  
And a cabal of angels with, 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's 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

Well, prolix, prolix  
Nothing a pair of scissors can't fix

Well I, I go gurning 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  
Yeah, we call upon the author to explain

Well, 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 encyclopedic brain

I call upon the author to explain  
Yeah, we call upon the author to explain, alright, yeah

Well, 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

Oh, now hang on, my friend Doug is tapping on the  
window  
?Hey, Doug, how you been??  
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

Well, you know I say prolix, prolix  
Some a pair of scissors can?t fix

Bukowski was a jerk, Berryman was the best  
He wrote like wet paper machÃ© but he went the  
Hemingway  
Weirdly on wings and with maximum pain  
We call upon the author to explain  
Yeah well, I call upon the author to explain

Yeah well, down in my bolt hole I see they've published  
Another volume of unreconstructed rubbish  
Well, the waves, the waves were soldiers moving  
Well, thank you, ya thank you, thank you  
And again I call upon the author to explain  
Yeah, I call upon the author to explain  
I call upon the author to explain  
Yeah, we call upon the author to explain

I said, prolix, prolix  
There's nothing a pair of scissors can?t fix

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