

*Mi Querida Hija, Donde Estas?* ©2019 Linda Allen

They say, "Run, Hija, Run!", Run for the border  
They've taken your husband, your son and your father  
Our lives were in danger, so we ran for the border  
Me and my daughter, To live among strangers

*Mi querida hija, donde estas?*

The journey was long and we barely survived it  
'Half-starved and exhausted we finally arrived to  
The country of refuge for strong, willing hands  
It was there at the border the rumors began

*Mi querida hija, donde estas?*

We were finally questioned, then they reached for my daughter  
I'd heard rumors of cages, kids taken from mothers  
I screamed "Run, Hija, Run", our lives were in danger  
But they took her from me, these cold as ICE strangers

*Mi querida hija, donde estas?*

They sent me away, away from that border  
I go back every day to search for my daughter  
But they've taken our children to live among strangers  
But they can't tell me where, they've lost all the papers

*Mi querida hija, donde estas?*