

Bridge and Tunnel, The Flea Marketers

Pull up a chair to the table.
We're airing our grievances boldly.
Oh the privilege of a post-college crisis
and the subsequent traveling.
Next year's concessions set in revelry
and our policies with beer money.
Some stories should never be told
through coarse canals of microphones.
Our dreams serve as competition
for these bullshit repetitions.
We're retelling the lies we've been told
and reselling the shit we've been sold.
Their pat on our back is the thorn in our side.
You tried to pass the torch.
But it burnt me alive
you're up against the ropes
and I'm sitting ringside.
We're more than the lies that we've been told.
We're more than the shit that we've been sold.
Someday we'll run our course
like a wave pushed across the Atlantic.
So sing softly now.
Leave it to uncertain words and overtones.