

Volunteers of America

Jefferson Airplane

The contract's a joke,
but when you see smoke
You run toward the fire
'cause you must
They all called your name when the
crash finally came
Then left you to pick up the dust
I saw you walking in silence
down to the bridge
But nothing went over the side
So I guess to someone with your heritage
Withdrawal, like consent, is implied And it's true - no one else will
do what you do
Volunteers of America, I'm calling you What makes you feel you're less than ideal
If you can't get over it all?
That walk-away clause
can't be just because
You're mad at the Cross on the wall
Oh, and the last time I saw you, with
that hole in your side
I had to put my hand in to believe
Oh, but I couldn't meet
those elephant eyes
And you couldn't take time to grieve And it's true - no one else
will do what you do
Volunteers of America, I'm calling you With your thousand-yard stare
and your caretaker's hair
I guess we're not sleeping again
You're up there online,
building your shrine
A go-to solution that then
Come tomorrow, you'll tear down again So bring out your poor,
your washed on the shore
Your refuse, your teeming depressed
You take them all in, 'cause that's
where you've been
A person who has to say "yes"
And every Sunday and Wednesday
you pay homage to

The naked and martyred and dead
Where every crypt tells the story,
the story of you
Where bodies aren't bodies, they're bread And it's true - no one else
will do what you do
Volunteers of America, I'm calling you

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