

Mouths to Feed

Karen Elson

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.

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That fall from me.