

The Legacy of Margaret Brown

State Radio

Dear man, you must be mad.
Good man, how many drinks have you had?
Dont you know your family's worried sick over you?
Have none of you heard we have no time to spare?
The canvas of your age has a tear,
and a needle without a thread, is not a lifeline.
Momma, put yourself into a terrible fret.
Keep saying, "Can you see him?"
and we say, "Not quite yet."
oh, not quite yet.
All quiet on the streets we hear the footsteps echo.
Kids run up the stairs and look down from below,
But the streetlight flickers, momma gets sicker, she
says she's goin to the place where no one twice goes;
So, I had to come and arrest you from your sleep.
You see, you got too many promises to keep,
and what's more, they be dying of starvation
With all the food on this world, still be famine in
this here nation.
You know you love him, but they really don't know.
How can they see where the poison go?
'Cause it's far, far better making light of a gun,
for you to become the father of your only son.
Look long at the father before you,
sits with his hands on his knees 'cause he dont know
what to do,
in his old tweed coat and his dress shoes,
furrowed brow and the eyes of the confused,
tries desperately to explain himself, some quick
recluse,
and of the meter of his gait
I know he dont remind you
how the years go by in a second or two.
Wont be long until your kids are lookin at you,
just as you are now.
Just as you are now.
Turn around, my good man, turn around.
Turn around, my good man, margaret brown.
Turn around, my good man, turn around.
Turn around, for dear Margaret Brown.
Turn around, my good man, turn around.
Turn around, make your way down.
Turn around, my good man, turn around.
Turn around, for dear Margaret Brown.