

# 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.  
13 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 I wonder what we're doing here.  
You're a disgrace to the concept of family the priest won't  
divulge the fact in his homily and I'll stand up and scream if  
the mourning remain quiet, you can deck out 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,  
just cause he's gone doesn't change the fact:  
he was a bastard in life, thus a bastard in death.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>