

Dumb Hummer

WHY?

If you've ever sipped guinness through a cigarette filter
Or unwittingly tailored your style
After the war footing of your nation's leaders
Or wore fatigues in a civilian's way
Or fit a hummer through the narrower streets downtown
Seeking parking on a friday night
Getting lodged in the metal wake
Then that's you

But if you can dance like I do
With no grid or Arthur something numbered footprints
If you can walk right out the bike gate of the McArthur BART
Like parting leaves to make a path and don't look back
Or feel bad
Or speed up when they call after you

Then we share a foam fist
In the nose bleeds
At the freaking circus

If you've ever sipped Guinness through a cigarette filter
Or wore fatigues in a civilian's way
If you've got a chain around your license plate
Or cosmetic gold teeth
I don't know you
If you wear first hand clothes
And get your hair cut by somebody you don't know
I'm below you