

# Dear Mr President

Pink

Dear Mr. President, come take a walk with me  
Let's pretend we're just two people and you're not better than me  
I'd like to ask you some questions if we can speak honestly  
What do you feel when you see all the homeless on  
the street?

Who do you pray for at night before you go to sleep?

What do you feel when you look in the mirror? Are you proud?  
How do you sleep while the rest of us cry?

How do you dream when a mother has no chance to say goodbye?

How do you walk with your head held high?

Can you even look me in the eye? And tell me why?  
Dear Mr. President, were you a lonely boy?

(Were you a lonely boy?)

Are you a lonely boy?

(Are you a lonely boy?)  
How can you say, no child is left behind?

We're not dumb and we're not blind

(We're not blind)

They're all sitting in your cells while you pave the road to hell  
What kind of father would take his own  
daughter's rights away?

And what kind of father might hate his own daughter if she were lesbian?

I can only imagine what the first lady has to say

You've come a long way from whiskey and cocaine  
How do you sleep while the rest of us cry?

How do you dream when a mother has no chance to say goodbye?

How do you walk with your head held high?

Can you even look me in the eye?  
Let me tell you 'bout hard work

Minimum wage with a baby on the way

Let me tell you 'bout hard work

Rebuilding your house after the bombs took them away  
Let me tell you 'bout hard work

Building a bed out of a cardboard box

Let me tell you 'bout hard work, hard work, hard work

You don't know nothin' 'bout hard work, hard work, hard work  
How do you sleep at night?

How do you walk with your head held high?

Dear Mr. President, you'd never take a walk with me, would you?

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