

Karen Elson

"Mouths to Feed"

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The field's a desert,
Not a place to sow a seed
The dust has settled,
And the rich man ignored our pleas

What once was a bountiful place,
To lay down the plough,
Is just a no man's land,
Howling in the dust now.

Why are the men in suits still able to cheat and bleed,
While I'm still tending this land,
Trying to scrounge a dime for a mouth to feed?
And the dust has come and choked up my land,
And covered with tumbleweeds

The only rain that falls on this land are,
The tears that fall from me
The tears that fall from me
The tears that fall from me

Woo woo, woo woo,
Woo, woo, woo

Why are the men in suits still able to cheat and bleed,
While I'm still tending this land,
Trying to scrounge a dime for a mouth to feed?
And the dust has come and choked up my land,
And covered with tumbleweeds

The only rain that falls on this land are,
The tears,
Are the tears,
Are the tears,
Are the tears,
That fall from me

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