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On the Wrong Side

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As I sit on the bench, looking at the grass, I can hear the birds chirping.
The stone bench is cool and welcoming on this oddly hot autumn day.
The sun beats down upon my back and my blood begins to boil.
As I think of all the people that constantly toil.

As I sit on this bench and look out toward the world i realize that I am not welcome.
There are lines in the sand and places that I can't stand.
On this oddly warm autumn day people are still working, fighting, surviving.

As I sit on this cold bench I look up and see the birds chirping.
Singing their endless songs of happiness, taking off when they please.
And I think to myself, where would I go if I were free?
I don't think of London or France.
I think of Ruth, Lizbeth, and Janet. That's where I'd go if I were free.
If I could go anywhere in the world, next to my family is where I'd want to be.