

Five and Twenty Questions

Mark Spoelstra

This world is a-spinin' and a turning upside down
It's struggling on the new legs of revolt.
Do you see what I see in this whole land of ours
Will go along or die beside the road.

I'm just a-thinking in my heart about the future days of man
Can you deny this heavy load
Two thousand years from now the history books will tell
Of the refugees who died beside the road

The history books will tell about the eagle and the bear
Only as the narrow minded few
They will tell about the millions rotting from disease
And their children who starved because of you

Chorus:

So there's five and twenty questions I will ask of you
You could ask yourself five and twenty more
Some are in the bible some from foreign lands
But few are in your mind; few are at your door.

What about the hunger that won't allow the tears
And the refugees that pray for better years
And what about the last war, has it slipped your mind
Or will another destroy the coming years

Do you help a man by serving him or learning about his ways
Can you put tears in those eyes that cannot cry
Can you give a child a coat to warm her frozen heart
Can you live alone and kiss the world goodbye

Do you read the paper every morning and think about your life
Do you really know that death is always near
Well have you read about Hongcong, India and Africa
Reading is far from being there.

Chorus

Have you ever seen a crippled boy leading two blind men
Have you ever heard a one eyed woman cry

Have you ever walked three hundred miles with everything you own
Just to ease the hunger some before you die

Are there two are there four are there six million more
Who hate us for our riches and our guns
Do you want your blindness to kill mankind
Will the rich men remove the need for war

Four more questions resting on my mind
Can you live in this world and be alone
Can you call yourself a refugee, your reflection your own
And how many seeds of hate have you sown

So thereâ€™s five and twenty questions I have asked of you
You could ask yourself five and twenty more
Some are in the bible some from foreign lands
But few are in your mind; few are at your door.

Lyrics submitted by John Bennett.

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