

## Super Powers Enable Me To Blend In With Machinery

Dillinger Four

It's all wrinkled elbow shirts and poker faces on this bus  
Back to a nitch dug just like a ditch in this city's weathered  
crust

But there's something about this city's grey  
That seems to say all there is to say  
Riddled with regiment, vindictive intent  
Faking loyalty and getting paid  
Fuck them all.

She keeps the variety section and gives the rest to me  
She says she remembers when buses were nicer  
"There's no dignity in plastic seats"  
But there's something about the way she said  
"The only good boss is one that's dead"  
There broad shoulders giggled all over the bus  
And work ethics crumbled into "them and us"  
Fuck them all.

And all the specters of the work place  
Turned from effigy back to reality  
And yeach I wish it was that simple  
To think a belly laugh is really all we need  
But it's the slow decay of the day to day  
That says take your pay check, accept your place  
And face away  
But there was dignity in plastic seats that day.