

Blowback

Thea Gilmore

Here comes the new God's gift
It's not just his upper lip that's stiff
He's a different breed of altruist
He's keeping himself clean

He'll pull down the stars for you
Gods and angels all walk through
And there's nothing that he wouldn't do
To show you what he means

But don't you dare try to take him on
'Cause everything you think is wrong
You've not got where he's coming from
If you disagree

'Cause he's a blowback throwback new old man
Walking hyperbole

Break out the swords and flags
Our savior dressed in rags
A modern day Sir Galahad
A triumph of the brand

He shakes his money from your purse
Every little scrap of worth
He sows those coins into the earth
And fences off his land

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He's got a TV slot so he's on top
Writing his autobiography
Fan mail is off the scale
The people's reactionary

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