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On Glory

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ON GLORY

I feel like a mummified dummy
Sitting here like a kid learning how to ride an
uncertain bike down the road
Look like a fool without expectations
Be a fool--they'll have no expectations
Free ride
Junktown, man--Jukin' City sittin' pretty
in the home of the brave
Pin stripes will soothe the families whose sons
had parachutes which failed to open
I feel like a petrified mummy
Going down, down, down...into King Tut-Boy Nerd's tomb
He didn't have to worry
They didn't have to worry--
Nobody carried Saturday Night Specials then
Just give him all the gold he wants and he'll leave you
in hunky-dory happiness
Parallel, man, parallel it:
Don't you know the names of the boughten kings?
I don't mind sayin' that I'm a coward
Hell, I don't wanna be out on the front-line, honing
the skill of blowin' heads off
No, thanks--I'll take a hamburger and french fries, anyday
Ronald McDonald was never my friend
But I could relate to the animals he sells in cardboard
boxes on the front counter at McDonald's
Take 'em out in black bags--Hefty Two-Ply's, if you please
They died for us, we owe them a brand name
But read their tags and they'll sound like canned vegies--
Made generic by generals, for the sake of statistics:
'We have the dumb ones, the numb ones out in front; the
geniuses are sittin' pretty near the Hotline'
It all sounds FAIL-SAFE to me
And they tell Mom and Dad and me that Johnny was a first-
class private--
B.S., babe--I'm so tired I could just drop
Thinkin' about Old Glory and the ones who get no glory--
The dumb ones, the numb ones whose hands weren't as skilled
at blowin' heads off...whose hearts got meat-cleavered.

Ruth A. Hill
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