

## **Eileen Rose**

### **"The Flood"**

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Poisoned streets  
Full of blood  
The people can do nothing  
To hold back the flood

The water takes them  
Not one life line  
Everyone just standing  
Ringing their hands and crying

Can anyone among us please explain  
What went down on the banks of the Ponchartrain?  
No sir I don't believe it was the hurricane  
That lay New Orleans out to waste

Blown-out windows,  
Rooftops gone  
Every soul  
Singing a funeral song

Look at the pictures  
All black faces  
Our leaders call themselves distracted  
I call them racists

Can anyone among you please explain  
What went down on the banks of the Ponchartrain?  
It's you our leader who's to blame  
You lay sweet New Orleans out to waste

And if I had  
Had my way  
I'd pull them all outta there  
And I'd make you stay

For a storm  
All your own  
And I'd be that old hurricane  
And I'd wash away all your gold

Your wife and children

Would have no home  
You'd be left there in those waters  
Naked and alone

In the streets  
Of poisoned blood  
Now what you gonna do  
To hold back the flood?

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