

John Hiatt, Face The Nation

My mind is finally clearing

What is this sound I'm hearing?

Chainsaws on bone and gristle

Carving out a new epistle

I've got my pencil sharpened

I will not be disheartened

I won't be disenchanting

Even though the news is slanted

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I see you shaping nooses

Sixty minutes of excuses

Airwaves and wire service

Trying to make me nervous

Your problem's overrated

Your headaches are inflated

No talk now, only chatter

Little chipmunk, what's the matter?

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I'm entertaining notions

Propelled by raw emotions

Put down your Time and Newsweek

Listen to me when I speak

There is no pulse to finger

No waves of grain to bring her

No purple mountain story

And no epoch of glory

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Face the nation

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