

Propagandhi, Letter Of Resignation

Takes a dried up ballpoint, lemon juice and water keeps diary invisibly.
In the kitchen corner of a basement bachelor's suite
There's a certain search for certainty you know we'll never see
Her hands touch her childhood home in photos that she took
It's one more omission from a highschool history book
How whole lives are knifed and pushed aside
To whom it may concern....This is to inform yours...sincerely yours
There's a bus that's leaving half an hour from now
It won't take her where she really wants to go
So she sits there with her luggage at her side
In the empty stations of our empty lives.
Take a broken bottle. Take a rafter beam or take a needle and a tarnished spoon
All just words to kill off one more unheard statement
In another dying afternoon, she said she's leaving soon
So so long to ten hour shifts and faking sympathies
Farewell to piles of bills, unpaid utilities
All rolled up and unfurled like a flag
Wake up and pack your bag
"It's like being sick all the time, I think, coming home from work,
sick in that low-grade continuous way that makes you forget what it's
like to be well. We have never in our lives known what it is to be well.
what if I were coming home, I think, from doing work that I loved and
that was for us all, what if I looked at the houses and the air and the streets,
knowing they were in accord, not set against us, what if we knew the powers of
this country moved to provide for us and for all people, how would that be,
how would we feel and think and what would we create?"