

Rheostatics, Frank

Dave Bidini

Why'd you have to do it?

Mother said we can't have this.
Why don't you just kiss? Oh oh oh.
She scraped the plate clean with her knife and said,
"You won't be eating this." Oh oh oh.
Paper said that you were a thumb,
That I was a fist. Oh oh oh.
We traded dead, bottled, and fucked,
But we didn't get pissed. Oh oh oh.

The salt upon your lips was sweet.
Put it on repeat.
I was born on an Indian shore.

Sure as the day is long,
As a tree is strong. Oh oh oh.
It's not about coming in first,
It's about getting along. Oh oh oh.
We swam across the lake,
And laid our clothes on the ground. Oh oh oh.
They'll get you here if you are white,
They'll smoke you there if you're brown. Oh oh oh.

Your brothers later would show me their fists.
Remember this:
I was born on an Indian shore.

What's the matter with the world?
You say art. You say die.
What's the matter with the boy?
You ask why. He wouldn't cry.
He couldn't cry.

The city lying over the hill,
Like a giant asleep. Oh oh oh.
I wound my way back to your house,
Was too frightened to sleep. Oh oh oh.
The paper said that I was a fake,
That it was murder or rape. Oh oh oh.
Your body floated still as a leaf,
Your hand as cold as a snake's. Oh oh oh.

The whole world's going out of it's mind.
Put it on rewind.
I was born on an Indian shore.