

The Pointless, Yet Poignant, Crisis Of A Co-ed

Dar Williams

I'm not a leader, i'm not a left-
wing rhetoric mobilizing force of one,
But there was a time way back, many years ago in college, don't
laugh,
But I thought I was a radical, I ran the hemp Liberation League
with my
boyfriend,
It was true love, with a common cause, and besides that, he was
a Sagittarius.

We used to say that our love was like hemp rope, three times as
strong as the
rope that you buy domestically,
And we would bond in the face of oppression from big business a
nd the deans,
But I knew there was a problem, every time the group would meet
everyone would
light up,
That made it difficult to discuss glaucoma and human rights, no
t to mention
chemotherapy.

Well sometimes, life gives us lessons sent in ridiculous packag
ing,
And so I found him in the arms of a Student Against the Treache
rous use of Fur,
And he gave no apology, he just turned to me, stoned out to the
edge of
oblivion,
He didn't pull up the sheets and I think he even smiled as he s
aid to me,
"Well, I guess our dreams went up in smoke."
And I said, No, our dreams went up in dreams, you stupid pothea
d,
And another thing, what kind of a name is Students Against the
Treacherous Use
of Fur?
Fur is already dead, and besides, a name like that doesn't make
a good acronym.

I am older now, I know the rise and gradual fall of a daily vic
tory.
And I still write to my senators, saying they should legalize c
annabis,
And I should know, cause I am a horticulturist, I have a husban
d and two
children out in Lexington, Mass.
And my ex-boyfriend can't tell me I've sold out, because he's i

n a cult.

And he's not allowed to talk to me.