

# Pink, Dear Mister President

Dear Mr. President,  
Come take a walk with me.  
Let's pretend we're just two people and  
You're not better than me.  
I'd like to ask you some questions if we can speak honestly.

What do you feel when you see all the homeless on the street?  
Who do you pray for at night before you go to sleep?  
What do you feel when you look in the mirror?  
Are you proud?

How do you sleep while the rest of us cry?  
How do you dream when a mother has no chance to say goodbye?  
How do you walk with your head held high?  
Can you even look me in the eye  
And tell me why?

Dear Mr. President,  
Were you a lonely boy?  
Are you a lonely boy?  
Are you a lonely boy?  
How can you say  
No child is left behind?  
We're not dumb and we're not blind.  
They're all sitting in your cells  
While you pave the road to hell.

What kind of father would take his own daughter's rights away?  
And what kind of father might hate his own daughter if she were gay?  
I can only imagine what the first lady has to say  
You've come a long way from whiskey and cocaine.

How do you sleep while the rest of us cry?  
How do you dream when a mother has no chance to say goodbye?  
How do you walk with your head held high?  
Can you even look me in the eye?

Let me tell you 'bout hard work  
Minimum wage with a baby on the way  
Let me tell you 'bout hard work  
Rebuilding your house after the bombs took them away  
Let me tell you 'bout hard work  
Building a bed out of a cardboard box  
Let me tell you 'bout hard work  
Hard work  
Hard work  
You don't know nothing 'bout hard work  
Hard work  
Hard work  
Oh

How do you sleep at night?  
How do you walk with your head held high?  
Dear Mr. President,  
You'd never take a walk with me.  
Would you?