

The Flood

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Poisoned streets
Full of blood
The people can do nothing
To hold back the flood

The water takes them
Not one life line
Everyone just standing
Ringing their hands and crying

Can anyone among us please explain
What went down on the banks of the Ponchartrain?
No sir I don't believe it was the hurricane
That lay New Orleans out to waste

Blown-out windows,
Rooftops gone
Every soul
Singing a funeral song

Look at the pictures
All black faces
Our leaders call themselves distracted
I call them racists

Can anyone among you please explain
What went down on the banks of the Ponchartrain?
It's you our leader who's to blame
You lay sweet New Orleans out to waste

And if I had
Had my way
I'd pull them all outta there
And I'd make you stay

For a storm
All your own
And I'd be that old hurricane
And I'd wash away all your gold

Your wife and children
Would have no home
You'd be left there in those waters
Naked and alone

In the streets
Of poisoned blood
Now what you gonna do
To hold back the flood?