

Weakerthans

"Confessions Of A Futon-Revolutionist"

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Held like water in you shaking hands are all the small
defeats a day demands. 10-6 or 9-5 trying, dying to
survive. Never knowing what survival means. Leave the
apartment to buy alcohol. Hang our diplomas on the
bathroom wall. Pick at the plaster chipped away, survey
some stunning tooth decay, enlist the cat in the
impending class-war. Let's lay our bad day down here,
dear and make-believe we're strong, or hum some
protest song. Like maybe "We Shall Overcome
Someday."

Overcome the stupid things we say. Say I needed more
than this, say I needed one more kiss. We left that light
on way too long now. Let's plant a bomb at city-hall and
kill an MLA. We'll talk the night away. You call in sick, I'll
quit the word-games that I play. I swear I way more
than half believe it when I say that somewhere love and
justice shine. Cynicism falls asleep. Tyranny talks to
itself. Sappy slogans all come true. We forget to feed
our fear.

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