

# Fatima

## Black 47

### FATIMA

Fatima rises at dawn  
The hunger like a flame inside her  
It's the feast of Ramadan  
And her father's been praying for hours  
He wears his disapproval  
In a silence, cold but hysterical  
Saw her last night with that Christian boy  
And his world falls apart in America

Her mother fusses about  
Her brother laughs in the kitchen  
Then the phone explodes on the wall  
Oh, my God, don't let it be Michael  
Her father's glare is like violence  
Who else would break the tradition  
Except someone who laughs at our holy ways  
Tears us apart in America

Fatima, you're breaking his heart  
He doesn't understand your dilemma  
A girl becomes a woman alone  
Those who love her  
Can no longer help her  
Why didn't they tell him back home  
Things fall apart in America

Fatima picks up the phone  
Michael is his usual hilarious  
She listens in silence and wonders  
Why American boys are oblivious  
I love you but this is good-bye  
There are too many rivers between us  
Father, forgive me, you're right  
Things fall apart in America

Fatima, you're breaking his heart  
He doesn't understand your dilemma  
A girl becomes a woman alone

Those who love her  
Can no longer help her  
And Michael stares at the phone  
As things fall apart in America

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Lyrics submitted by Larry.

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