

Propaghandi

"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
S 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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