

You'll Get Yours Aplenty

Blaze Foley

The skies are full of dirt and gray
The city's kids come out to play
Running in the broken glass
From old deserted windows

Dollar winos fill the streets
The poolroom music's soulful beat
Engulfs the gray and dirty air
In inner city limits

Children run in hopeless heat
Long the dirty junkie streets
Women sell themselves to men
Through ruthless mediators

The sidewalk cracks are deep and wide
The children kneel to look inside
For pennies, maybe nickels
Dropped in passing

They live their lives like others past
The winos drink, the pimps sell ass
Little girls ten years ago
Are older now by twenty

Social change is still just talk
The things you see in urban walks
Should make you sick and lose your lunch
Inside your high-rise diners

Make the laws, you own the land
You hold them down when you can't stand
One of these day's you'll get yours aplenty
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