

## The Explosion

### "Fat Of The Land"

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I add it up  
I count it out  
Consider all the figures  
To realize that I've been cheated  
I've seen their clothes  
I've seen their cars  
I've stepped in park-side mansions  
Enough to know I've been mistreated  
But then I take the bus from Cullerton to 95th Street  
I take my daughter to their parks  
I take the medicine the state provides for healthy  
workmen  
Better on their stamps than in their cart  
Did I smell anger, anger  
Don't let it be my undertaker  
No, thank them, thank them, for keeping me alive  
They're welcome to their dollar  
They'll have their cake and we'll have ours as we drink  
on their dime  
I walk among the glass steel towers  
I borrow books and records  
I glean the excess entertainment  
And though I'm fine to pay for mine, not if it keeps my  
hands bound  
I'm all for work, just not containment  
I'll praise a god who gives a dirty hand a worthy living  
I'll praise a mother who feeds her child  
I'll thank my lucky stars the rich will waste what they're  
not giving  
Then gladly take what's rightly ours  
Did I smell anger, anger,  
Don't let it be my undertaker  
No, thank them, thank them, for keeping me alive  
They're welcome to their dollar  
They'll have their cake and we'll have ours as we drink  
on their dime  
Did I smell anger?  
Anger?

