

Gone Jackals, The

"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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