Ryan Harvey

"Ballad Of The Uprising Of The Rootless Cosmopolitan"

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Smoke is coming from the trains

Running past the graves of our families.

Another winter coats them grey.

The Christian kids spit on our shoes.

A rootless cosmopolitan came up through the cracks Of a dirty Warsaw sidewalk and knew all about those tracks

That carried cattle cars that weren't filled with cattle.

Or any room for anyone to sit.

And the rumors filtered through the brick wall

And of course the papers were all full of sh*t.

We always lived in this city,

For as long as I remember, which isn't long at all.

Then the Nazis moved us into the ghetto.

October 1940, the next month they built the wall.

And those putzes tried to starve us

And have us die in the streets.

But I'm not gonna bow to no occupying forces

And my life isn't cheap.

I joined the youth movement worked the soup kitchen and the underground school.

I played a fiddle for the revolution, too.

I collected bottles in the basement,

For an inevitable engagement.

And in June, 1942 they snatched 300,000 Jews

They all caught the Zyklon B blues.

The word flew through the street

That we're gonna die, so we might as well do it on our feet.

And we were ready when they came for the rest of us

With Kosher for Passover Molotov cocktails.

And we didn't fill their quotas and we didn't fill their trains

And some Nazis even caught some bullets in their brains.

The Nazis destroyed our ghetto and we never thought

they wouldn't,

But the point is we all rose up when everybody thought we couldn't.

And all you've got in this world is your life, your love, your dignity.

So what you gonna do when someone takes away all three?

And I don't have a name.

Not one that you could repeat.

I'm just a ghost of a kid you'll never meet

Calling you to play out in the street.

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