Matter 12 / Laurence Keeley

There's more
Yesterday I walked through the streets
And I saw the empty houses
Closed, shut, no-one in them
Around the corner
A family, sleeping on the street
Nowhere to go to. Without future? Without hope?
The next morning
I watched the people rushing around
Running to work
They don't see each other
They run as if being chased
But they swear when they bump into someone
No time for friendliness now
No time to waste. Gotta earn a living
To pay the rent, the food, the clothes
To keep the tax collector happy
Work eat sleep eat speed eat work sleep
Is there more?
Who invented this system?
Who survives in it? Last week my friend moved house
They want a family and a larger place
Now their money has run out
But still houses are being built for the highest price
Who will live in them?
God gave us the earth as a gift
But who gave us the right to make big business out of it
There's more to life
Look around and you will see
Stop running and relax
Look, your neighbour might need you
Stop and listen
There is more.