

Wilted Daisies

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Pretty, pretty wilted daisies all in a row
On the top of Mt. Vernon in the dirty snow
Where the shadows sing of sunshine like a dying crow
Pretty, pretty wilted daisies all in a row

You're waving high into the night time of a New York street
Your newly painted yellow taxi has dirty seats
You're racing quick into the nightclub, so that you can see
The same old sick and sadly strangers always seem to meet

'Cause it's a long way to and a short ride from the top
It's a rotting middle finger and the cancer will not stop
It's a long way to and a short ride from the top
Well, your hand begins to slip or they cut and either way you drop

Your small apartment is a mess but you don't seem to care
The dirty dishes in the corner go with the broken chairs
And higher grows the stack of bills that calmly declare
If you don't pay within a week then your shit is theirs

You go to work Monday through Sunday, open to close
The seven dollars that they pay you, son, is good as a broken nose
When no one's watching, pull your pants down, touch your toes
You're undercut and you're exploited but that's how our country grows

'Cause it's a long way to and a short ride from the top
It's a rotting middle finger and the cancer will not stop
It's a long way to and a short ride from the top
And your hand begins to slip or they cut

Either way you take what they have stolen
Or try to break what can't be broken
You can speak what you believe
But every thought comes preconceived

You try to wash your hands to this
Clear your conscience and dismiss
Pretend our problems don't exist
We're taking aspirin for a broken wrist

'Cause it's a long, long way to the top
Oh, it's your rotting middle finger and the cancer will not stop
It's a long, long way to the top
Well, our hands begin to slip or they cut, either way we