

The First Bus of the Morning

Pitch black sky, it's freezing,
A dim orange glow bathes the cracked pavements.
The last of the nights wildlife hides away from the noise of the workers,
Huddled in shelters, shivering, waiting on the first bus of the morning.
Paid fuck all, we keep the country moving,
Others still in their beds earn millions while sleeping,
Pointless jobs you get if you fucked dead pigs at Oxbridge.

The driver doesn't even look at us as we get on.
She's probably counting the minutes till she gets to go home and sleep.
A night full of drunks pissing on her back seats.
The city would be stagnant without her,
And I wouldn't be there to caffeinate the nation.
All day I fuel the engines of the workers,
Grease the wheels that keep the country rolling on.
Watching their exhausted faces drift through my shop,
My plaster smile and mass produced bullshit the sunlight to their grey days.

They exhaust us surviving, they take what we made.
The greed, their riches, at the expense of our lives,
My taxes pour into the pockets of the pigfuckers
While my siblings are hounded and hunted
Dying alone - the sanctioned, the disabled, the homeless.

Empty houses. Wasted food. Broken people.