

## **Ben Lee**

# **"An Open Letter To The Prime Minister"**

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[spoken]

8 March 1998

dear mr prime minister,

to be honest, im kind of disgusted with the state of this country and i am

holding you directly responsible.

ive got no diseases, no obvious birthmarks, im not

black, im not female,

sure im jewish, but basically im a straight white male, and i still cant

understand why there is even a feather left for me to ruffle.

mr prime minister, im queasy every time i read the newspaper.

i read about the new flag the country is demanding and whether our emblem

should contain a southern cross or not and i cant believe its even worth

the discussion. i want to see a giant penis on our flag. i want it made of

velvet and encased in glitter.

i want a flag that is worthy of a solid burning.

i want to know why isnt our prime minister a homosexual? i was personally

more interested in whether or not paul keating grabbed the queens arse

than any of the issues that you seem to be tackling. mr prime minster, why

do you always wear black and grey? are you hiding something? are you

afraid of us?

i still cant believe there is a feather left for me to ruffle.

i want to know why there are american accents all over my television set.

as far as im concerned, "kant" is a german philosopher. why do all

australian rock musicians sing in american accents?

why are there no

australian rock musicians?

mr prime minister, why doesnt australia have a black panther party?

where is our bob dylan?

where is our andy warhol?  
why do you make me sound like a third rate allen  
ginsberg?  
dont answer me.  
what do you know about poetry anyway.  
why dont we learn anything in school? perhaps that was  
a sweeping  
generalization but i just finished twelve years of it and i  
know how to  
spell your name but cannot be bothered to write it  
down.  
why am i so ashamed of where i am from? i sit up all  
night watching  
infomercials and parliamentary sessions and i cannot  
think of one reason  
to travel to canberra. i am waiting for you to wear pink.  
mr prime  
minister, when are you going to give me a fucking  
break?  
i want to see you dancing in spastic glee outside an  
islamic shrine, or  
hard copy footage of you caught doing naughty things  
in kings cross, and i  
want to say "i knew it right away!"  
why do you bore me?  
every time i walk out the front door, i think you have  
sent men to watch  
me in unmarked cars. and i havent even done  
anything. yet.  
mr prime minister, im as ready as you are.  
get me some glamour, mr prime minister, some  
escapism. i want to know why  
we still havent settled the aboriginal land right issue. ill  
give up my  
house right now, if you will put an end to this. we all  
know this isnt  
really our home. lets stop kidding around.  
mr prime minister, mr hand is tired. i havent slept for  
five days, ive  
been waiting up for reruns of good morning america  
and i think you have  
forgotten about me.  
when did we become a colony?  
mr prime minister, im restless.  
mr prime minister, i dont like the state we are in, and  
im holding you  
directly responsible.  
your friend,  
benjamin michael lee

