

Don't Vote

Cass McCombs

Your Uncle had an old saying:

"If you don't vote, than you can't complain"

Sizing up candidates first election day,

you thought: "I'm 18 and have no opinion either way"

You had a lot of friends but no peers

Could you imagine this could drag on four more years!

If one day you had more peers than friends,

It's because your means caught up with your ends

Jaws are wagging: "The 1 or the 2??"

eager to put John Hancock on the 'who's who'

Voting seemed almost like a disease

An absolute a day, if you're feeling ill-at-ease

You thought about becoming a cop

Any job with a helmet in case of a drop

You did what anyone else would do in your place

You toyed with the idea of entering the race

Instead of living in your own filth,

you had the nerve to think crop could spring from your tith

You were called "Diva" by a protective young man

They still call you every name they can

It must be hard sometimes not to complain,

But that's the deal your Uncle once explained

If not choosing was accepted as a trade,

not voting would be the smartest choice you've made