

All We Do Is Cry

UB40

We see mothers cry
As their children die
On our TV sets
While we sit and vent
But nothing gets done
As they pass one by one
All they do is die
All they do is die
All we do is cry

We see babies stare
Bloated bellies nose flared
Body all in pain
Their screams are in vain
But nothing gets done
As they pass one by one
All they do is die
All they do is die
All we do is cry

We see graves in a row
Fathers tears, head low
No one stop to question why
They suffer and they die
Still nothing gets done
As they pass one by one
All they do is die
All they do is die
All we do is cry
All they do is die
All they do is die
All we do is cry

See that child in the middle of the street
Begging for some food and some water that's clean
We're running out of time people can't you see
Why should they be learning to survive in defeat

And how can they act like nothings wrong
How long will this suffering really carry on
Until we find someone who care's
All we do is cry

We see babies stare
Bloated bellies nose flared
Body all in pain
Their screams are in vain
But nothing gets done
As they pass one by one
All they do is die
All they do is die
All we do is cry

We see graves in a row
Fathers tears, head low
No one stops to question why
They suffer and they die

Still nothing gets done
As they pass one by one
All they do is die
All they do is die
All we do is cry
All they do is die
All they do is die
All we do is cry
All they do is die
All they do is die
All we do is cry