

Barefoot in the Dust – the Siyabuswa Blues

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we'd driven for hours
long African days,
we heard children singing
through cool morning haze
we stood there and listened
with dust in our hair
with tears in our eyes, Lord,
we felt You were there.

*I'm begging for help Lord,
why isn't life just?
why keep those kids crying,
bare foot in the dust?
maybe there's some way,
to make their life just
to help those kids living,
bare foot in the dust*

we'd see them all smiling,
and running around.
play football in bare feet,
with glass on the ground.
a land of abundance,
so why's life hard there?
so where is Your justice?
why isn't life fair?

maybe I've got something,
some skills I can give.
help somebody somewhere,
help somebody live,
we sewed and we painted,
we nailed and we taught.
we worked in the hot sun,
did more than we thought.

*it started me thinking,
why isn't life just?
why keep those kids singing,
bare foot in the dust?
I'm feeling so helpless,
why isn't life just?
why keep those kids playing,
bare foot in the dust?*

with skin different colours,
two languages too.
two countries, two peoples,
but one under You.
We sang songs together,
We shared and we'd pray.
we talked of the future,
a dawning new day.

I'm struggling for answers,
oh Lord please explain.
'cos behind those sweet smiles,
there's illness and pain.
there's kids with no parents,
I'm begging you please.
oh why hurt the poorest,
with that fearful disease?

*we did what we could Lord,
to make their life just
to help those kids living,
bare foot in the dust
we all started dreaming,
that life could be just.
a future with no-one,
bare foot in the dust.*

I'm feeling so bad Lord,
I've more than I need.
while they have so little,
they're victims of greed.
what I spend on coffee,
could give them a way.
to learn for a future,
new skills from today.