

Artch

"To Whom It May Concern"

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Let my statement be clear.
Dear Mr. Editor, don't hang-up,
Lend me your ear.
I'm just a common working-man,
Doin' the best that I can.
But to whom it may concern;
I've just about had enough

My neighbor looks set in his fancy "Corvette",
With the "stereo"-loud screams
While I ride the subway from Monday to Friday,
Mingling with the crowd.
They say that crime does not pay.
But-"hell", I'm changing my way.

To whom it may concern;
I'm tired of trying to make an honest-living.

"To whom it may concern"
I only say; "Let justice be done"

Dear Mr. Editor, this may sound familiar,
But I've paid my dues,
To the society, with pride and in piety.
But, what's the use ?
Tell me, what have I earned ?
I get nothing in return.

To whom it may concern;
I'm tired of trying'...I've had enough.

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