

## New Homes for Idle Hands

Propagandhi

Suburbs tremble again  
Fearing the have-  
nots at the window, collecting their fair share  
Guns and alarms aren't enough  
They demand justice

And every criminal locked away  
As well as any kid who might do something wrong  
There's a jail out of town  
With fences so high we won't think about who's inside  
Neighbours are disappearing behind the bars  
Kids are doing time for petty crimes

It don't matter who they are  
It don't matter that they're alive

A warehouse for victims of circumstance

Cops are rounding up slaves  
Workers that can't complain or come late  
A workforce behind bars  
They'll make gadgets, circuit boards or fix cars

It don't matter who they are  
It don't matter that they're alive

Crime pays, ask the bankers floating bonds  
To build cages for the inner-city's "idle-  
hands" instead of schools  
Factories with fences meet the prisons without walls  
(And we shall have your skulls)

They'll kick you to the ground  
You'll find yourself employed again. On the inside