

In the Heat of the Summer

Judy Collins

In the heat of the summer
When the pavements were burning
The soul of a city was ravaged in the night
After the city sun was sinkin'

Now no one knows how it started
Why the windows were shattered
But deep in the dark, someone set the spark
And then it no longer mattered.

Down the streets they were rumbling
All the tempers were ragin'
Oh, where, oh, where are the white silver tongues
Who forgot to listen to the warnings?

On and On come the angry
No longer following reason
And all the stores were the target now
Where just the other day they were buyin'

Drunk with the memory of the ghetto
Drunk with the lure of the looting
And the memory of the uniforms shoving with their sticks
Asking, "; Are you looking for trouble?";

"No, no, no," moaned the mayor.
"It's not the way of the order.
"Oh stay in your homes, please leave us alone
"We'll be glad to talk in the morning."

"For shame, for shame," wrote the papers.
"Why the hurry to your hunger?
"Now the rubble's resting on your broken streets
"So you see what your rage has unraveled."

Baricades sadly were risin'
Bricks were heavily flyin'
And the loudspeaker drowned like a whisperin' sound
When compared to the angered emotions

And when the fury was over
And the Shame was replacing the anger.
So wrong, so wrong, but we've been down so long
And we had to make somebody listen
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