

Rheostatics, Feed Yourself

Dave Bidini

(Put down the megaphone.)

A cage of turtles, a cone of hemp
Was how he reeked, what he was smoking.
An "A" that's circled on knees that bent
Behind the trees, behind the woods.
"I shouldn't have taken that pretty black hit.
It wouldn't have mattered 'cause the band was shit.
I spent the night retching in a rolling stream.
Am I drunk or did I hear a scream?"
Meanwhile, the triple sport chip off the block,
He had an urge: a weird feeling.
It was a pretty good night for a walk in the woods
By the ravine, along the trail.
They probably beat him up when he was young,
Or locked him outdoors for sucking his thumb.
They dressed him well, educated him clean,
Must have taken his heart when they removed his spleen.

I was scared, but I was so far from it.
They called in the cops and they screamed "Red Level!"
The killer boy's like a wannabe punk.
One dead girl in a submarined trunk.
Ah, what's the use in crying? I'm armed.

I know temp work sucks, and a life it is not,
But it's a job. Hell, it's a living.
"For a sweet tomato, for such a party girl
Is what I am. (So party on!)
Like a box a chocolates and a Beatles song,
These are the things you can always count on:
Like the moon, it's face, a wide-open space.
I swear I it's where I go when he gets on my case."
But one minute you're here, and the next you're not,
Then you're a dot on a blotter.
The cops caught wind, they cashed her in,
They found the boy. He said he tried to save her.
But they questioned him up and down with a stick.
They traced his blood and found his sweat in her spit.
So they locked him in a cell with four grey walls.
"We got one dead girl, but the kid won't crow!"

When I was young I thought that things were good and fair they pulled my hair they pushed me in t

The best boy triple sport killer is calm
Carving the bird. He loads the plates.
Outside in the street a vigil of girls
Sing songs and hold candles.
He loves his mom and he loves his own bed,
He loves the things that Jesus said.
"If you can't be pure, she might as well be dead."
He hears a voice through a hole in his head.
But suburban sharks, they love their blood in the parks.
They want their peace. They want their druthers.
We've gotta be safe from all the junkies who rape
And all the blacks and single mothers.
Those welfare-types and those punks will run.
They'll find a rank place with the immigrant scum.
A girl was murdered, a boy was hung.
That was our first summer that we owned a gun.

In a black or white neighborhood, don't walk!

Feed yourself. Feed your children.