

# Black Day in July

Gordon Lightfoot

Black day in July  
Motor city madness has touched the countryside  
And through the smoke and cinders  
You can hear it far and wide  
The doors are quickly bolted  
And the children locked inside

Black day in July  
Black day in July  
And the soul of Motor City is bared across the land  
As the book of law and order is taken in the hands  
Of the sons of the fathers who were carried to this land

Black day in July  
Black day in July  
In the streets of Motor City is a deadly silent sound  
And the body of a dead youth lies stretched upon the ground  
Upon the filthy pavement  
No reason can be found

Black day in July  
Black day in July  
Motor City madness has touched the countryside  
And the people rise in anger  
And the streets begin to fill  
And there's gunfire from the rooftops  
And the blood begins to spill

Black day in July  
  
In the mansion of the governor  
There's nothing that is known for sure  
The telephone is ringing  
And the pendulum is swinging  
And they wonder how it happened  
And they really know the reason  
And it wasn't just the temperature  
And it wasn't just the season

Black day in July  
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Motor City's burning and the flames are running wild  
They reflect upon the waters of the river and the lake  
And everyone is listening  
And everyone's awake

Black day in July  
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The printing press is turning  
And the news is quickly flashed  
And you read your morning paper  
And you sip your cup of tea  
And you wonder just in passing  
Is it him or is it me

Black day in July

In the office of the President  
The deed is done the troops are sent  
There's really not much choice you see  
It looks to us like anarchy  
And then the tanks go rolling in  
To patch things up as best they can  
There is no time to hesitate  
The speech is made the dues can wait

Black day in July  
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The streets of Motor City now are quiet and serene  
But the shapes of gutted buildings  
Strike terror to the heart  
And you say how did it happen  
And you say how did it start  
Why can't we all be brothers  
Why can't we live in peace  
But the hands of the have-nots  
Keep falling out of reach

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