

# Confessions of a Futon-Revolutionist

## The Weakerthans

Held like water in your shaking hands  
Are all the small defeats a day demands  
10-6 or 9-5 trying, dying to survive  
Never knowing what survival means Leave the apartment to buy alcohol  
Hang our diplomas on the bathroom wall  
Pick at the plaster chipped away  
Survey some stunning tooth decay Enlist the cat in the impending class-war  
Lets lay our bad day down here, dear  
Lets make-believe were strong  
Or hum some protest song Like maybe We Shall Overcome Someday  
Overcome the stupid things we say  
Say, I needed more than this  
Say I needed one more kiss We left that light on way too long  
Lets plant a bomb at city-hall  
Lets kill a member of the Legislative Assembly  
Or talk the night away You call in sick, Ill quit the word-games that I play  
I swear I way more than half, believe it when I say  
That somewhere love and justice shine Cynicism falls asleep  
Tyranny talks to itself  
Sappy slogans all come true  
We forget to feed our fear

Lyrics provided by

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