

This World Is Rich (For Stephen Maboe)

Procol Harum

This world is rich, but it is not mine
Where I live, hungry children are crying
I am not angry, at my own condition
I just want people to know my position

This world is rich, but it is not mine
My people are starving, that must be a crime
When some have so much, and some have so little
There must be a place, we can meet in the middle

This world is rich, but it is not mine
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Our water is poisoned, poverty's intense
We cry inequality, they just build a fence
We don't even own, the ditch where we're dying
This world is rich, but it is not mine

This world is rich, but it is not right
We're asking for help, before we run out of time
We can't live on talk, we just need a hand
We'll walk from the slums, to the promised land

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