

Dillinger Four

"Super Powers Enable Me To Blend In With Machinery"

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It's all wrinkled elbow shirts and poker faces on this bus
Back to a nitch dug just like a ditch in this city's
weathered crust
But there's something about this city's grey
That seems to say all there is to say
Riddled with regiment, vindictive intent
Faking loyalty and getting paid
Fuck them all.
She keeps the variety section and gives the rest to me
She says she remembers when buses were nicer
"There's no dignity in plastic seats"
But there's something about the way she said
"The only good boss is one that's dead"
There broad shoulders giggled all over the bus
And work ethics crumbled into "them and us"
Fuck them all.

And all the specters of the work place
Turned from effigy back to reality
And yeach I wish it was that simple
To think a belly laugh is really all we need
But it's the slow decay of the day to day
That says take your pay check, accept your place
And face away
But there was dignity in plastic seats that day.

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