

# Hooverville

## The Christians

The doubt of work sends the out of work man,  
To city a hope and a home.  
One door shuts here another two slam,  
Yes he's homeless he's hopeless alone.  
Row upon row of a castle in Spain, make up a fool's paradise.  
The still born brainchild of a main with no brain,  
The ballot box baby that died. Oh Hooverville, and they promised us the world,  
In Hooverville, said the streets that were paved with silver and gold,  
Oh Hooverville, yes they promised us the world,  
Crying for the moon.  
Dirty faced children sit in the road, in the shanty town shacks they call home.  
The comfort of knowing they won't be there long,  
Is the only comfort they know.  
A young scream a young dream is lost in the night,  
Along with the young will to live,  
Along with the masses, that gave up the fight,  
A fight for a reason to live, Oh Hooverville, and they promised us the world,  
In Hooverville, said the streets that were paved with silver and gold,  
Oh Hooverville, yes they promised us the world, in Hooverville,  
And as fools we believed every last word they said,  
I believed every last word you said. Oh Hooverville, and they promised us the world,  
In Hooverville, said the streets that were paved with silver and gold,  
Oh Hooverville, and they promised us a roof above our heads,  
in Hooverville,  
And as fools we believed every last word they said,  
Their hope is so high, when they arrive,  
Their hope is their only possession in life,  
Another man dies, another man cries,  
Mr Politician open up you eyes,  
Open up your eyes,  
Crying for the moon.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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