

Robert Pollard, Flings Of The Waistcoat Crowd

Great days are becoming
A matchlight liquor establishment
Where the factory soaks its scabs
It hangs there like insectrocutiener
Over the big river
Scum of us rinsed by a hard rain
The tar, the teeth & the gear

Yet no trail
All around the camp
And that is our game
To brag and complain
To guess who goes next
To tally the scars
Learn every weakness