

Nellie McKay, The Big One

As you're walkin' down the street
Might wanna skip a beat
And think it over
Walkin' to the corner store
But it ain't there no more
If you wanna loaf of bread
You try a pharmacy instead
Another chain will set you free

When you go to pay the rent
You see it's all been spent
The purse is empty
Money money make a buck
But you're all outta luck
This town ain't friendly now
A thousand faces stare you down
Each one's afraid of what you seek

Slither in your suit, can't deny it
Hide behind a view, gentrify it
Take a life or two, the revolution's comin' round
Clingin' to the door, quiver, cower
Profit off the poor, fight the power
Hurt em even more, that's why they took Bruce Bailey down
Took Bruce Bailey down

Lookin' like the jack is back
But he ain't gonna attack
His hands are flippin
Druggies dyin in the halls
They're bangin on the walls
Your ma ain't trippin now
It ain't a home if you ain't allowed
What time's the ceasefire
Where's the heat

Spittin on the old, sister, brother
Shittin on your soul, welfare mother
Profit is the goal, the revolution's comin round
Payin off a loan, mass eviction
Elevate the zone, ain't no fiction
Breakin up a home, that's why they took Bruce Bailey down
Took Bruce Bailey down

No more tokens, take a train
You swipe a piece of plastic paper
No more smokin on the plane
You gripe, they'll take you to the jailer
Bide your time, it's all in vain
They tell you, as you meet your maker
Grief's the mother of invention
Pain's the midwife to your labor
Turn it, burn it, cure it, endure it
If you are able, sucker

People standin in the park
It's gettin mighty dark
The kids are scowlin
Shutter up the windows tight
This is an evil night
The wind is howlin fast
Another tragedy has passed
Another stain on you and me

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