

Ben Lee

"An Open Letter To The Prime Minister"

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[spoken]

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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

