

Clifford T. Ward "Unmarried Mother"

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Sitting in the waiting room
Of the Department of Social Security
Waiting for her name to be called out
So that she may secure their charity.

She never thought that love
Could end at all like this
It was never so in books
A year ago and she was such a different girl
Grammar school, respectable, qualifications.

She studied courses academic
With the best from University
But the subject she most needed to succeed in
Has brought misery.

Why ever did she never stop to think?
But then love's not quite like that
Who ever can she turn to now
Parents have turned their back on her
Disgrace to the family.

INSTRUMENTAL

And so surrounded by the weak
And those in need of our society
She sits alone and waits rejected
By the rules of our propriety.

How ever could we ever let her fall like this?
So gentle and so young
Whatever do we really care about
Heaven knows, I'm sure I don't
Won't somebody tell me?

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