

Song for Robert Dziekański (© Barry Truter 2010)

Robert Dziekański flew into town
Distraught at the airport he wandered around
At the end of that day he lay dead on the ground
Poor old Robert Dziekański
Poor old Robert Dziekański

Robert Dziekański so all alone
What happened to him we may never have known
If the video tape had never been shown
Poor old Robert Dziekański
Poor old Robert Dziekański

Hungry, sick and tired
While his mother waited outside
Alone and aground, lost but not found
And nobody cared till he died

Robert Dziekański, stapler in hand
Backed right away at the word of command
But four burly Mounties still tasered their man
Poor old Robert Dziekański
Poor old Robert Dziekański

Hungry, sick and tired
While his mother waited outside
New to this land, let's give him a hand
But nobody even tried

Robert Dziekański flew into town
Lost and confused he wandered around
At the end of that day he lay dead on the ground
Poor old Robert Dziekański
Poor old Robert Dziekański
Poor old Robert Dziekański