

LOCAL LYRICS

WILL-POWER, IN REVERSE

Said Hank, a local scoff-law, at a classy down-town still,
"If there's one thing I am proud of, it's my mighty strength of will;
Since I was a lad of twenty, folks have camped upon my trail
Saying, 'Hank, wine is a mocker; Hank, your course is set for jail.' "

"They have painted glowing pictures of the great rewards to come,
If I'd climb upon the wagon and forsake the demon rum—
And I've oft' been sorely tempted, as they sang their siren song,
But my will has always triumphed—as I said before, it's strong."

"Though they've warned me of the wrath to come, that will has never
cracked;
Through my sojourns in the hoosegow, I have kept my thirst intact;
I have never shirked my drinking, though at times it's been a strain—
What a wondrous thing the will is—let us fill them up again."



JOHN MAHONEY

The sponge of Fate on a bright life's slate and it's promise washed away.
In a twisted mass of steel and glass you quit your earthly clay.
You'd just begun; your best undone. A shining road ahead—
But we all must dance on the strings of Chance, nor know when she'll clip a thread.
A son of the crowd without the proud beginnings some men know.
Did you wail your lot? Not you! You fought till you walked where the
Great Ones go.
And now you've gone to the shadows, John, where ambitions never call.
May you win a Seat at the Leader's feet in the biggest House of all.