Untitled

Peter Himmelman

This is a story 'bout a taxi ride I can't forget
It was autumn in Minnesota, it was rainy, cold and wet
So I hopped into the first cab that I saw
The heater was on but the chill just wouldn't thawThe driver of the cab he had a pock marked face
He didn't seem too unfriendly, he was just starin' off into space
And he told me that he used to drive a truck
And that right now he was down on his luckWe talked a bit about travelin', told him that I'd been to the USSR
He looked at me in the rear view mirror and said
"Ain't that where the Jews and commies are?"
And I knew I was in for a hell of a ride
My face was calm but I was burnin' up inside, oh yeahHe told me he had a dream to go to a place free from niggers and Jews
"Austria?," I asked out loud, as I stared down at my shoes
Then he said, "That's exactly right"
He said, "Hey man, ain't you proud to be white?"I played along with him a bit, I said
"What do you mean? I'm not quite sure"
That's when he told me how much he admired the Fuhrer
We drove on through the Minnetonka Pines
And the rain it started freezin' on the highway signs, oh yeahThen I said, "Don't you think it was wrong
I mean, gassin' all them Jews?" And he told me Hitler's only
Fault was that he had to go and lose a war that should have
Set the white man free to inherit the entire earth as his destinyThen he started fishin' for a cassette tape that he'd gotten in
A special class and on it some teacher was talkin' about destroyin'
The Jews at last and about how they were all to blame
For every problem that you could ever nameI stared out my window, started thinkin' about my life
Thinkin' about my children, thinkin' about my wife
And I wondered how much more could I endure
Of the hatred so naked and so pureWhen we got to my brother's house I even tipped him a dollar or two
And I was wonderin' if he'd known all along that his passenger was a Jew
I just stared at my breath in the freezin' night
That's when my brother came to the door and put on the light, oh yeahDon't tell me children, defile your dreams
Our heads are still pounding from the sound of their screams
And the blood is still flowing down European streams
And it's you who have no right to call yourself a human being
Here I am, in a taxi cab with a cut rate AryanI spent the next morning with a man who had death camp numbers
On his arm and I swore to myself I would do anything to protect him
From further harm and he told me wherever you may go
You must refute them if they say it wasn't so, huh

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