

New Homes for Idle Hands

Propagandhi

Suburbs tremble again
Fearing the have nots at the window
Collecting their fair share
Guns and alarms aren't enough They demand justice
And every criminal locked away
As well as any kid
Who might do something wrong There's a jail out of town
With fences so high
We won't think about who's inside Neighbors are disappearing
Behind the bars
Kids are doing time for petty crimes
It don't matter who they are
It don't matter that they're alive A warehouse for victims
Of circumstance
Cops are rounding up slaves
Workers that can't complain
Or come late A workforce behind bars
They'll make gadgets
Circuit boards or fix cars
It don't matter who they are
It don't matter that they're alive Crime pays
Ask the bankers floating bonds
To build cages
For the inner city's 'idle hands'
Instead of schools Factories with fences
Meet the prisons without walls
We shall have your skulls
They'll kick you to the ground You'll find yourself employed again
On the inside

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