

HUTTO

The man called T. Don Hutto
Must have been some kind of man
'Cause he's sure got
A man-sized share of fame
It's not just anybody
Gets their name put on a building
Where children are held prisoner
In their name

The town of Taylor, Texas
Is not an hour from Austin
But when you're there
You're in a world away
Look inside the prison yard
Just beyond the chain link fence
You will see young children
At their play

You might well stop and ask yourself
What have these young children done
To be sentenced to such painful
Loss and fear
It's all because their mom or dad
Was caught without their documents
Like 14 million others
Living [here](#)

Now you may think all immigrants
Should go back where they came from
And if they don't--
Hell, let 'em rot in jail
But if it was your own daughter
In a cell at T. Don Hutto
With your grandchild in her arms
How would you feel?

What would you say if your own four-
Or six- or eight- or ten-year-old
Was growing up in prison
Like these kids
Since when in these United States
Do we put kids in prison
Because of what we say
Their parents did

Call it 'family detention'
Say "We do it for the children"
You're lying to yourself
Down to the roots
But call it playing politics
With children's lives and sanity
You're getting somewhat closer
To the truth

So if you're down in Austin
Take the highway out to Taylor
Bring some good friends with you
For the ride
You might even wear a flag pin
To show you still believe in
The dream for which so many
Fought and died

Step out onto the highway
Turn to face the prison
Stare at those walls
'Til you forget your name
Say a prayer for T. Don Hutto
Say a prayer for all those children
Then close your eyes
And hang your head in shame

Words and music by Si Kahn
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