

# Peter Hammill, The Jargon King

He prescribes the subject  
he proscribes outsiders  
his terms have a golden ring.  
He wants to find some order  
quantifying chaos  
in words that all the children sing.  
He tabulates the lexicon  
vocabulary minimised  
bow down to the Jargon King.

All questions become so simple  
if we eat the inane answer  
if we all agree to ju-ju speak  
we fit into the formula  
we all without exception  
approve the rule.

We don't understand  
he must be clever  
he must be clever  
he must be right  
he must be right  
we don't understand

Closed the ranks and barricades  
imposed the secret language  
complexity all catch-phrased  
word-drugged any anguish  
pigeon-holed allusions  
shut the vault behind us  
It's an obvious conclusion  
we'll be the chattels of His Highness.

Bow down to the Jargon King  
and his minion code-words.

Here comes the reign