

Short Supply

Tracy Chapman

Where are
The sunny days
The blue skies
The flowers for the children
The colors for their eyes?

Don't you see
Don't you see
All these things now days
Come in short supply

It's time that we
It's time that we
Make a space in our hearts
And open our eyes

Where are
All the sandy beaches
Fishes in the sea
Birds to sing for daybreak?
Where are all the trees?

Don't you see
Don't you see
All these things now days
Come in short supply

It's time that we
It's time that we
Make a space in our hearts
And open our eyes

Where are all the grassy hilltops
Clean air to breathe
Pure water to drink of
Beautiful sights to see?

Don't you see
Don't you see
All these things now days
Come in short supply

It's time that we
It's time that we
Make a space in our hearts
And open our eyes

Or there'll be no more you
There'll be no more me
There'll be no more children
All we know will cease to be

Don't you see
Don't you see
The things of this earth
Keep us alive

It's time that we
It's time that we
Make a space in our hearts
And open our eyes

Where are the sunny days?
Blue skies
The flowers for the children
All the colors for their eyes
All the sandy beaches
Fishes in the sea
All the birds to sing for daybreak
Where are
Where are
Where are all the trees?

Don't you see
All these things they come in short supply
It's time that we
Make a space inside our hearts
And open our eyes