

WINTER TANS

© 2010 by Heather Pierson

There's a man like so many living on the street
Who doesn't know where he'll get his next bite to eat
I know it's cliché and I know it sounds trite
But this man doesn't know where he'll sleep tonight

And another sweet girl has been turning tricks
All so she can afford her next fix
Her baby's at her mother's and the daddy left town
I guess he didn't wanna stick around

And all of those ladies with their winter tans
Who've never let a day's work dirty their hands
They're all too busy making their lunch date plans
To really give a damn

At the end of a day when the sun goes down
And sleep comes to all the rich kids in town
There are children in the shadows, in the back alleyways
Who are looking for a reason to face another day

So they might find a gun or a gang or a drug
And grow up to be another bunch of stupid street thugs
You say, "Put 'em all in prison, just get 'em all gone!"
But the cycle will just keep going on
And on and on and on and on...

And what about those ladies with their glittering eyes?
With their cushion-cut diamonds and their perfect thighs?
They're all speeding off through the friendly skies
Why don't they realize

That all of our lives are woven from a single thread
And if we can't love each other, we're as good as dead

There's a hole in my heart the size of my dreams
And it looks like the world's come apart at the seams
The fat cats get richer and the poor stay cold
Well, I'd say this story's getting pretty old

And all of those ladies with their winter tans
Who've never let a day's work dirty their hands
They're all too busy making their lunch date plans
To really give a damn