

# Bombs Over Providence, Walkerton, Workfare, A

Hey brother can you spare about a half a quart of rye?  
Ontario water's killed before and I fear I'm the next one on its mind.  
I'm damned to review front pages, late apologies that couldn't save us.  
Barely literate, but well-fed, the fire in our eyes is a spark at best.  
They'll sell the gas like they sell the water, I bet they'll kill us with that too.  
And we'll be choking ourselves to sleep alone at night  
because we like the girls that think real hard.  
We'll never get our parents to understand.  
Not till everything is gone.  
Not till their last cherished safety net remains to be cut,  
slashed, gone, gone, gone.  
And cutting Health Care's just the start,  
cutting Welfare's just the start,  
cutting our schools is just the start.  
How did it ever get this far?  
This is adherent to a greater trend of which we're but a part.  
Such is our chance now to stand, reach out,  
pull, and bring down crumbling walls with us.  
Next stop old Queen's Park.  
Our eyes will light the dark.  
We'll find fuel for that spark.  
Burning down the walls around the floors on which they're traded lives for votes.  
I'll take the trouble to investigate the rubble for a heart that'll set me right.  
I'll step down from this soapbox built in local halls on the weekends.  
I'll acknowledge this as optimism at best and trade my patchcords in for neckties.  
And I'll run back to my job.