

Bombs Over Providence

"Pink Slip + 1:30% Resistance To Your Daughter's New Pony"

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Presented as but one part of a brief dialogue between Mr. Ratchenslatt and Clerk Jones regarding the latter's dismissal and termination of employment.

Ratchenslatt: "Nevermind, what I say goes. This could be your last chance to go clean out your office."

Jones: ...

Ratchenslatt: "Hey, Jones, I hate to be a dick, this is the natural end of a race you'd never win. And what's funny is you've always cheered it, even doing quite well yourself. Till this little bump of course, but nothing worth bring ever drove a minivan."

Jones: ...!

Ratchenslatt: "Hey, this ain't no prelude to comfort, and you're not the sitcom start The Further Adventures of John Q. Forgettable? (laughs na na na it's over, roll over...)"

Jones: ...?

Ratchenslatt: "Well, I'll be closing shop and moving operations down south."

Jones: ...?!

Ratchenslatt: "Yeah, where workplace grievances are matters of hand and mouth. Well, walk like a loser, boy, sing like a quitter and watch the pennies fall."

Jones: ...

Ratchenslatt: "I know, kid, I see it. There's something going on and it's happening all over the world. So you can't scream 'Rise Up!' to the workers, I'm holding hands with the market. I've got a dollar that says you'll never relate this to any process greater. You've been quitting since the day you were hired, so burn down the building!"

Jones: ...

Ratchenslatt: "I remember your first day here, you were broken 'fore you hit the door. Almost wish I could go back and tell you 'that feeling in your gut, kid, it's only gonna get worse.' There ain't no silver lining, you know we'd buy that outright. Come now, it ain't all that bad; at least you ain't a woman or a little less white."

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