

Someone Is Me

Blaine Larsen

There's aluminum cans and cigarettes butts
Lying in the sides of the streets
The baseball field in the County Park
Is buried in a blanket of weeds
There's a swastika sprayed from an aerosol can
Displayed on the overpass
Driving around it's easy to see
This town's going downhill fast

Somebody should do something about it
How hard could it be
Somebody should do something about it
Maybe that someone is me

Followed a couple into Ferguson's Grill
The door swung back in my face
Closed my eyes but I felt the stares
When I bowed my head to say grace
Watched a table of suits stiff the waitress a tip
Like they didn't have a nickel to spare
Walked out into the heat rising off of main street
But I felt a chill in the air

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Now I don't expect this world to be heaven
But it sure could be better
I can sit around complaining
Or stand around waiting
But I might be waiting forever
Forever

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