

Oh Doctor Hear our Voices

Emily Pearce

I live in a house,

In a country,

Where poverty and injustice plague our town.

Where mamma wears old jeans

And sews her soul into sweatshirts.

My fathers lived in their words of justice,

Liberty,

And one nation with a mindset of freedom.

Who is to know how unfair freedom really is.

Capitalist rule our small nation,

Use pennies as pebbles,

And dollars as sweet, sweat rags to climb to the top,

Leaving my fathers to shake their heads.

Well our King would not rest,

His spirits strong,

He still works from the grave.

Our big problem,

Our small problem,

Our great colossal problem.

It won't be fixed until the top listens to strong voices,
It won't be fixed until feet stop marching,
It won't be fixed by the time Doctor rests.

The rich a country is the more selfish it turns.
A Doctor told me that the solution to everything
Is to abolish it directly.