

TAKE A STAND

Maybe before we didn't know,
That Corey is afraid to go
To school, the store, to roller skate.
He cries a lot for a boy of eight.
But now we know each day it's true
That other girls and boys cry too.
They cry for us to lend a hand.
Time for us to take a stand.

And little Maria's window screens
Keep out flies and other things.
But she knows to duck her head,
When she prays each night 'fore bed.
Because in the window comes some things
That shatter little children-dreams.
For some, the hourglass is out of sand.
Time for us to take a stand.

And Charlie's deepest, secret wishes,
Is someone to smother him with kisses
And squeeze and hug him tight, so tight,
While he pretends to put up a fight.
Or at least someone to be at home,
Who misses him, he's so alone.
Who allowed this child-forsaken land?
Look in the mirror and take a stand.

And on the Sabbath, when we pray,
To our God we often say,
"Oh, Jesus, Mohammed, Abraham,
I come to better understand,
How to learn to love and give,
And live the life you taught to live."
In faith we must join hand in hand.
Suffer the children? Take the stand!

And tonight, some child will go to bed,
No food, no place to lay their head.
No hand to hold, no lap to sit,
To give slobbery kisses, from slobbery lips.
So you and I, we must succeed
In this crusade, this holy deed,
To say to the children in this land:
"Have hope. We're here. We take a stand!"

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