

And So It Was

Someone would come
To build a bridge
Might sound weird to some
But I was there at the ridge
Under the sun
I'd put mud on the planks
I could not run
From the lowest of ranks

I saw myself
Like in a water well
The Sun at twelve
Burning just like hell
I was my granddad
Working my ass off
I wasn't feeling bad
Dining down at the trough

And so it was
I was a slave
I toiled so
Until the grave
I was black
Back on track
Had no boss
I was safe

The dock was being built
And I painted the wood
I felt no guilt
In fact I felt quite good
It was a dream
I had to see this guy
On the stream
But I don't know why

Was it another life
Or another realm
I want to drive
I'd like to be at the helm
I can pass away
With a peaceful face
Ready for the day
When I can leave this place

And so it was
I was a slave
I toiled so
Until the grave
I was black
Back on track
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I was safe.