

## **Bombs Over Providence**

# **"Cobra Constant Committee Bake Sale"**

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I've been falling harder with this city's decline.  
And I know I'm not getting any smarter.  
Every blackened skyline has some failure in mind that  
rains on down around quitting time.  
And we drink in gulps, through sobs and old gridlock;  
Trekking for wiles the longest damn street in the world.  
And although we're young wide eyed and crooked  
tongued, we're sick of our streets.  
Don't know how to love them.  
Concrete's made us stronger because one thing's for  
sure;  
These pop songs don't come easy anymore.  
Our mayor's been shooting for the 'leftist crator.'  
But that's gone south like town hall jumpers.  
Hell, I'll just ask Jane Doe 'bout all the lengths  
One goes to turn up the volume on the neighbourhood  
screams and shrieks;  
To want to paint it red, until the chief is dead and  
paraded downtown all damn day.  
So let them bury me anywhere but home because it's  
been so long,  
I don't care where I'm from.  
I've never been homesick as long as I've walked all  
alone.  
Just let them bury me anywhere but home because it's  
been so long,  
I don't care where I'm from.  
Though hallowed, still shallow, this ground couldn't  
keep my ghost down.  
Assaults we still permit our poet-politic:  
My violet bruises grand as sunsets that we missed?  
We're still falling for old talk 'bout newer mores;  
Habourfront circus plans where once we took a stand.

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