Gordon Downie, Pillform No. 1

Through these last fifty years as
Television's taught us war is folly
And that you should never throw over your real friends
And in the end it might be better to give the trophy back
And tell em how you were cowed and conscripted
Giving milk for a war that you now understand

Through these last ten thousand years
As books have taught us, that love is folly and that
If you only have one friend then you're famous
And there's work and then there's making work as invisible as
Wishing it down into pillform while staging spills
With the drink in your opposite hand

Through these last several moments words have taught me that words Are folly and that when the ancient slams into the transient There's no way to determine who should get their money back And after this everything is fitness
Bigger dreams, bigger screens, bigger feelings are planned