

## Proudhon In Manhattan

Wingnut Dishwashers Union

I stick tape in the holes in my shoes  
I stick my tongue in the holes in my teeth  
I stick expletives in the holes in my thought process when I speak  
My friends stick to their guns  
They got a bunch in the woods of vermont 'till the end times come  
But saturn, says he's gonna learn to live  
As if the world wasn't gonna end and I admire his strength

Today I'm gonna do my best  
To drink coffee in the morning and live as if  
I didn't feel lonely and hopeless and helpless  
To save myself for the world where I live  
And tonight, when I dream it will be  
That the junkies spent all the drug money on  
Community gardens and collective housing  
And the punk kids who moved in the ghetto  
Have started meeting their neighbors besides the angry ones  
With the yards, that their friends and their dogs have been puking and shitting on  
And the anarchists have started  
Filling potholes, collecting garbage  
To prove we don't need governments to do these things  
And I'll wake up, burning time's square as we sing  
"Throw your hands in the air 'cause property is robbery!"