

Pink Razors

"Dear Jurisprudence"

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I, just got home from a month-long vacation and
I've got some questions for your building
Commission. Who gave you permission to build,
Build, build until the only thing left to ask
Is 1) How will the cars fit in the streets?
2) Who'll tow the tow-trucks from their roads?
3) When will the bars run out of drinks?
4) Who'll wish on stars when the streetlights
Outshine the brightest nights? Let's
Pave over all the graves under the ground and
When there's no more room to grow, let's tear
It down again. We used to choose our homes
And friends now we just follow the cheap rent.
There's no more town in this city, there's
No more city in this town.

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