

Death Cab For Cutie, Styrofoam Plates

There's a saltwater film on the jar of your ashes
I threw them to sea, but a gust blew them backwards
and the sting in my eyes that you then inflicted was
par for the course just as when you were living

It's no stretch to say you were not quite a father,
but a donor of seeds to a poor single mother that would
raise us alone. We never saw the money that went down
your throat through the hole in your belly.

13 years old in the suburbs of Denver, standing in line
for Thanksgiving dinner at the Catholic church the servers
wore crosses to shield from the sufferance plaguing the others
Styrofoam plates cafeteria tables, charity reeks of cheap wine
and pity, and I'm thinking of you I do every year when we count all our
blessings and I wonder what we're doing here.

You're a disgrace to the concept of family the priest won't
divulge the fact in his homily and I'll stand up and scream if
the mourning remain quiet, you can deck out lie in a suit but I won't buy it
I won't join in the procession that's speaking their
peace using five dollar words while praising his integrity,
just cause he's gone doesn't change the fact:
he was a bastard in life, thus a bastard in death.