

## 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