



"What does Rodgers really do?" they ask,
With cameras trained, he stands firm in his task,
Yet the whispers and questions, they never do cease,
What shadows may lurk in the heart of the peace?

Oh Rodgers, the leader, with courage so fair,
Guiding his force with a disciplined air,
The people would cheer, in adoration they'd sing,
For Lt. Rodgers, the hero, the law's noble king.

"What does Rodgers really do?" let us ponder and pry,
In the pursuit of the truth, let's aim up toward the sky,
For heroes may falter and men may grow weak,
But the truth, ever noble, is what the Voice seeks.

And so the tale unfolds, as whispers grow loud,
Do the questions that linger cast a shadow or shroud?
We ask of our hero, the man we once knew,
"What does Rodgers really do?"

As night turns to dawn and dawn turns to day,
The city awakens, new stories at play,
But amidst the bustle, the laughter, and cheer,
A question remains, ever so near.

To the halls of justice, we journey and roam,
Seeking the answers, the truth to be shown,
In whispers and shadows, we search for a clue,
"What does Rodgers really do?"

From the cells of the jailed, to the voice of the free,
The truth, like a river, flows endlessly,
And as we bear witness to stories untold,
The facade may unravel, the mystery unfold.

"What does Rodgers actually do?" the city implores,
As the truth trickles in, like rain upon shores,
For within every hero, a secret may dwell,
A story untold, a truth to unveil.

So let us remember, as we seek out the truth,
That heroes and villains may walk in the same shoes,
And as we uncover what's hidden from view,
Let us ask, "What does Rodgers really do?"