

# Brujeria, 13: Cornered

Here in northeast Ohio, back in eighteen-o-three  
James and Dean Heaton found the ore that was linin&lsquo; yellow creek  
They built a blast furnace here along the shore  
And they made the cannonballs that helped the Union win the war  
Here in Youngstown, here in Youngstown  
My sweet Jenny I'm sinkin&lsquo; down, here darlin&lsquo; in Youngstown  
Well my daddy worked the furnaces, kept them hotter than hell  
I come home from Nam worked my way to scarfer, a job that'd suit the devil as well  
Taconite coke and limestone fed my children and made my pay  
Them smokestacks reached like the arms of god into a beautiful sky of soot and clay  
Here in Youngstown, here in Youngstown  
My sweet Jenny I'm sinkin&lsquo; down, here darlin&lsquo; in Youngstown  
Well my daddy come home from Ohio works when he came home from World War 2  
Now the yard's just scrap and scrubble  
He said: &bdquo; Them big boys did what Hitler couldn't do&quot;  
These mills they built the tanks and bombs that won these country's wars  
We sent our sons to Korea and Vietnam now we're wonderin&lsquo; what they were dyin'for  
Here in Youngstown, here in Youngstown  
My sweet Jenny I'm sinkin&lsquo; down, here darlin&lsquo; in Youngstown  
From the Monongahela valley to the Mesabi iron range  
To the coal mines of Appalachia the story's always the same  
Seven hundred tons of metal a day now sir you tell me the world's changed  
Once I made you rich enough rich enough to forget my name  
And Youngstown, and Youngstown  
My sweet Jenny I'm sinkin&lsquo; down, here darlin&lsquo; in Youngstown  
When I die I don't want no part of heaven, I would not do heaven's work well  
I pray the devil comes and takes me to stand in the fiery furnaces of hell