

Thursday Morning Revolution
By Louis Marshall Gould

Who's that calling for a revolution
Who wants to thwart the current
Establishment and its institutions

Some say chuck it
And some say f**k it
Some have much
And some have much less

How can we turn this to our advantage
How can we spend our gold
And still manage
To have lives
We deem
Worthy to unfold,

It has to be bold

Maybe we need a revolution
Maybe that's the real solution
But what would it stand for
What would be our goals
To sit before the roaring fireplace
While others are carrying coals

Wonderful suits of linen will I possess
Silks and satins
For my Countess
But I don't know
How to pay for them
I must indeed confess

How the heck
Do I get out
Of this mess

Some turn to God rightly,
Some turn to Man
Some turn to find that
There is another plan
It's a treasure map indeed
So listen
Closely lads and lassies

And take heed

There's more to gain
Than there is to lose
But there are some things we have to do

And our new priorities
We'll soon have to choose

Our bounty will not be made off the backs
of others, we will honor our Sisters and
our Brothers, New ways we'll learn to
teach each Other

Before we
Break out the wine
Let us pledge
To be kind
Justice and righteousness will rule the day

No blood revenge between tribes will be
our way
Hold leaders responsible for their crimes,

The children will no longer need to hide
away
And of course there's more to say...

Now gracious words to our host are
spoken,
Sacred words that our bonds will REALLY
not be broken

As we bring the chalices to our lips to
toast

Our lives will be blessed
If only we can
Pass this final test

In honor of Reb David, Diane, & Michael
Marcus