

CHANGE

By Harry Ford

Living in my countryside farm
is a joy on its own,
with the buzzing of the bees,
and the freshly cut grass,
it's my perfect and beautiful home.
But as our knowledge grows,
and technology advances, I can't help
but wonder 'Where is all my land'?
A second ago it was there,
but now it's not, all that's been left now
is my house but no crops.
My cows have been sold, and
my chickens made into meat,
so now my farm is no good.
There's a city over there,
and a factory close by,
so now I have to say good-bye.
My once perfect home will be
left to rot, my animals taken,
and all my crops gone, my perfect
farm home is now no more....
All that's left now, is an industrial war.