

Black 47, Fatima

Fatima rises at dawn
The hunger like a flame inside her
It's the feast of Ramadan
And her father's been praying for hours
He wears his disapproval
In a silence, cold but hysterical
Saw her last night with that Christian boy
And his world falls apart in America

Her mother fusses about
Her brother laughs in the kitchen
Then the phone explodes on the wall
Oh, my God, don't let it be Michael
Her father's glare is like violence
Who else would break the tradition
Except someone who laughs at our holy ways
Tears us apart in America

Fatima, you're breaking his heart
He doesn't understand your dilemma
A girl becomes a woman alone
Those who love her
Can no longer help her
Why didn't they tell him back home
Things fall apart in America

Fatima picks up the phone
Michael is his usual hilarious
She listens in silence and wonders
Why American boys are oblivious
I love you but this is good-bye
There are too many rivers between us
Father, forgive me, you're right
Things fall apart in America

Fatima, you're breaking his heart
He doesn't understand your dilemma
A girl becomes a woman alone
Those who love her
Can no longer help her
And Michael stares at the phone
As things fall apart in America