

Gone Jackals **"Legacy"**

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December '61.
my Dad's wages light.
Still on that salary
we, all four, could sleep tight.
Right now if you drank from
that very same well,
you'd need a run of luck
to score a bed in a trick hotel.

Is this the legacy of
too much for too few
that I see?
The kind of legacy that's
tossin' some good men
to their knees.
The "Great Society's"
maligned concrete cage
sits dead and vacant now -
at least it kept out rain.

With all those corners cut
the cracks grow wide and near.
I heard some cash was saved
but where it's gone ain't clear..

Who goes down next I don't know.
I don't know nothin'
anymore.
Tomorrow's legacy that's
layin' in state
awaits reprieve.
I always thought that when a man goes down
you do your best to pick him up.
But how can the milk of kindness trickle down
when it's syphoned off and cheats the cup?

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