

Busting Up A Starbucks

Mike Doughty

It will always be
The end of time
The end of law
The end of life
The dogs will howl
And yank the leash
From tree to tree
From each to each

Does the man who makes the shoes own you, clown?
You can't even pry the nameplate off, now can you?
Fix it with your tiny fist there
James Van Der Beek and them sisters from Sister, Sister
The only one that's ever felt this is you
The force that's forcing you
To feel like busting up a Starbucks.

This bitter drink
Has made you drunk
The thoughts you think
Become unthunk
The sea's ablaze
The sky is too
The water's red
And the flames are blue

Nyack! Ronkonkoma! East Orange! Piscataway!