

My Daughter

David Rovics

C F G Am
She was pick-ing yel-low flow-ers Smil-ing at the sun-light

F C G Am
Weav-ing stems to make a neck-lace Work-ing hard to get it all right

C F G Am
She reached out to trade it For the bread her ma-ma brought her

C G F
And when I looked in - to her eyes I saw my daught-er

Her feet were bare as mine were
When I grew up in the country
And just like her I watched my mother
Hanging out the laundry
Now she's grabbed some clothes and darted off
And her mama chased and caught her
And when I looked into her eyes, I saw my daughter

Now she's running down the alleyway
Dust rising up behind her
She hides beneath the rubble
Where nobody can find her
And when she tires and walks back home
Her mama tells her that she loves her
And when I looked into her eyes, I saw my daughter

And when the sun sets she is hungry
But there's no more bread to give her
The cement floor is cold tonight
And beneath the rags she shivers
And as the jet planes scorch the sky
She's longing for her brother
As the bombs fall in the distance
She wonders, will the next one fall much closer
It's not so far to Basra
And I could be her father
And when I looked into her eyes, I saw my daughter