

Verlene

"The Ostrich"

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The ostrich is hiding his head in the ground
His ignorance thriving and holding us down
Can't we lift up our heads
Not be just blindly led
Can't we respond to what's said

Such a loss, yet America can't seem to mourn
So sad, yet we turn all our sorrow to scorn
What a cost when society can't be reborn
We'll live with the problem
Hand it down to our children
Till the ostrich comes out of his hole

We turn on the TV to hear the day's news
Then we all shake our heads in our comfortable blues
Are our consciences numb
Are we deaf or just dumb
Don't we know what will come

Such a loss, yet America can't seem to mourn
So sad, yet we turn all our sorrow to scorn
What a cost when society can't be reborn
We'll live with the problem
Hand it down to our children
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No one wants to hear it
No one wants it said
No one wants to lose their sweet security

So we turn on the TV to hear the day's news
Then we all shake our heads in our comfortable blues
Are our consciences numb
Are we deaf or just dumb
Don't we know what will come

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