

Went outside on Friday night
To stroll down the avenue
What I saw made me appalled
and shocked my darling side

Things are fallin
Things are fallin
Things are fallin through
We been stallin its appalyin
Things are fallin sure

Now we could be
Aha about the
Giant down South
The Jews
About the
Astray
Kurd
Ave of Home
Ave of
Point Urban
outcasts
whatever came through balls

There were faces of all races
Hungry silent sad
We been expectin
we ~~thought~~ thought that comin goods abundant
There is none of that

Infants are ~~stupid~~ they say as long as they are in the way
Kids with key chains without keys ~~stop~~ and ask ~~me~~ I please
Adolescents in loose thongs ~~can't~~ find mother to belong
young adults ~~with~~ ~~stone~~ counting up the things they own
single whizzin by pretendin that they won't get dry
MS ~~the~~ agers want to take back sure taxes that they give the poor
Seniors slowly watch ~~them~~ flee giving up a place to be
We ~~are~~ have the sense of losin too but its sure that
things were fallin sure

Jesus traveled with the rabble
Buddha did that too
They didn't try to pet things high
We'd best forget that too
When times get bad then dry up fade
That fat can lead us
Ponder where you're standin what are you.