

Jackson Browne **"Where Were You"**

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Where were you when the sky cracked open
Waiting for shelter and barely coping?
Thinking you could ride the storm out
Hoping you would be all right

Where were you when they gave a warning?
Hundred fifty mile winds by morning
Category four, making landfall
In the wild gray light

Where were you, where were you?

Where were you in the social order
Lower nine or a hotel in the Quarter
Which side of the Quarter between rich and poor?

Where were you gonna evacuate to?
Assuming there was any way to
Where if you didn't own a car

Where were you, where were you?

Where were you when you understood?
However decent, however good
However hard some people try
They only barely make it by
They're born to live their entire lives
In harm's way

So now where are we gonna go?

Where were you when you heard the stranded
The injured and the empty handed?
Running out of food and water
At the Superdome

With the newborn and the elderly
Exposed to even more misery
While those in charge of rescue
Waited for the Guard to come

Those who left the Convention Center

Were stopped on the bridge when they tried to enter
The safety of the Westbank and higher ground

And when the Guard finally did arrive
And got to work on about day five
Mainly they were used to keep the looting down

Where were you, where were you?

Where were you when you realized
However strong, however wise
However true our leaders appear to be?
They talk about prosperity

However hard this country strives
Where property is valued more than lives
How strong will we ever really be?
How long do we imagine we'll be free?

We hold the truth, self evident
The photograph of the President
An Air Force One, he viewed the devastation

Shaved face and rested eyes
Looking down, he circles twice
On his way home from his vacation

Where were you when you got the picture?
Where were you?

Where were you
When the streets filled up with black water?
Where were you
When defeat and destruction reigned in the Crescent?

Where were you
When it blew from every direction?
Where were you when the promise was made
To return and rebuild, to restore to its people

The city that gave us the first American music
True inspiration and the freedom to use it
Where will we find it again if we lose it
And where will we be if we ever cease to love?
If we ever cease to love

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