

Take your grabby hands
And put them in your pocket
Where they can do you some
Good. And no, it's not her fault
Or his or the cat's, You did this
To You, as far as any solution
Can promise, We are the disease
Of our own greed, supply side
Economic poison reeds that
Slowly contaminated our water
Supply until we believed that a
Piece of plastic shit was worth a
Day's wage, there's no blame there
But to whomever believes it, but
To preach you need a pulpit, and
You can't keep running from an
Avalanche. Swim, and keep your
Head pointed up, and if you're
Lucky, others might too.

And here's the rub: there are two Yous.
Such is the nature of control
That it splits us, calls us out on
This while selling us that as a salve.
If we want to change the world,
We need one another.
If we ask others to change, then
They feel blamed, and all at the same
Time, anyone with an extra dime and
A sublime smile can make us think
That everything is fine, if we just
Buy their answer. So, we barf the
Coagulated cess left in our lungs
Up on our neighbors and friends,
And tell them "you did this!" because
We need our fix, and the man with
The Cheshire grin can't be wrong.