**Troubled Times**

Music, lyrics, and arrangement by Kevin Marvelle

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As I waited at the bus stop, an old woman took my hand,

desperate to share her story and hoping I’d understand.

Her tale began in thirty-three when she escaped Hitler’s Germany

as hatred filled the air and too few seemed to care.

She asked if I recognized the signs of such troubled times,

that stirred memories of her murdered family.

She cited a complacency that bordered on insanity

as no one would believe the evil she could see.

When she finished her story, she said beware of Donald Trump.

He peddles fear and hatred, that man is dangerous!

His simpleminded reckless talk spawns violence and intolerance.

He’s a race-baiting brute who has trouble with truth.

Insults are his specialty; they reveal immaturity

and general disrespect. He mocks politically correct!

That bully must not win again. He’s a narcissistic con man

who lacks the temperament and knowledge to be president.

My new friend told her story about the holocaust

to ensure I saw the danger in another loss.

I told her that I could see some similarities

and promised to do my best so folks would not forget

that voting is the key to our security

and we can’t compromise as the devil comes disguised.

So while some may close their eyes and pray they won’t be surprised,

I’ll sound an alarm. Our votes must be our arms in this war.

Our votes must be our arms! Our votes shall be our arms!

Our votes will be our arms in this war!