

 *On Hunger*

©Linda Allen 1982

I'm up in the morning, the baby is crying for milk
I nurse her, and then take the baby food down from the shelf
I notice the brand, I meant to boycott that one
But the baby is hungry, guess the damage is done
Oh, what a hard thing is life

African mother, she rocks the small babe in her arms
The baby won't waken, she knows that another child's gone
The nurse gave her pills so the milk would not flow
But formula money ran out long ago
And, oh, how precious is life

I stand in our garden, I feel the good earth through my toes
Didn't get to the beans and they're rotting, but that's how it goes
No time to make lunch, too crazy a day
I'll pick up some burgers, get the kids on the way
Oh, what a hard thing is life

South American mother, she works in her garden alone
She takes what she can for tomorrow she'll have to move on
Her garden's been sold for a big cattle ranch
For American hamburgers, Northwestern branch
And oh, how fragile is life

The house seems too small when the children are noisy like this
Big house in the country - room just to run would be bliss
But for now I'll fix supper, don't waste any, girls
Remember the hungry young ones of the world
And oh, what a hard thing is life

Refugee mother, she sits on the dirt that's her floor
And 8,000 more people live just outside her rag door
Her daughters are silent - strange silence to bear
Their round little bellies, their hollow-eyed stare
And oh, how cruel is life
And oh, what a hard thing is life