

Legacy

The Gone Jackals

December '61.
My dad's wages light.
Still on that salary
We, all four, could sleep tight. Right now if you drank from
That very same well,
You'd need a run of luck
To score a bed in a trick hotel. Is this the legacy of
Too much for too few
That I see?
The kind of legacy that's
Tossin' some good men
To their knees. The 'great society's'
Maligned concrete cage
Sits dead and vacant now -
At least it kept out rain. With all those corners cut
The cracks grow wide and near.
I heard some cash was saved
But where it's gone ain't clear.. Who goes down next I don't know.
I don't know nothin' anymore.
Tomorrow's legacy that's
Layin' in state
Awaits reprieve. I always thought that when a man goes down
You do your best to pick him up.
But how can the milk of kindness trickle down
When it's syphoned off and cheats the cup?

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