

# Styrofoam Plates

## Death Cab for Cutie

There's a saltwater film on the jar of your ashes I threw them to sea but a gust blew them backwa  
That you then inflicted was par for the course just as when you were living It's no stretch to say you were not  
quite a father but a donor of seeds to a poor single mother that  
Through the hole in your belly Thirteen years old in the suburbs of denver  
Standing in line for Thanksgiving dinner at the catholic church. the servers wore crosses  
To shield from the sufferance plaguing the others. styrofoam plates, cafeteria tables charity reeks  
And I'm thinking of you. I do every year  
When we count all our blessings  
And wonder what we're doing here You're a disgrace to the concept of family  
The priest won't divulge that fact in his homily and I'll stand up and scream  
If the mourning remain quiet, you can deck out a lie in a suit but I won't buy it  
I won't join in the procession that's speaking their peace. using five dollar words while praising h

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