

Title : LITTLE INDIA

Composer : Dick Lee

Lyricist : Dick Lee

Little India rises at the crack of dawn
Staring at a bag she's packed for moving on
Going on a journey but not knowing where
The road will lead her to
Dressed and ready Little India steps outside
Looking every inch the pretty blushing bride
Taken by the hand, she's quickly taken to a man
She wished she knew

It's not as if Little India's given away
She's not a gift, Papa has a dowry to pay
A rule of ancient voices that deny her
Any choices, any chance to be saved

Chorus:

Hey Little India, run for your life
Keep on running even if you've nowhere to hide
Or Little India, be a good wife
Think about the Little Indias
Those who have died

Sitting at the wedding for which papa paid
Little India faces future as a maid
To a total stranger whom to her
Is very dangerous to know
When the party's over and she's cleaned the place
He comes in with anger written on his face
Shouting and complaining
That the gifts her father gave him are a joke

So she's punished by husband and mother-in-law
And she can take each insult along with each chore
But the hurting and the hitting
And the scolding and the beating,
She can't take anymore!

Chorus:

Hey Little India, run for your life
Keep on running even if you've nowhere to hide

Or Little India, be a good wife
Think about the Little Indias
Those who have died

Take care, Little India
While the world is working on a way to save you
Meanwhile keep a lookout for the demons
Who eye you and buy you
Spurn you then they'll burn you
'Cos there are millions of Little Indias

Chorus:

Hey Little India, run for your life
Keep on running even if you've nowhere to hide
Or Little India, be a good wife
Think about the Little Indias

Hey Little India, run for your life
Keep on running even if you've nowhere to hide
Or Little India, be a good wife
Think about the Little Indias
Those who have died