

STREETS OF GOLD

4-12-14

(#34)

1. Streets of gold were in their
promises that we would have it all
That they'd lift us up and
we'd never again fall.
Sweets and mold were all we really got
— and artificial, at that
We complain to their refrain (that)
we gotta' lotta' gall.
 But their streets of gold
 have never changed through ten millennia
 and they'll never change in a million more.
 For you can't squeeze something from nothing
 however stark your despair
 if it's not there, you can't raid an empty store.

[TURNAROUND]

2. Streets of gold were what they sold
us in the conquest of their lives,
sweets and mold were all we'd gotten in return.
While we paid the wage of abject slaves
as constant parties raved
to distract, from the fact, we'd never learn:
 That their streets of gold
 only take hold in one *nation*
 and I'll give you three guesses as a quiz.
 But you'll never find the answer
 while stricken with blind-mind cancer
 their imagi-*nation* 's the only place it ever is.

[INSTRUMENTAL]

3. Streets of gold "*We were told,*"
"*We were told,*" and "*We were told*"
we'd been bankrolled
just sit back, enjoy the slack.
Sweets and mold never occurred to us,
we'd never raise a fuss
their kegs of rum kept us dumb
and ever off-track — to the fact:
 That their streets of gold
 were made of iron and steel
 They were forged as chains and shackles
 while we slept — in their dreams.
 But these chains of another kind
 are those that bind both soul and mind
 of captives who never wept — in silent screams.

[HALF INSTRUMENTAL]

[REPEAT PART B OF VERSE ONE] *

[INSTRUMENTAL, AND FADEOUT]

Written: April 12, 2014

[END]

* That is, the last 6 lines