

The Church, The Maven

Here comes the Maven, he's coming around
He's such a connoisseur, he's such an autograph hound, yeah
He's got 60 yes-men and they tend to agree
There's a long black book without any eyes
He's got my number but he's got your size, yeah
And if you measure up then a sure trick'll be wise

Just turn the light off when you go (he hates the dark)
Just tell the jury all you know (was just a lark)
We'll send a sign to you over the sea

There goes the Maven, sowing his seed
One for the rock, one for the hand that feeds, yeah
He reaps the harvest with his sleight of hand
Just say the magic word and he's at your side
Beware his tender touch, his plans are chilly and wide, yeah
Sleeps through the winter in a white quiet land

Here is the Maven, draining the cup
He takes your arm and then he eats you up, yeah
There is a surfeit of everything you crave
Here is the Maven, signing the check
He bought us dinner so what the fucking heck, yeah
There is a surplus of everything you save