

Oh, my beloved Tania
How I long to see your face
Photographed in fifteen second intervals
In a bank in San Leandro
A Polaroid of you, Cinque
With a seven-headed dragon
In a house in Daly City
Don't be sad, my beloved Tania
They say your father never liked Stephen Weed anyway
Hired a detective
To follow him around

Oh, my beloved revolutionary sweetheart
I can see your newsprint face turn yellow in the gutter
It makes me sad
How I long for the days when you came to liberate us from bored
om
From driving around from the hours between five and seven in th
e evening
My beloved Tania,
We carry your gun deep within our hearts
For no better reason than our lives have no meaning
And we want to be on television