

The Indelicates

"America"

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This little England
It's dingy and it's mean
I've flirted with her mewling gods and petty jealousies
Her edited-reader rebels with their simulated causes
Weak-chinned snarls and red guitars, I disregard them
all

When they pin me to the wall, I'll say
I'm with America
With godless America
I'll stand and I'll fall
Though it cuts me to my soul that it must be America
It must be America
Or nothing at all

The pop stars who write operas and make fatuous
remarks
The theory-quoting upstarts who smoke fairtrade coke
in parks
I find myself a loner and I find myself bereft
I find myself agreeing with Bill O'Reilly more than the
left

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