

# Legacy

## The Gone Jackals

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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?

Lyrics provided by

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