

Hole In The Bucket

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I went down to the city and I found myself a job
Working for the people who do need some helping out
But then in truth I found there was so little left to give
The government might save their lives, might not help them to live

There's a hole in the bucket and the people fall out
There's money underground but you can't get it out
When you stand at the State House, smile, and say "Please?"
There's a crack in the floor and the people fall through
And they wind up coming back to you
From a place it seems like they can never leave
There's a hole in the system for the people in need.
How do you tell a woman who is 82 years old
Poor and lying in her bed and needing help at home
That there is no more money, there is nothing you can do
Just hold on for a better year and we'll try to get to you

Oh beautiful for spacious skies and amber waves of grain
America, you're beautiful but you have got to change
You think of how to save your skin but you never mind the bones
Have we become a country where the hearts have turned to stones
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