

A stone lady we once knew  
On Second Avenue  
Loved her children  
And taught them to use their hands  
She was always dressed in gray  
But her insides were bright as day  
Any child of hers would understand

But the DPS couldn't bother  
To save our alma mater  
It seems that they were no longer impressed  
With her backbone of eight floors  
And her heavy wooden doors  
Never thought we'd live to see her laid to rest

But our lady sure grew older  
And she was given the cold shoulder  
And was forgotten by the people of her town  
She was a gleaming work of art  
But her copper veins were pulled apart  
And our great lady, she crumbled to the ground

And it's hard to understand  
How what used to be a wonderland  
Could be abandoned and left in such decay  
Because somebody wrote a check  
To demolish Cass Tech  
Ten years short of her hundredth name day