

Oklahoma

Dan Bern

Look mom
They're gonna fry tim mcvey
She said 'the nice guy who's on the cover of all those magazines?
Why would they want to do a thing like that?'
I said cause he killed all those people
In oklahoma city
She said nonsense
People don't kill people
Carbombs kill people
I said well yea mom but they gotta do something with him
She said why don't they just get mike tyson
To bite off both his ears
And I said

True revolutionaries
Never bomb buildings
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Never bomb buildings
It attracts too much attention
They never bomb buildings

A little girl down my block was born
With siliconin her breasts
It turned out her grandma and her mother
Both had the implants done well
Evolution took care of it this time around
And I wondered what it is about
So many women with big breasts
Make it look so sad and I thought well
Maybe it has something to do with the weight
The burden there is to carry in the world
To have to feed it
To be the object of its desires and
I wondered what burdens the rest of us
Are carrying all the time

I couldn't help thinking
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I decided to go for a walk
And not do nothing except look everyone I see in the eyes
And not be the first one to avert my eyes
No matter what
And I was planning to be gone for 10 minutes
But things started happening and I didn't return for two years
By which time I was the heavyweight champion of the world
And the expectant father of 16 children
By 13 different women

I was in a fishing village in the coast of spain
It was our lady of abortions sunday afternoon
All the pregnant women in their first trimester
Were filing before the priest
To receive their blessing of

Try again sometime, try again
The old barber had died his hair green for the occasion
And pierced his nipples and
Was riding his skateboard to the statue
Of conan o'brien
Where he was doing backflips for the kids
Who threw coins
Given to them by their parents

The visiting lecturer
Achingly handsome
Just finished giving a
How to build bombs in your basement
Seminar in the park
All the young girls put away their
Notebooks dreamily
The chimpanzee who had managed to
Type out hamlet three years before
Was sitting in the third floor office of a
Drivers license building
Typing out zoning ordinances
Typing out learners permits
Bored and lonely

Pee wee herman was sitting in the
Central square on the grass
Naked and masturbating
While all the townspeople moved to him
Slowly and kissed him softly and sung him
Lullabies in the grass
And in burkley and in greenwich village
And in paris and scottsbluff nebraska
No one sits around in funky little coffee shops
Anymore talking about revolution
No they get a starbucks to go
And they go back to their basketball games
Where they see who can jump higher
Who can jam
Who can take it to the rafts
And they all wear baseball caps
Except they don't say yankees or dodgers
They say nike, reebok, adidas
Cause the pro players don't play for teams anymore
They play for shoe companies
And the kids aren't fooled
Nah they're just biding their time
Waiting for the millenium to come
When all the computers will crash
Cause all the brilliant scientists of the world
Forgot to make them read
Zeros

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Now sitting there with a head full of dark thoughts
Like I sometimes get
Suddenly everything cleared
And I realized the only purpose

For revolution is to be able to love
Who you want
How you want
When you want and
Where you want
So I took off all my clothes
Stole a boat and rowed out to the middle of the lake
And jumped in
And I looked back at you
And said come on
Get wet

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