

Styrofoam Plates

Death Cab for Cutie

There's a saltwater film on the jar of your ashes... i threw them to sea but a gust blew them backwards and the sting in my eyes

That you then inflicted was par for the course just as when you were living.

It's no stretch to say you were not quite a father but a donor of seeds to a poor single mother that would raise us alone, we never saw the money that went down your throat
Through the hole in your belly.

Thirteen years old in the suburbs of denver
Standing in line for Thanksgiving dinner at the catholic church
. the servers wore crosses
To shield from the sufferance plaguing the others. styrofoam plates, cafeteria tables charity reeks of cheap wine and pity
And i'm thinking of you. i do every year
When we count all our blessings
And wonder what we're doing here.

You're a disgrace to the concept of family
The priest won't divulge that fact in his homily and i'll stand up and scream
If the mourning remain quiet, you can deck out a lie in a suit but i won't buy it.
I won't join in the procession that's speaking their peace. using five dollar words while praising his integrity. and just cause he's gone it doesn't change the fact... he was a bastard in life thus a bastard in death.