

Don McLean, Orphans Of Wealth

There is no time to discuss or debate
What is right, what is wrong for our people
Time has run out for all those who wait
With bent limbs and minds that are feeble
And the rain falls and blows through their window
And the snow falls and blows through their door
And the seasons revolve 'mid their sounds of starvation
When the tides rise, they cover the floor
And they come from the north
And they come from the south
And they come from the hills and they valleys
And they're migrants and farmers
And miners and humans
Our census neglected to tally
And the rain falls and blows through their window
And the snow falls and blows through their door
And the seasons revolve 'mid their sounds of starvation
When the tides rise, they cover the floor
And they're African, Mexican, Caucasian, Indian
Hungry and hopeless Americans
The orphans of wealth and of adequate health
Disowned by this nation they live in
And with weather-worn hands
On bread lines they stand
Yet but one more degradation
Yes, and they're treated like tramps
While we sell them food stamps
This thriving and prosperous nation
And the rain falls and blows through their window
And the snow falls and blows through their door
And the seasons revolve 'mid their sounds of starvation
When the tides rise, they cover the floor
And with roaches and rickets and rats in the thickets
Infested, diseased, and decaying
With rags and no shoes and skin sores that ooze
By the poisonous pools they are playing
In shacks of two rooms that are rotting wood tombs
With corpses breathing inside them
Yes, and we pity their plight as they call in the night
And we do all that we can do to hide them
And the rain falls and blows through their window
And the snow falls in white drifts that fold
And the tides rise with floods in the nursery
And a child is crying
He's hungry and cold
His life has been sold
His young face looks old
It's the face of America dying