

Fishbone, Sunless Saturday

I see the pestilence outside my window
I see the dung heaps piled at least a mile high
I see the shards of shattered dreams in the street
I face the morning with my customary sigh

I hear the sounds of children laughing aloud
A stumbling wino has attracted quite a crowd
My breakfast finished now I brave the outside
But clouds have hidden all the warmth inside

Chase these clouds away
I hate this sunless Saturday

Freedom come
For us now
Light our sky
Burn away these clouds

Perhaps the charcoal grey and brown around me
Is just the mirror image of tainted soul
I think the sun will never visit my sky
Until the truth is seen by each and every eye

I see the helpless and I see the insane
I see a pauper singing in the pouring rain
I see the means of help elude us again
I think the sun will never visit me again