

# Orphans of Wealth

Don McLean

There is no time to discuss or debate  
What is right, what is wrong for our people  
Time has run out for all those who wait  
With bent limbs and minds that are feeble

And the rain falls and blows through their window  
And the snow falls and blows through their door  
And the seasons revolve 'mid their sounds of starvation  
When the tides rise, they cover the floor

And they come from the north  
And they come from the south  
And they come from the hills and they valleys  
And they're migrants and farmers  
And miners and humans  
Our census neglected to tally

And the rain falls and blows through their window  
And the snow falls and blows through their door  
And the seasons revolve 'mid their sounds of starvation  
When the tides rise, they cover the floor

And they're African, Mexican, Caucasian, Indian  
Hungry and hopeless Americans  
The orphans of wealth and of adequate health  
Disowned by this nation they live in

And with weather-worn hands  
On bread lines they stand  
Yet but one more degradation  
Yes, and they're treated like tramps  
While we sell them food stamps  
This thriving and prosperous nation

And the rain falls and blows through their window  
And the snow falls and blows through their door  
And the seasons revolve 'mid their sounds of starvation  
When the tides rise, they cover the floor

And with roaches and rickets and rats in the thickets  
Infested, diseased, and decaying  
With rags and no shoes and skin sores that ooze  
By the poisonous pools they are playing

In shacks of two rooms that are rotting wood tombs  
With corpses breathing inside them  
Yes, and we pity their plight as they call in the night  
And we do all that we can do to