

Grapes Of Wrath

Jesse Welles

I know your son is handicapped
And it can't be easy
All the useless platitudes
We all say on the way to our evenings

I've seen some brand-name hate
On some generic human beings
People say they wanna change
But they don't know what they mean

You can never know a loss
Like the gaping wound inside you
Gnawing at your mind
Every building you walk into
If I sing a song of joy
Who the hell would believe?
If I press the grapes of wrath
Is the juice even worth the squeeze?

I know you loved your dad
And now he's dead
Y'all had some stuff to sort out
Now it won't get said

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On some generic human beings
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But they don't know what they mean

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What will happen to the shirt that you wore on your birthday
When you realized everything was mostly a feeling?
And you blew out the candles on your birthday cake
Everything was surreal
Your mother seemed so fake

What's this strange tradition?
What's the cult of years?
I thought we'd press the grapes of wrath
Instead, we all got beers

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