

Mary Was an Anarchist

Screeching Weasel

mary was a girl with a cause she was simply fed up mary moved out to berkeley and stuck pins her face as a sort of statement against oppression of her sex mary took a walk in the park with a sign in her hand mary threw a rock at a cop and man she felt like a man and you know the ugliness became her but now she's gone she couldn't take it anymore and what's she won she won a husband who embodies everything she hated and all her friends from years ago are selling stocks in ibm right on mary finally saw she couldn't change the world but mary often fondly looks back and pats herself on the back for a convenient romanticized version of the facts of what she'd done but she didn't change a goddamn single one of the oppressive pigs who made her what she was and the empowerment she felt was just a crumb compared to all the butts of jokes that she'd become and now she's at the kitchen table all alone and she ended up exactly like her mom