

# Clifford T. Ward, Unmarried Mother

Sitting in the waiting room

Of the Department of Social Security

Waiting for her name to be called out

So that she may secure their charity.

She never thought that love

Could end at all like this

It was never so in books

A year ago and she was such a different girl

Grammar school, respectable, qualifications.

She studied courses academic

With the best from University

But the subject she most needed to succeed in

Has brought misery.

Why ever did she never stop to think?

But then love's not quite like that

Who ever can she turn to now

Parents have turned their back on her

Disgrace to the family.

INSTRUMENTAL

And so surrounded by the weak

And those in need of our society

She sits alone and waits rejected

By the rules of our propriety.

How ever could we ever let her fall like this?

So gentle and so young

Whatever do we really care about

Heaven knows, I'm sure I don't

Won't somebody tell me?