

# Ani DiFranco, Trickle Down

you cease to smell the steel plant  
after you've lived there for a while  
smoke is snow is ash are leaves that blow  
through the air aloft  
all our houses dim their sliding  
to the same soot gray style  
and we hang our laundry out on sundays  
when they turn the furnaces off  
everybody's daddy works up on the line  
the stienbrenners and the wilczewskis  
have been there the longest time  
everybody's mommy squints into the sun  
sunday afternoon after all the laundry's done  
sometimes a distant siren  
can set a dog to barking late at night  
then it dominos on down  
til every dog is joining in  
the first rumours of the layoffs  
sang like a distant siren might  
and we all perked up our ears  
and paced the fence  
of the ensuing din  
every night, we were glued to the tv news  
at six o'clock  
cuz it was hard to tell what was real  
and what was talk  
they explained about the cutbacks  
all the earnest frowns  
but what they didn't say was that the plant  
was slowly shutting down  
this town is not the kind of place  
that money people go  
they make their jokes up on the tv  
about all the snow  
and they're building condos downriver  
from where the plant had been  
but nobody really lives here  
now that the air is clean  
the president assured us  
it was all gonna trickle down  
like it'd be raining so much money  
that we'd be sad to see the sun  
mr. wilczewski's brother had some business  
out in denver  
so they left denver  
and everybody knows they were the lucky ones  
you cease to smell the steel plant  
after you've been here for a while