

Propagandhi

"Letter Of Resignation"

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Takes a dried up ballpoint, lemon juice and water,
keeps diary invisibly. In the kitchen corner of a
basement bachelor suite, there's a certain search for
certainty, you know we'll never see her hands touch her
childhood home in photos that she took. It's one more
omission from a highschool history book; how whole
lives are knifed and pushed aside. To whom it may
concern...this is to inform...yours, sincerely yours...
There's a bus that's leaving half an hour from now. It
won't take her where she really wants to go. So she sits
there with her luggage at her side. In the empty
stations of our empty lives.

Take a broken bottle, take a rafter beam, or take a
needle and a tarnished spoon. All just words to kill off
one more unheard statement in another dying
afternoon; she says she's leaving soon. So so long to
ten hour shifts and faking sympathies. Farewell to piles
of bills, unpaid utilities. All rolled up and unfurled like a
flag. Wake up and pack your bag...

"It's like being sick all the time, I think, coming home
from work, sick in that low-grade continuous way that
makes you forget what it's like to be well. We have
never in our lives known what it is to be well. what if I
were coming home, I think, from doing work that I
loved and that was for us all, what if I looked at the
houses and the air and the streets, knowing they were
in accord, not set against us, what if we knew the
powers of this country moved to provide for us and for
all people, how would that be, how would we feel and
think and what would we create?"

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