

# Light Pollution

## Plant43

Johnny Hobson was a good man  
He used to loan me books and mic stands  
He even got me a subscription  
To the Socialist Review Listening 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 you And freedom yells, it don't cry  
Whatever selves will decide  
But there's no hell when you die  
So don't look so worried He got a night life, lost his day job  
Pushing papers, swinging pendulums  
Anything to serve the function  
Or to occupy some time You 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 line With all that trash at his feet  
The pools of piss in the street  
All of that filthy empathy  
For the way we're feeling Don't worry  
Don't worry  
Don't worry The billboards shade  
The flags they wave  
The anthem's playing loud  
The baseball game was letting out And all at once  
You saw the dust and hurt  
And turned the sound  
Got in his truck and turned around Drove out through the crowd and the cops  
Drove out past that center mall  
Drove out past that sickening sprawl  
Out past that fenced in gold And maybe he lost control  
Fucking with the radio  
But I bet the stars seem so close  
At the end At the end  
At the end  
At the end

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