

## The 241ers "Supreme Trading"

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"50 bucks is the new 5 dollars", it says on the bathroom wall

And "Men are the new women" is written up in one of the stalls

But really nothing is the new anything

All things are their own

All things are their own

And though there is no going home

There are moments of beauty and repose

This is not one of those

All things are their own

Is this anyone's utopia?

Anyone's best of all possible anythings?

Hell no

Or at least I really don't think so

Irony isn't dead but it sure is stinking up the joint

It's point made long ago

The advertisements just won't let it go

Into nothingness

Into yesterday

Into far away from this place that on our good days we call home

For better and for worse

And I know we can do better

And you do too

So let's

Alright?

Okay

Is this anyone's utopia?

Anyone's best of all possible anythings?

Hell no

Or at least I really don't think so [x2]

Excuse me do you work here?

I seem to have spilled my eight dollar beer

And to have shoved three rolls of toilet paper down the toilet

And then pissed on it

So if you can clean up this mess  
Right now  
Alright?  
Okay  
Okay?  
Alright

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