

Flashback Of Anger

"Blindsided"

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Now, somebody is out there on a streetcorner
preaching about the evils of the people who are voting
on the right while I'm working in a kitchen chopping
parsley and lettuce and washing up the dishes till the
end of the night. When I stumble down the streetcorner
to buy myself a pony full of paint thinner, bourbon, a
girly mag or two and blah blah blah goes the man on
the corner and I'll never understand how it relates to
me and you.

What do I know?

What do I care?

If I close my eyes.

I'm blindsided.

In a barroom the TV is flashing like a fire, and warning
of the future like a prophet from the past, the radio is
blaring like a siren in the corner, and telling you to
prepare for an all out attack, the newspaper reads like
a page from the bible and tells us a tale of impending
doom, but blind, deaf and dumb are we and all we
really care about is who can drink the most before he
goes to the bathroom.

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