

The Weakerthans, Confessions Of A Futon-Revo

Held like water in you shaking hands are all the small defeats a day demands.
10-6 or 9-5 trying, dying to survive.
Never knowing what survival means.
Leave the apartment to buy alcohol.
Hang our diplomas on the bathroom wall.
Pick at the plaster chipped away,
survey some stunning tooth decay,
enlist the cat in the impending class-war.
Let's lay our bad day down here,
dear and make-believe we're strong,
or hum some protest song.
Like maybe "We Shall Overcome Someday."
Overcome the stupid things we say.
Say I needed more than this,
say I needed one more kiss.
We left that light on way too long now.
Let's plant a bomb at city-hall and kill an MLA.
We'll talk the night away.
You call in sick, I'll quit the word-games that I play.
I swear I way more than half believe it when I say that somewhere love and justice shine.
Cynicism falls asleep.
Tyranny talks to itself.
Sappy slogans all come true.
We forget to feed our fear.