

Red Dog Ash

"Hello Florence Thompson"

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Red Dog Ash - Hello Florence Thompson

Hello Florence Thompson
Looking at me through the years
With your tired eyes and dustbowl girls
How many shared your fears?
You came from Oklahoma
And crossed the San Joaquin
Till you landed on the Central Coast
Another migrant on your knees
Rain don't cut the red dirt ground
Dust so thick can't hear a sound
Another family West Coast bound
Seven hungry children
Just 32 years old
The kids they hide their faces
Reaching out for you to hold
Pictured in your poverty
I heard you were ashamed
That a photograph had stole your soul
And left you with your pain
Dorothea Lange and the S.F. News
Ran the photo just in time
To feed the labor camp down in Nipomo
But you'd walked on down the line
So hello Florence Thompson
Who never wanted fame
Just a stand-in for those Dust Bowl ghosts
Forgotten in their names

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