

Black Day In July

Gordon Lightfoot

Black day in July Motor city madness has touched the countryside
And through the smoke and cinders you can hear it far and wide
The doors are quickly bolted and the children locked inside Black day in July, black day in July And the soul of
motor city is bared across the land
As the book of law and order is taken in the hands
Of the sons of the fathers who were carried to this land Black day in July, black day in July In the streets of motor
city there's a deadly silent sound
And the body of a dead youth lies stretched upon the ground
Upon the filthy pavement no reason can be found Black day in July, black day in July Motor city madness has
touched the countryside
And the people rise in anger and the streets begin to fill
And there's gunfire from the rooftops and the blood begins to spill Black day in July In the mansion of the
Governor there's nothing that is known for sure
The telephone is ringing and the pendulum is swinging
And they wonder how it happened and they really know the reason
And it wasn't just the temperature and it wasn't just the season Black day in July, black day in July Motor city's
burning and the flames are running wild
They reflect upon the waters of the river and the lake
And everyone is listening and everyone's awake Black day in July, black day in July The printing press is turning
and the news is quickly flashed
And you read your morning paper and you sip your cup of tea
And you wonder just in passing is it him or is it me? Black day in July In the office of the President the deed is
done the troops are sent
There's really not much choice you see, it looks to us like anarchy
And then the tanks go rolling in to patch things up as best they can
There is no time to hesitate, the speech is made, the dues can wait Black day in July, black day in July The streets
of motor city now are quiet and serene
But the shapes of gutted buildings strike terror to the heart
And you say, "How did it happen" And you say, "How did it start?"
Why can't we all be brothers why can't we live in peace?"
But the hands of the have-nots keep falling out of reach Black day in July, black day in July Motor city madness
has touched the countryside
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