

“THEY”

Words from a poem by Chris Hutchings

Music by Alison Willis

**They crossed the borders to get here,
They crossed the lines They couldn't see,
They wanted all that They could get here,
A job, a life, a right to be.**

**Our laws, We said
Our ancient, complex laws,
A labyrinth of documents and words
Will hold Them back,
We'll keep Them out,
They won't get past Our laws.**

**They crossed the ocean to get here,
They paid the smugglers with gold,
They couldn't bring anything with Them,
Spent days trapped in a leaking hold.**

**Our ships, We said
Our ships will turn Them back,
It's dangerous out on the open seas,
They'll stay on land,
We'll keep Them out,
They won't get past Our ships.**

**They fled the bombings to get here,
They fled the missiles that We sold,
We said They couldn't claim asylum,
We said Their children looked too old.**

**A wall, We said
A great big beautiful wall
Of concrete and cameras over ten feet tall,
Will keep Them there,
We'll keep Them out,
They won't get past Our wall.**

**They crossed the desert to get here,
They fled the massacre at home,
They brought the baby to the stable,
They left myrrh, frankincense and gold.**

**Our hearts, We said
Our hardened, thankless hearts,
With all compassion rudely torn apart,
Will keep Them out,
We'll keep Them out,
They won't get to Our hearts.**

Part of the “Choirs Against Racism” project.

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