

Jackals Gone "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 heard 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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