

My Wall

Ten Foot Pole

A middle class mom crouches on the hill
Eyes behind binoculars, she sits so still
Spots a boy going under the freeway
Whispers in her radio, going for the kill
Open your eyes, you're fighting kids
Who only want to make their mark
Everything else you took away
You left them in the dark, open your eyes
Your way is not about beauty
It's about rights and choice
Speech isn't free
It is only for those who can afford to raise their voice
Say it is pollution, they say it is a sin
Mobilize their force to stop the demon within
They say it is not a battle, it is a full scale war
Recruiting volunteers like never before

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