

# Light Pollution

## bossasaurus

Johnny Hobson was a good man  
He used to loan me books and mic stands  
    He even got me a subscription  
To the Socialist ReviewListening to records in his basement  
    Old folk songs about the government  
    It's love of money not the market  
He said these fuckers push on youAnd freedom yells, it don't cry  
    Whatever selves will decide  
    But there's no hell when you die  
So don't look so worriedHe got a night life, lost his day job  
    Pushing papers, swinging pendulums  
    Anything to serve the function  
Or to occupy some timeYou gotta earn this living somehow  
    You're good as dead without a bank account  
    But it's funny how that life has felt down  
In that unemployment lineWith all that trash at his feet  
    The pools of piss in the street  
    All of that filthy empathy  
For the way we're feelingDon't worry  
    Don't worry  
    Don't worryThe billboards shade  
    The flags they wave  
    The anthem's playing loud  
The baseball game was letting outAnd all at once  
    You saw the dust and hurt  
    And turned the sound  
Got in his truck and turned aroundDrove out through the crowd and the cops  
    Drove out past that center mall  
    Drove out past that sickening sprawl  
Out past that fenced in goldAnd maybe he lost control  
    Fucking with the radio  
    But I bet the stars seem so close  
    At the endAt the end  
        At the end  
        At the end  
    ...