

R.E.M., Mr. Richards

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 fires 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.