

Wingnut Dishwashers Union "Proudhon In Manhattan"

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I stick tape in the holes in my shoes
I stick my tongue in the holes in my teeth
I stick expletives in the holes in my thought process
when I speak
My friends stick to their guns
They got a bunch in the woods of vermont 'till the end
times come
But saturn, says he's gonna learn to live
As if the world wasn't gonna end and I admire his
strength

Today I'm gonna do my best
To drink coffee in the morning and live as if
I didn't feel lonely and hopeless and helpless
To save myself for the world where I live
And tonight, when I dream it will be
That the junkies spent all the drug money on
Community gardens and collective housing
And the punk kids who moved in the ghetto
Have started meeting their neighbors besides the
angry ones
With the yards, that their friends and their dogs have
been puking and shitting on
And the anarchists have started
Filling potholes, collecting garbage
To prove we don't need governments to do these
things
And I'll wake up, burning time's square as we sing
"Throw your hands in the air 'cause property is
robbery!"

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