

Lyrics by: Rose DeShaw

Gaggle: Kingston

Tune: Wooden Heart

Date written or updated:

Our Wooden Hearts

Something happens to me
When the poor on streets I see
Begging endlessly
For a small bit of help from me
How can such a rich place
As our dear [Ontario]
leave them in the cold?
When we have all we have, today?
My heart will never be the same
While my country's streets house the poor
Change our minds, change our laws
Change the way we look at wealth
Housing, help and health
And soften our wooden hearts.