

## The Gone Jackals "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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