

We All Fall Down

Danny Michel

I'm hanging out the side of Alejandro's ride,
I'm trying not to bleed on the car seat.
Colours fill the streets,
They're running down your cheeks.
Cop cars lay white sheets over teenagers.
But they'll never stop us now.
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Hush, hush, hush, we all fall down.
Sing that little song, that mama used to sing.
I'm trying to hang on, but I feel me slipping.
You wrap it in a towel, and prayer a secret prayer.
While Jesus combs his hair in the rear view.
Spotlights on car alarms,
Bullets lodged in frightened arms.
That fight that tears and grind the gears...
And circle round.
Where the helicopters hover low,
On teenage boys bound for death row.
Where mother's tears run down the road,
Into manholes.