

Dillinger Four, Super Powers Enable Me To Blend

It's all wrinkled elbow shirts and poker faces on this bus
Back to a niche dug just like a ditch in this city's weathered crust
but there's something about this city's gray
that seems to say all there is to say
Riddled with regiment, vindictive intent
Faking loyalty and getting paid
Fuck them all

She keeps the variety section and then gives the rest to me
She says she remembers when buses were nicer
"There's no dignity in plastic seats";
But there's something about the way she said
"The only good boss is one that's dead";
These broad shoulders giggled all over the bus
And work ethics crumbled into "them and us";
Fuck them all

And all these specters of the work place
Turned from effigy into reality
And yeah I wish it was that simple
To think a belly laugh is really all we need
But it's the slow decay of the day to day
That says take your pay check, accept your place and fade away
but there was dignity in plastic seats that day