

DIVISION STREET

The kids are all in bed. Try to sleep if you can.
The judgment on the door gave us 'til the eight.
Tomorrow sharp at nine I booked the moving van.
My folks are running ragged trying to make some space.

My job was outsourced to heaven knows where.
The lender didn't care if I could make a stand.
Everywhere from barrios to Newport Coast,
Jingle mail has made us sacrificial lambs.

Chorus: I spread hope's ashes dressed in black
While justice took a holiday and never came back.
On Division Street the mighty and the conquered fall hand in hand.

The movers have arrived. The youngest one's in tears.
Two thirds of life in storage, the rest in pain.
Take one last look at gardens, rooms, windows and stairs.
The moon could melt before we own a home again.

No one gets off free. No block is spared
Of notice of default and foreclosure kill.
Tonight the lights are flaming late all down the lane
Our houses perched like warnings on Pelican Hill.

We took this ride at Disneyland a long time ago.
Now they're building Haunted Mansions in little neat rows.
There's fire behind these gates. Galileo spoke true.
The white collar burns just as quick as the blue.

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