

Dear Congress, (17)

Dispatch

No hands to warm, no bedtime story, no lullaby, no little steps
in the middle of the night
And the nation's numb, is this what our forefathers had in mind
What is happening in Washington

It's not enough
Your thoughts and prayers
You send your love, you say you care
But you are not my baby

Oh but my heart has died, standing alone in an empty room, except for my child but She's not really there
And the people have gone, and I want to pick her up and take her home
I can't bear to leave her here

It's not enough
Your thoughts and prayers
You send your love, you say you care
But you are not my baby

Oh bless the child, oh rest their souls, I bet those law makers
don't know
This feeling that...

It's not enough
Your thoughts and prayers
You send your love, you say you care
But you are not my baby
Can you do something
So that there's not more gone babies

26, 58, 49, 14, 12, 27, 13, 32... 17