## **Super Powers Enable Me To Blend In With Machinery**

**Dillinger Four** 

It's all wrinkled elbow shirts and poker faces on this bus Back to a nitch dug just like a ditch in this city's weathered crust

But there's something about this city's grey That seems to say all there is to say Riddled with regiment, vindictive intent Faking loyalty and getting paid Fuck them all.

She keeps the variety section and gives the rest to me She says she remembers when buses were nicer "There's no dignity in plastic seats" But there's something about the way she said "The only good boss is one that's dead" There broad shoulders giggled all over the bus And work ethics crumbled into "them and us" Fuck them all.

And all the specters of the work place Turned from effigy back to reality And yeach I wish it was that simple To think a belly laugh is really all we need But it's the slow decay of the day to day That says take your pay check, accept your place And face away

But there was dignity in plastic seats that day.