

Break the Circles

Fleming & John

Lady in Albania works for fifty cents a day
Like her momma's momma did
And if she tried to leave
They'd surely shoot her dead Right here in my own backyard
There's a little boy who's face is scarred
His daddy says he fell from a tree
But that's what his own daddy said when that little boy was he Break, break the circle
Break, break the circle
Break the circle
Break the circle Mr. Smith he's never there
But nobody seems to care
Mrs. Smith wears diamond rings
And the kids are busy playing with their precious things Break, break the circle
Break, break the circle
Break the circle
Break the circle
That binds us to our destiny I ask a child on the bus
What will you be when you grow up?
He said, I'll do what my daddy does
Stay at home in bed and get my money every month Break, break the circle
Break Break, break the circle
Break, break the circle
Break the circle
That binds us to our destiny

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