

One Man's Rain

Anthony Stewart Head

I saw a man sitting on a hillside
Watching the soil bake dry
Looking across at the rain cloud forming
In another man's sky
As the sun beats down, relentless
On his crops, withered and dying
While the raindrops fall on the other man's land
One man's rain.

The same desert, the same God
And it only rains once a year
Why is one man blessed with plenty
While the others left to scratch in the dirt?
One man's rain, means another man's famine
One man's sky is another man's earth
One man's riches leave another man poorer
One man's temple mocks another man's faith
One man's rain and another's land is barren
One man's gain leaves another without
One man's palace and another left homeless
One man's faith is another man's doubt.

What's wrong with killing something for pleasure
If it's always been that way?
What's wrong with killing the trees that help us breathe
Or tearing the sky?
For every action there's a reaction
And on this planet, withered and dying
One of us plunders the earth's resources and the rest suffer.
One man's rain.

We share the same oceans, the same dying world
And the notion of supply and demand
Balance in all things, nature's promise
We'll be left scratching in the dirt.
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