

THE JINGLING OF THE KEYS

3-27-15 (1)
(#20)

1. What comes to mind, darkly
with that far-away sound ?
Blank stare broken starkly
nervous system tightly wound.
In an instant bound tight
in secret fear of "fight-or-flight"
your nerves suddenly seize —
It's the jingling of keys !

REFRAIN: It's not distant train whistles
nor wind chimes that please
It's not the soothing sounds of spring
nor summer's gentle breeze . . .
It's the jingling of keys !
The damned jingling of keys !
— our sons and daughters raised now
on the jingling of keys.

2. What's stored in your soul
from so many years of abuse ?
the inner wars will never leave you
the outer battles leave no truce.
Most don't realize —
a dead look in their eyes,
a flinch of weakness in their knees
it's the jingling, it's the jingling of the keys.

[REPEAT REFRAIN]

3. From days of flogs to Pavlov's dogs
tyranny's refined its spell
Those who disagree still live
whole lives in a prison cell.
Now jumping at the sound of the bell
in their old new industry of hell
the new sound that makes their hearts freeze —
it's the jingle, it's the jingle of their keys !

[REPEAT REFRAIN, AND FADE OUT]

[END]

Written: March 26-27, 2015 (1)

- Add instrumental as desired