

Of the Instant

Gang of Four

Who owns what you do?
Who owns what you use?
This land is your land
This land is my land

Right now to touch flesh is real
Let us think only of the instant
There was something that I can't remember
Did you say, "I've had enough"?

We are in a happy state
It all comes to those who wait
While others plot the fate of nations
We spent the afternoons in an embrace

Somehow, you can't block it out
The bitter taste of interference
We still try to construct the difference
The space between a word and its sense

We, it seems, can own ourselves
In imagination

Then you say, we make our own world
Not everyone takes what they are given
If we believe what we are saying
We have the chance to include ourselves out

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