

# Fix

*by* Jerry Ratch

I'm sorry. We couldn't fix the country  
and left her a bigger mess than we found her  
Oil leaking from her shores  
earthquake batter all over her skin  
We couldn't fix her, and we're sorry

You'll find her wreck in tatters  
at the bus stop on the corner  
with a useless cigarette butt dangling from her mouth  
teeth missing, hair entangled

I know she's not pretty anymore  
It's not an absolute fact that she ever really was  
a virgin, if you want the truth  
Certain things are born impure  
Of that and only that we are sure

So we're sending her to you, the future  
with a one-way ticket  
Maybe you can find a cure  
for our social failure  
Yes. We couldn't fix the country  
and we are sorry. So sorry

