The Stain

Sleepytime Gorilla Museum

A man is digging in the delta
In the dark soil with his bare hands
To work the land for generations
Is he a fool?
And I am working in my garden
To stem the tide of grass and weeds
With the green machine and roto-tiller
I break for lunch
The man has planted all his seeds now
His tired hands are black with oil
Nothing grows
The man is thin and hungry because he's lazy
The seeds are sprouting in my garden
My soft white hands are stained with blood
Again this year I will reap the harvest that I deserve

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