

Not for Want of Trying

Maybeshewill

Everybody knows things are bad, It's a depression.
Everybody's out of work or scared of losing their job.
The dollar buys a nickel's worth...
banks are going bust...
shop-keepers keep a gun under the counter...
punks are running wild on the street and there's nobody
anywhere that seems to know what to do.
And there's no end to it.

We know the air is unfit to breathe,
our food is unfit to eat...
we sit watching our T.V.s while some local newscaster
tells us
that today we had fifteen homicides and sixty-three
violent crimes --
as if that's the way it's supposed to be!

We know things are bad; worse than bad.
They're crazy!
It's like everything, everywhere is going crazy.
So, we don't go out anymore;
we sit in the house and slowly the world we're living
in is getting smaller and we say:
Please, at least leave us alone in our living rooms,
let me have my toaster and my T.V.
and my steel-belted radials and I won't say anything -
just leave us alone.

But I'm not gonna leave you alone...
I want you to get mad!

I don't want you to protest and I don't want you to
riot or write your Congressman,
because I wouldn't know what to tell you to write.
I don't know what to do about the depression and the
inflation and the Russians or the crime in the street.
All I know is that first you've got to get mad...
you've got to say: I'm a human being,
Goddamn it, my life has value!

I want you to get up now,
I want all of you to get up out of your chairs.
I want you to get up, right now, and go to the window,
open it and stick your head out and yell:

I'M AS MAD AS HELL AND I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE THIS
ANYMORE!