

I've been slaving all day long
Making mock of me as if nothing's wrong
It's a curse, I'm a castaway
I've given all, nothing more to say

So tired, still no end
She placed her hand on her forehead
Wondered why, what's it for
It's a dead end
Mrs. B walks towards the door
You haven't eaten anything, don't you want some more?
Does she talk to herself or me
Contemporary slavery

She seems shrunken
And her face showed signs of her old age
Breakable bones
All alone without her family
They are waiting for the death of Mrs. B

Mrs. B keeps her son to herself
At least she tries to
When he married, it cause quite a stir
She hit him and her too

She wonders why no one calls
Since they got her number and all
It'll be a relief to slowly drift away
No more waiting for the lonely days

Mrs. B says she's all alone
Wondering if she's safe in her home
Doesn't care to come out because the kids
Might take her purse or blow her to bits