

THE WAY THINGS USED TO BE Ian Butters 2019

As I write my heart is yearning for I find it most concerning
That society's core values aren't the way they used to be
But nostalgia's now discarded, sentimental and regarded
As the wistful, mournful longing of the homesick elderly

And it's really quite upsetting for we seem to be forgetting
That core principles and values should not change from day to day
For our lives won't be improving if the goalposts keep on moving
And society's moral compass is not pointing the right way

While there's no one single reason why society's cohesion
Is fragmenting at what seems to be a most alarming rate
Though technology's intrusion is now causing much confusion
As it penetrates our daily lives, beginning to dictate

For our arm in arm procession with technology's progression
Is like shuffling in a conga line, but we are not immune
To the siren's song it's singing and the damage that it's bringing
As we mindlessly embrace its charm while dancing to its tune

For today our contact's fleeting when we send an email greeting
To friends we used to make the time to meet with face to face
And we need to learn life's lesson that indulging this obsession
Diminishes relationships and lowers human grace

Yet it's really not surprising for apartment blocks are rising
Housing people who are stressed and feeling sad and all alone
And there's seldom a warm greeting or a smile upon your meeting
For most are too preoccupied upon their mobile phone

And Truth's no longer absolute, it's now become low hanging fruit
It's personalised and flexible and at our beck and call
While Integrity which once defined our footprints in the sands of time
Can be found in every corporate charter hanging on the wall!

For Integrity's now all around, it grows in trees and on the ground!
It's claimed by banks who trumpet it's the mantle that they wear
But close examination shows these corporate emperors have no clothes
Their wardrobe has been opened up and found completely bare!

And there's no vestige of remorse from banks who chose to close their doors
In country towns where they've enjoyed long years of loyalty
For they still claim they can assess a rural loan which they'll address
From city high rise towers with views extending out to sea

And life insurers do still charge a premium that's rather large
On contracts bought by trusting clients when they were around
Yet even though the client's died the premiums are still applied
And charged to these poor souls who now are six feet underground!

And the sanctity of our free speech which clearly should be out of reach
Of those who now attack it with contempt and disrespect
Whose tactics and contrived defense is that free speech may cause offense
Allowing views they claim are not politically correct

And politicians are remote forgetting who gave them their vote
While focussing intently on their very own careers
The vision they articulate is geared to the election date
With little long term planning to sustain our future years

And as we pause and wonder how, this moral drift occurring now
Has taken hold eroding and diluting decency
It's up to us to resurrect society's basic self-respect
Returning our core values to the way things used to be