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Fleming & John "Break the Circles"

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Lady in Albania works for fifty cents a day Like her momma's momma did And if she tried to leave They'd surely shoot her dead

Right here in my own backyard There's a little boy who's face is scarred His daddy says he fell from a tree But that's what his own daddy said when that little boy was he

Break, break the circle Break, break the circle Break the circle Break the circle

Mr. Smith he's never there But nobody seems to care Mrs. Smith wears diamond rings And the kids are busy playing with their precious things

Break, break the circle Break, break the circle Break the circle Break the circle That binds us to our destiny

I ask a child on the bus What will you be when you grow up? He said, I'll do what my daddy does Stay at home in bed and get my money every month

Break, break the circle Break

Break, break the circle Break, break the circle Break the circle That binds us to our destiny

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