

# Procol Harum, This World Is Rich (For Stephen M

This world is rich, but it is not mine  
Where I live, hungry children are crying  
I am not angry, at my own condition  
I just want people to know my position

This world is rich, but it is not mine  
My people are starving, that must be a crime  
When some have so much, and some have so little  
There must be a place, we can meet in the middle

This world is rich, but it is not mine  
This world is rich, but it is not mine

Our water is poisoned, poverty's intense  
We cry inequality, they just build a fence  
We don't even own, the ditch where we're dying  
This world is rich, but it is not mine

This world is rich, but it is not right  
We're asking for help, before we run out of time  
We can't live on talk, we just need a hand  
We'll walk from the slums, to the promised land

This world is rich, but it is not mine