

Ghost of Tom Joad

Solas

Men walk along the railroad tracks
Goin' someplace and there's no going back
Highway patrol choppers comin' up over the ridge
Hot soup on a campfire under the bridge
Shelter line stretch round the corner
Oh, welcome to the new world order
Families sleepin' in cars in the southwest
No home, no job, no peace, no rest

Highway is alive tonight
Nobody's kiddin' nobody about where it goes
I'm sittin' down here in the campfire light
Waitin' on the ghost of Tom Joad

He takes a prayer book out of his sleeping bag
Preacher lights up a butt and takes a drag
He waits for when the last shall be first and the first shall be last
'neath a cardboard box in the underpass
You've got a one-way ticket to the promised land
You've got a hole in your belly and a gun in your hand
Sleeping on a pillow of solid rock
Bathin' in the city aqueduct

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"Whenever there's a cop beatin' a guy
Whenever a hungry newborn baby cries
Where there's a fight against the blood and hatred in the air
Just look for me and I'll be there
Wherever there's somebody waitin' for a place to stand
Or a decent job or a helpin' hand
Wherever there's somebody strugglin' to be free
Just look in their eyes and you'll see me"

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