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 feebleAnd 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 floorThey come from the north and they come from the south
And they come from the hills and the valleys
And they're migrants and farmers and miners and humans
Our census neglected to tallyAnd the rain falls and blows through their window
And the rain falls and it blows through their door
And the seasons revolve mid their sounds of starvation
When the tides rise, they cover the floorAnd they're African, Mexican, Caucasian, Indian
Hungry and hopeless Americans
The orphans of wealth and of adequate health
Disowned by this nation they live inAnd with weather worn hands on bread lines they stand
Yet but one more degradation
And they're treated like tramps while we sell them food stamps
This thriving and prosperous nationAnd 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 floorAnd 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 playingIn shacks of two rooms that are rotting wood tombs
With corpses breathing inside them
And we pity their plight as they call in the night
And we do all that we can do to hide themAnd the rain falls and blows through their window
And the snow falls in white drifts that fold
And the tides rise with floods in the nursery
And a child is crying, he's hungry and coldHis life has been sold, his young face looks old
It's the face of America, dying

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