

## Sorry

Dear future generation of Burlington I'm, NO, we're sorry.

Sorry we left you with our mess of Burlington

We're sorry to say that what's done is done

I mean, we tried, we really tried to do something

but our efforts were forgotten and this city became nothing

I hope you can forgive us because, like a marriage gone wrong,

we didn't know what we had until it was gone,

For example, you may know it as just another piece of filth, but it once had been crystalline waters

Believe it or not, these beaches were the ones we would leave for our sons and daughters

But our cigarette butts flowed in and our chemicals destroyed

What once was a deep blue water, what now you try and avoid

Sorry

We're sorry that we cared more about those that did smoke

And not for the 87% percent that said no because smoking is not a joke

But even these non-smokers had to suffer don't you know

From second hand smoke, but that was a long time ago

Actually it wasn't, because it is still happening today

Where your kids are born beautiful only to die young with nothing else to blame

Sorry

And back then future generation people like Rachel, let me tell you Rachel, couldn't go to the beach

Because her asthma combined with second hand smoke made her too weak

And here, now, you wonder why we didn't teach what we preached

But in fact we tried to restore it all, we really tried

Only to hear the same excuses that our hands are tied

And let me tell you about people, like Libby who couldn't go for a long run and chill

Without somebody behind her pulling out that cigarette, still

And my nephew, well, his soccer games were not so fun

Because I knew he would not live to see the one game where his team would have won

Sorry

You may know, future generation, that we decided to put up a survey

It just took away time, I mean we already knew that this public health issue wasn't OK

The evidence was clear from our previous government survey

That second hand smoke should not be around kids at play

We already knew that there was no safe level of secondhand smoke

You may ask then why did we continue to waste the time of our citizens and folks

I mean how are these people supposed to get to these once beautiful places

I'm talking about the children, the youth, the elders of all the different races

These people were the heroes, the ones who had to walk through that air

Just to tell you future generation that they had once gone there

Just to tell you that they had gone to the fishing pier or used the picnic table there

Just to tell you that they sat on a rock by the shoreline with a sunset view beyond compare

But they can't tell you that, sadly they can't

Not your mom, your dad, not even your aunt

Sorry

It would be too hard imagining and painfully recalling what used to be

It would be too heart-wrenching to say that it didn't live and remain thee  
The Oakledge  
The North Beach  
The Waterfront

There are more such magical places that existed  
We used to swim in them as little kids with our parents who assisted  
We were always convinced that nothing would change  
But with time, everything was different, this city became strange  
It became a pile of trash swept by the wind and the memory of those before  
A blurry image, a thought of saving it was ignored  
Not a sound, not a scream for change filled what became this eerie city  
It was the cigarettes that instead made it so "pretty"

Sorry

We're sorry that unlike all the other towns, Burlington, considered the healthiest, never went smoke free  
In the parks and beaches that is, they never did you see

And for the ones that smoked well I'm sure half of them wanted to quit

The smoking ban could have been a reason, but we didn't give them a reason, not even a bit

So we're sorry future generation, that we didn't complete our mission

We're sorry that we changed for the worse and not the best of conditions

We're sorry that we put the harmful impact of a person's addiction ahead of another person's health

We're sorry that we consumed ourselves not with rights but the wealth

We're sorry that you cry every night, tears of sorrow

We're sorry that our city did not change for a better tomorrow

Sorry