

Cool Water

Ron Lloyd

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, 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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