

Samantha-Jayne

Nobody speaks to Samantha-Jayne,
The silent child with the fancy name,
Who comes to school with hair a mess,
And milk stains down her dirty dress,
Who wears a coat that's far too small,
And stands alone by the playground wall.

Nobody plays with Samantha-Jayne,
Who lives with her mum down Leadmill Lane,
In a run-down flat that's dark and smelly,
Who spends her nights glued to the telly,
And sleeps in a bed that's damp and cold,
In a dark little room that's full of mould.

Nobody cares about Samantha-Jayne,
Who walks to school in wind and rain,
With her unwashed face and hair a mess,
And her coat too small and her dirty dress,
With the tight little mouth and the frightened stare.
No one, no one is there to care.

Samantha-Jayne, Samantha-Jayne,
Oh, what do you dream of, Samantha-Jayne,
As you walk to school all alone.
Or stand in the playground on your own?
Do you dream of friends with whom to play,
To help you through the lonely day?
Do you dream of arms to hold you tight.
To help you through the lonely night?

Gervase Phinn 'Samantha-Jayne' by Gervase Phinn,
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Fe fydd e'n gwella

SAM'S STORY

It will get better



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