

Why

Mum's been in and out of institutions nearly all her life
She's fragile, unstable, each day balanced on the edge of a schizophrenic's knife
Dad's seen institutions too, where they're sure to lock the door
He's hyper and wild-eyed with drink or comatose with drugs, in a heap upon the floor
And there's 4 year old Leticia, she's crying in her room alone
After another of their beatings, she's lucky this time they've not broken any bones

Chorus

And why she asks, and why, doesn't anybody care?
And why she asks, and why, when she screams for help is there nobody there?

The beatings stop for a week, then like a miracle, for two
And Leticia cries, but now with joy, it's like she's seeing life brand new
A nice lady from the Social comes, asks how many friends she's got
Mum answers that she's very, very shy, doesn't mix with the other kids a lot
But the nice lady fixes Nursery, for a week she's happy and amused
But then the beatings start again, Nursery stops, she can't go out so badly bruised

Chorus

The neighbours see her face, it's always pressed against the glass
They think she's smiling, not pleading for help, when she waves each time they pass
They wonder when she's not been seen for days, but they don't give it further thought
Shocked when they hear on TV news, that her life has been savagely cut short
And who's to blame, it's Mum and Dad, the Social, we're all so easily absolved
It was nothing to do with us, mate, we hadn't the time, hadn't the time to get involved

Chorus

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