

# Cool Water

## Bob Smith

Day by day whistle while you work  
Our backs are breaking up from hollow earth  
From end to end the noise begins  
In the human battle stations  
And the big one's coming in  
Work, work, work, work, work till holes are filled  
Work, work, work bags of bone and skin  
Lovers hold hands tossing their heads  
Tangled in hair, tied to earth with skin and glue  
But their skin is the same as yours  
Coming in for the world to see  
They can sit at the table, too  
The same blood as you and me  
Speak very softly, hold my hand  
Someone is sleeping in my bed  
Priests pass by, worms crawl in  
One dreams to be, one dream for all  
His skin is the same as yours  
Is he not made the same as you?  
And some have fallen down  
And blood spilled on the ground  
Work, work, work till his life is done  
The old man is at our door  
And he's knocking, knocking as his neighbors weep  
Each day repeats, are we nothing in your eyes?  
Someone answer, someone answer  
This rusted garden gate can barely even stand  
Their work is over now and rest will be at hand  
Is their skin not the same as yours?  
Can they sit at the table to drink  
Cool water, cool water  
And his lungs are filled with rain  
And the water's rushing in

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