

# Swimming Against The Stream

Latin Quarter

They're growing pines now in cotton soil  
Still making boxes for the sons of toil  
Still bend your back to pick you food stamps up  
Black coffee still comes in a tall white cup  
They took the signs down but it's loud and it's clear  
You want to eat? Well now, it can't be here

Tell me how long the train's been gone  
Tell me again about the dream  
Tell me the story of glory hallelujah  
And how we're swimming against the stream

More talk of marching on Washington  
It never really seems to get things done  
Along the way we maybe make good friends  
But they can't tell us where the rainbow ends  
It's getting more now than just out of reach  
And don't go looking down at Howard Beach

Montgomery and Selma go ask Congress  
25 years, change hasn't meant progress  
In Chicago you live on the south or the west side  
But just like the townships try moving in outside