

One day at school I learned what democracy means.
And when I learned, the people are the government, I took off.
I searched for a place where there was a youth voice was needed.
And not far down street 100, I found a puzzled group.
They were a construction crew.
“Do you need help” I asked.
“a matter a fact we do,” spoke the chief of the crew.
“We need to know how to make the latest part of the park.”

They knew that a child’s voice was needed, so I gave them a hand.
And soon, a slide stretched to the sand.

Down two blocks past, there was a town hall,
And on the step’s sat a puzzled councillor.
“Do you need help,” I asked sitting down,
“I do” he answered, and asked if I could grab some kids to make a decision.
I grabbed my buddies, and in a flash, I was back at town hall.
We helped decide, how to build the new bike park.

That summer I enjoyed a thrilling time at the playground, and bike park close by.
You see, working together, some youth voices could help our democratic country.