

Joe Jackson: *A Mile in My Shoes*

By Don I. Waldo

I had a uniform that was dirty, but a conscience that was clean.

I never laid eyes on a one of them, but knew them all by name.

I never spoke to them directly, but heard what they were asking.

I told them to go to Hell, but they said we were already there.

I asked to sit this one out, but was told I would never stand.

I never asked for nothing, but they gave it to me anyways.

I told them what was going down, but they knew what was up.

I always played to win, but somehow managed to lose.

I never learned to read or write, but my signed confession damns me.

I was owed a living wage, but he's paying me beyond the grave.

History has called me out, but His is the only call that matters.