

Anthony Stewart Head

"One Man's Rain"

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I saw a man sitting on a hillside
Watching the soil bake dry
Looking across at the rain cloud forming
In another mans sky
As the sun beats down, relentless
On his crops, withered and dying
While the raindrops fall on the other mans land
One mans rain
The same desert, the same God
And it only rains once a year
Why is one man blessed with plenty
While the others left to scratch in the dirt?
One mans rain, means another mans famine
One mans sky is another mans earth
One mans riches leave another man poorer
One mans temple mocks another mans faith
One mans rain and anothers land is barren
One mans gain leaves another without
One mans palace and anothers left homeless
One mans faith is another mans doubt
Whats wrong with killing something for pleasure
If its always been that way?
Whats wrong with killing the trees that help us breathe
Or tearing the sky?
For every action there's a reaction
And on this planet, withered and dying
One of us plunders the earths resources and the rest
suffer
One mans rain
We share the same oceans, the same dying world
And the notion of supply and demand
Balance in all things, natures promise
Well be left scratching in the dirt

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