

Alli Rogers "Tanzania"

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It's eight hours later in Tanzania.
When Jen lays down
Mary's just opening her eyes.
Her child's feet land on the ground
And dirt scatters,
And she feels left out in the open,
Always left out in the open.
She says, 'son, wear my shoes to school today?'.
He turns and smiles and walks away,
And she thinks to herself

"Someday I will wake
Where the earth is clean and safe.
My children have a place to play,
Not here in Tanzania.
And someday I will live
In a house that's built by
Hands that hold the world."

It's eight hours earlier in Chattanooga.
Mary sits down and Jen's just put the coffee on.
Katie Couric is talking news and fashion,
And Jen feels pushed into a corner,
Always pushed into a corner, she says
'Baby I know what girls at school are like'.
And her daughter rides off on her bike,
And Jen thinks to herself

"Someday I will wake
Where my children get a break,
And there are chances that they'll take,
Not here in Chattanooga.
Someday I will live
In a house that's built by
Hands that hold the world."

Well it's hard to be mother,
And it's hard to be a woman,
And it's hard to live in Africa sometimes.
It's hard to be mother,
And it's hard to be a woman,
And it's hard to live in America sometimes.

But someday I will wake
In a body that won't break,
On ground that doesn't shake, not here.
And someday I will live
In a house that's built by
Hands that hold the world.

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