

 *The Journey*

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We came by night to the river
Miguel, Amalita and me
Miguel was just six, Amalita, three years
Our one chance for life was to flee
Their father, a brave and a good man
Was killed when our village was bombed
What cowards would kill a good man as he sleeps
He never did anyone harm

But the bombs never ask any questions
There's no soul within the big guns
And the soldiers push buttons, they laugh and they joke
And they never see what they have done

The soldiers would come to our village
To recruit our young men for their wars
They'd tempt them with lies, but we've grown much too wise
So the devils would take them by force
Now they say that our town is unfriendly
But what do we know of these things?
We'd plant and we'd harvest, when harvest we could
We'd hope, and we'd pray, and we'd sing

But the bombs never ask any questions
There's no soul within the big guns
And many would die with fear in their eyes
And the women and children would run

So I stand by the river, my children and I
Behind me, my dreams, and the mountains and sky
And the water is deep, and I wish I could fly
like a bird

The water is cold, and so muddy
Amalita holds tight to my back
Miguel, he grows tired, O God, give him strength
Oh, why is the river so black?
They say there is one who will help us
With the last of my strength, I will scream
Now strong arms surround me, I lie on the shore
And I wonder if this is a dream

And the bombs never ask any questions
There's no soul within the big guns
The money is spent, and the laws freely bent
And the generals won't see what they've done

With kind words he carries the children
I follow along to his home
He sees they are fed, and put safely to bed

And he says I need not feel alone

For here there are those who would help us
An underground railroad of friends
For borders are made out of greed and of fear
And God knows the hatred must end
God knows the hatred must end