

Bright Eyes, Light Pollution

John A Hobson was a good man
he used to loan me books and mic stands
he even got me a subscription to the Socialist Review
listening to records in his basement
old folk songs about the government
"it's love of money, not the market," he said, "these fuckers push on you.
and freedom yells, it dont cry.
whatever sells will decide.
but there is no hell when you die.
so dont look so worried."
he got a night life
lost his day job
pushing paper, swinging pendulums
anything to serve a function or to occupy some time
you have got to earn this living somehow
you are good as dead without a bank account
but it is funny how alive he felt, down in that unemployment line
with all the trash at his feet
the pools of piss in the street
all of that filthy empathy for the way we're feeling
the billboards shade
the flags they wave
the anthem was playing loud
the baseball game was letting out
then all at once he saw the dust
and heard every tiny sound
got in his truck and turned around
drove out through the crowd
and the cops drove out past that center mall
out past that sickening sprawl
out past that fenced in gold
and maybe he lost control fucking with the radio
but i bet the stars seemed so close at the end