

## The 241ers

# "The Ballad Of Ronald Timbers"

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He was just one more dead on a long long list of  
names  
Fifteen-year-old Ronald Timbers was buried under dirt  
and blame  
A mother needing help instead a trigger-happy system  
took aim  
Took the life of her child and gave no answers  
To the questions of force used with lethal intention  
Could their cruel intervention  
Be justified to the family or the further community?

In Philadelphia there's a mural of a fallen cop  
It's making the news some local youth got their hands  
on some cans  
Let loose with the spray paint now they got to be  
stopped  
It's true the violent loss of a life is always such tragedy  
But the city don't honor those that it's killing  
So forgive our frustrations at these gross violations  
Their rationalization of killing doesn't wash with me it's  
true  
We bury our dead now

At the funerals the heads bow  
Across the land a war ensues  
It's on the streets  
No justice or peace  
We die on our knees  
It's a critical need we have for restraint  
And those guns aren't their right so take away their  
weapons

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names

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