

WALKIN' BAREFOOTED

Try to walk a mile in my shoes?  
 You can't.  
 There is no shoes, i walk barefooted.  
 So you don't have a clue.  
 Laos was apart of the Vietnam War.  
 Planes dropping cluster bombs,  
 Hundreds of lives floating on rice paddy ponds.  
 Innocent civilians missing arms.  
 A peasant's means of living is stripped.  
 cuz of the destruction to their farms.  
 Buddhist temples destroyed,  
 Ancient Buddhist statues missing meditative palms.  
 Peaceful Buddhist monks trying to stay calm.  
 Screams of terror is the signal of alarm.  
 The cries of, "is it over yet", echos.  
 But not yet, here comes the napalm.  
 Which causes more harm!  
 Now the spread of cancer is on.  
 Soldiers baring arms.  
 Dead bodies decorating the land.  
 Those who survive, RAN.  
 Peasant's making escape plans.  
 Soldiers & Political figures making escape plans.  
 Cuz the communist is getting the upper hand.  
 They're taking over the land.  
 Running thru jungles,  
 and swimming across rivers just to get to Thailand.  
 Some died of snake bites, some died of starvation.  
 Some drowned, and some caught & died of execution.  
 Those who made it, stayed in camps as refugees.  
 Treated as sub-humans, just waiting to be free.  
 Like every refugee, they waited to get to the land of  
 oppurtunities.  
 The land of oppurtunities, for them became a reality.  
 But the dreams of oppurtunities,  
 manifested into nightmares.  
 Once a people living off the land,  
 now a people surviving off WIC & Welfare.  
 The government don't really care.  
 They said, "we brought you over here,  
 so we did our share".  
 The projects & ghettos became our living.  
 Trapped with the rest of the FORGOTTENS.  
 The first generation is close to extinction.  
 The generation to come, is in grave condition.  
 The mother languages, they no longer speaking.  
 Traditional ways, they no longer following.  
**ALL SHIT**  
 I can hear the dropping of other bomb.  
 When it hits, our culture, traditions, &  
 languages are gone.  
 For nothing, our fathers bared arms.  
 For nothing, our people died floating in  
 rice paddy ponds.  
 For nothing, our people lost arms.  
 For nothing, our people lost their farms.  
 What's worser, the cluster bombs?  
 The dropping of napalm?  
 Or the bomb that destroys a culture & tradition.

Or the napalm that creates a cancer,  
that spreads & kills a culture & tradition.  
See I walked & run thru the war zones.  
My father fought in the war,  
while my peasant mother took care of home.  
Communism sweeping thru, my father came back,  
and fled a land we call home.  
My little feet ran thru the jungles.  
My head duck down crossing the Mekong River.  
Bullets racing by while we huddled.  
I laugh & played in the refugee camp,  
while my mother & father struggled.  
In 83 we touched the land of oppurtunities.  
But WIC & Welfare became our realities.  
Now a new war is on.  
I watched my mother & father missing a land  
called home.  
I watched my little brothers speaking  
only english at home.  
And I watched them adapting a new culture.  
In my eyes I see my traditions almost gone.  
Other refugee kids also losing old ways.  
So I see a traditional death today.  
But I see a extinction in the future.  
With no shoes I still walk.  
My language I still talk.  
Home is in my heart.  
So take off your shoes, and  
try to walk a mile barefooted.  
But you couldn't  
Because your feet is use to comfort,  
while mines is use to hardship.

WRITTEN & SPOKEN BY:

SOUVANNASENG BORIBOUNE