

Struggling

Description

I'm a single mom of three
Their dad died accidentally•
On the job in construction
Now all three need counseling
Their school said try a private shrink
There's been a budget reduction
One's cutting school, and another gets drunk
And the youngest just stays home and weeps
I have to work to pay the rent
So I'm home mostly when they're sleeping *[anticipate]*

There's not enough food
Even with my three jobs
I try not to be rude *[anticipate]*
But it's food stamps or we starve

Wendy's, Walmart and Burger King
Are my employers
The wages that they're paying
Make them my exploiters

Neighbors whisper that I'm
Not much of a mother
Some say it is time *[anticipate]*
To place my kids with another

All my life I tried and tried
To do what you're supposed to
Now I'm stuck in this plight
This is what I'm reduced to

Being poor
Isn't a crime
Turning your backs
That's the REAL crime!

Category

1. Business & Economy
2. Human & Civil Rights
3. Women's Issues

Date Created

November 29, 2013

Author

nyc-metro

Meta Fields

Lyrics By : Nora Freeman

Gaggle : NYC Metro

Tune : Food Glorious Food

Youtube Link : youtu.be/J0qSDxxtCGM