

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

