

Failed Imagineer

Propagandhi

All right, peep hole!
We're gonna have a rock n' roll party tonight!
Here we go!

I been thinking about you,
I been meaning to tell you.
Sit down with me, let's have a drink

Back when the war ended your great grandfather handwrote,
Letters of apology to all of those,
Families of men who crewed that U-boat,
Haunted 'til his death by that long night off the coast.
Your other great-granddad came back from Arnhem,
Transformed into a damaged and violent man.
Never spoke of the slaughter he witnessed firsthand,

This is the world I brought you into, man.

All remorse, no rebel
A shell of my former shell
Sit down with me, let's have a drink

What have we here?
The dreaded failed imagineer?
His private dismay on public display
Son, do not be alarmed by your old man's tears
"Hey, old man, it's okay. Every dog has his day."

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