

Exploration Of Coercion In Every Day Life
Ramshackle Glory

verse: C Am F Dm C F Dm G

C **Am**
In the space between a neighborhood and a street map,
F **Dm** **C**
Between a battle fought and a ballot cast,
F **Dm** **G**
Between our vacant hands and the things we lack,
In the space between having nothing and everything.
Between your tired bones and the empty buildings,
Between this abandoned lot and a vegetable garden,
C
There are people with guns who know how to use them,
Am
Nothing better to do than hop in their cruisers,
F
And go crack the skulls of some dropouts and losers,
G
And get congratulated on restraint when they do it.
C **G** **Dm** **F**
So if we can't blow up a social relationship, we also can't reason with bullets,
So let's not be confused who uniforms and badged work for.
It's not intelligence that keeps assholes rich, It's fucking armies of blue
rolling with
full clips,
With handcuffs and clubs for anyone who's sick of going without just because
they're poor.
C Am F x2

verse

And in the space between who I am and who I should be,
Between a tired loner and a community,
Between where the van broke down and Alturas Street,
And in the space between me and the neighbors out on the street,
Between these walls that we pay to keep,
And the ruins that this world deserves to be.