

# One Man's Rain

Anthony Stewart Head

I saw a man sitting on a hillside  
Watching the soil bake dry  
Looking across at the rain cloud forming  
In another man's sky  
As the sun beats down, relentless  
On his crops, withered and dying  
While the raindrops fall on the other man's land  
One man's 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 man's rain, means another man's famine  
One man's sky is another man's earth  
One man's riches leave another man poorer  
One man's temple mocks another man's faith  
One man's rain and another's land is barren  
One man's gain leaves another without  
One man's palace and another left homeless  
One man's faith is another man's doubt.

What's wrong with killing something for pleasure  
If it's always been that way?  
What's 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 earth's resources and the rest suffer.  
One man's rain.

We share the same oceans, the same dying world  
And the notion of supply and demand  
Balance in all things, nature's promise  
We'll be left scratching in the dirt.  
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