ZIPPITY DO DA

by Linda K. Mitcham

Zippity do da
Zippity aye
Why of why
do the cupboard's look this way?
Plenty of flour
Plenty of dough.
But the kind I really need
is the kind you fold.
Kids are a little hungry
My tongue, does it hang.
Visions of food aplenty
give my heart extra pangs.
The biscuits I just made
were hard as a rock.
But my children laugh now;
telling me they made their day.
Zippity do da
Zippity aye
How the hell do things
happen this way?
Money is not stretching
Not enough food to go around.
Wishing that ounce of meat
would turn into a pound.

Yea, Zippity do da
Zippity aye
The rice and gravy
are losing their way.
Kids are starting to worry,
wondering, what mom is fixing today.
Yea, zippity do da
Zippity aye
Mr. money man
please sit on my shoulder
We want some food.
We need some hope.
Now, not when we are older.
Zippity Do Da
Zippity aye
My oh my what a wonderful day.