

WILL WE HAVE RICE TO-MORROW?

Words and Music by
Kathleen Johnson

Ad lib. D Bm Em A7 D

1. Day is o - ver, work is done, Peo-ple are hur-ry-ing by, The streets are bright, the

Bm Em A7 D Bm

build-ings tall, They al-most touch the sky, My heart is hea-vy as I go home, My

G A Bm F#m Em *a tempo* A7

feet are dragg-ing slow, For ev-ery night my lit-tle son and daugh-ter want to know,

Chorus D Em A7 D Em A7 D

Will we have rice to-mor-row, Dad, Be-fore we go to bed?— You pro-mised we'd have it to-day,—

E A7 Bm G A Bm 3 F#m Em

— Dad, Re-mem-ber what you said? Why are some peo-ple fat, Dad, And o-thers thin like

A7 D G F#m Em A7 D *Fine*

us? Was it like this when you were a boy? Will it be al-ways thus?

Verse D Bm Em A7 D

2. I think to my-self as I walk a-long, "I won-der what I'd do If I were one of the

Bm Em A7 D Bm

ve-ry rich, Would I be self-ish too? Could I be— just the same in-side— As the

G A Bm F#m Em A7

peo-ple I've learned to hate?— Who are we going to put in place of the ones we li-qui-date?—

3. Supposing all decided now
From banya to man of state
To care enough and share enough,
What wonders we'd create,
No need to hate and kill
But help to build new men instead
We could have a free world
Where my children would be fed.

Chorus
3. Yes, there'll be rice to-morrow, Son,
Before you go to bed
Yes, you'll live in a house, Son,
With a place to lay your head,
For I can see a new world
Where all men have a part
Come on with me and build it, Son,
Here's the place to start.

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