Super Powers Enable Me To Blend In With Machinery

Dillinger Four

It's all wrinkled elbow shirts and poker faces on this bus
Back to a nitch dug just like a ditch in this city's weathered crust
But there's something about this city's gray
That seems to say all there is to say
Riddled with regiment, vindictive intent
Faking loyalty and getting paidFuck them allShe keeps the variety section and gives the rest to me
She says she remembers when buses were nicer
There's no dignity in plastic seats
But there's something about the way she said
The only good boss is one that's dead
Their broad shoulders giggled all over the bus
And work ethics crumbled into them and usFuck them allAnd all the specters of the work place
Turned from effigy back to reality
And yeah I wish it was that simple
To think a belly laugh is really all we need
But it's the slow decay of the day to day
That says take your pay check, accept your place
And face away
But there was dignity in plastic seats that day

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