

Dole Queue

I can't find a place or time to keep my soul in line
The town that's been my home is dead
But the dole queue....

See them standing in a line
The young the old the disparing kind
Eyes of sadness pierce the day
But the dole queue...

Rivers of faces in the town
A never ending stream
But the factories are closing down
But the dole queue...

Northeast morning clear and cold
Rivers grey and blue
There's no hope and no new day
But the dole queue...