Tj

Alex DePue

Down in the valley, the industrial estate,
He slaloms round beer cans in his escape.
He never got nothing, in death even less.
What'd you say? I bless.

Do what we like,
Go where we like,
Happy to see it says nothing about us.
Drive by the scene,
Holding our breath.
Relieved to see it says nothing about us.

Down in the chambers of law there's a blueprint
To make sadness invisible, suffering a figment.
Rehabilitate some and just hide the rest,
Now who's guilty? Confess.

Do what we like
Go about our lives
Happy to see it says nothing about us.
Read in the news
Just shake our heads
Happy to see it says nothing about us.

He was alone
Fell with a silence
His mother did separate the whites from the violence
Love on your own
Reap what you've sown
I can't believe that our trains didn't even slow down

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