

And Walt we're here, 100,000 poets for change
across the United States and we believe,
we believe, call us dreamers, call us fools,
call us the dispossessed, your children lost

our hopes on hold, left no choice but to stand
our backs against the corporate wall
ready to fight for what we're owed,
for what we've worked, promises bought and sold

Let your spirit rise old Walt Whitman
take me with you to another place and time
remind us what is good about ourselves
basic decency that's been forgotten

May your words guide our daydreams of deliverance
let the hijacked past tumble away
let the dismal present state be but a blip
may the undecided future begin today

let us become undisguised and naked
let us walk the open road ...