

## David Mead

### "Robert bradley's postcard"

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let's sing a song for a thousand years heard  
allen ginsberg just died  
from the back of the bus i wrote the postcard  
said i was happy but i lied  
six feet in hallowed ground, rolled over to the sound of  
freedom  
the boy can't help it if he's cut and bleeding  
this is the story borne in the womb of america, this is  
the glorious dawn  
this is the glory, love what you make of america  
and neutralize your focus or i doubt she'll even notice  
when you're gone  
i pledge allegiance to marlon brando  
god kissed the buddha and he sighed  
the court and spark of robert bradley  
the poet knows it when he's right  
god bless the ground you break, god save the earth  
you take 'cos maybe  
the crowd won't notice an aborted baby  
this is the story borne in the womb of america, this is  
the glorious dawn  
this is the glory, love what you make of america  
and neutralize your focus or i doubt she'll even notice  
when you're gone  
cut out the fat, i'm down with that, i'm down with that  
cut out your bullshit, i'm sick of it  
i'm... sick of it, yeah... she sums you up, she sums you  
up  
i placed the call from just south of hamburg  
said i was lonely but i lied  
she sums you up, you may not like it  
but you have the luxury of time  
this is the story borne in the womb of america, this is  
the glorious dawn  
this is the glory, love what you make of america  
and neutralize your focus or i doubt she'll even notice  
when you're gone

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