

James City Smith

A Get you never heard; but you never read
 About dear inner city Smith - help to spread his deed
 Help to spread his deed - help to spread his deed
 Remember inner city Smith - help to spread his deed Chorus

Smith was worker - don't matter what he did
 He lived in ~~the~~ railroad flat above asphalt ~~and that's~~ ~~sketch~~
 To the roads to work, took the roads back home
 Breathed in cars in curbs in ~~the~~ ~~middle~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~road~~ ~~where~~ ~~he~~ ~~would~~ ~~go~~
 Remembered the old farm; he'd left it far behind
 They used to bust his ass and now they paralyze his mind
 Funny he had all the basics for what's ages ~~had~~ scraped
 But when he went out to the streets he felt like he'd been raped
~~The~~ The youth out wandering round, the grownups ~~empty~~ ~~hands~~
 The city had been built for cars; it really made him mad.
 One day something happened; one day something snapped.
 He walked outside to go to work; ~~didn't~~ ~~know~~ ~~what~~ ~~to~~ ~~do~~ ~~and~~ ~~he~~ ~~took~~ ~~it~~ ~~all~~ ~~to~~ ~~heart~~
 He walked to the bank and ~~he~~ ~~threw~~ ~~his~~ ~~savings~~ - ~~drove~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~rental~~ ~~yard~~
 Rented jackhammers, backhoes, dump trucks, shovels, pickers, hard hats, work gloves
 Got it all back to the neighborhood and ~~started~~ ~~right~~ ~~to~~ ~~work~~
 Strongly people joined him while others ~~to~~ ~~look~~
 Free beer round in kegs; bongo drummers played
 The street was gettin' torn to hell; more people came in stayed
 Trucks drove away the pieces; they broke up blocks around
 and planted seeds 'n plants 'n trees - whatever could be found
 The police stood and watched - the crowd had scared them back
 The Mayor called in ~~the~~ ~~SWAT~~ ~~to~~ ~~let~~ ~~them~~ ~~have~~ ~~a~~ ~~crack~~
 We could almost smell the lawns ~~and~~ ~~almost~~ ~~forget~~ ~~the~~ ~~streets~~
 when a sniper plugged dear Smith ~~there~~ and knocked him off his feet
 The people stopped and stared the bongo drummers too
 and ~~quietly~~ ~~as~~ ~~had~~ ~~come~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~dear~~ ~~Smith's~~ ~~dream~~ ~~was~~ ~~through~~
 His blood went trickling in the dirt; pickaxe in his hand
 The cops came up the crowd dispersed; including the bongo band
 where now we ~~live~~ ~~there~~, when we pass those streets
 do we think of Smith, who lies in the concrete
 do our hollow eyes cut to some distant building stream
 where we dream just half alive to meet with some machine
 Now thoughts are born at random; talk comes easy as well
 But acts are born in heaven and ~~acts~~ ~~are~~ ~~born~~ ~~in~~ ~~hell~~
 though ~~he~~ ~~decomposed~~, forgotten since he's gone
 Smith's acts will sprout some spring ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~force~~ ~~of~~ ~~Cheng's~~ ~~Ham~~