

A Stranger's Eyes

All the ignorance, all the stares
Coming from strangers' eyes
Looking at you like a bad parent
Because your child cries

You hear the whispers
"Look at her, she's way too young"
"She already has a child"
You walk by with your head down
As the pain and frustration is piled

Every child gets tired or fussy
And every child cries
But when you're a young mother, in public
Your confidence dies

I've taken the classes and the advice
I'm the best mother I can be
I play with her I expand her mind
But that's no good ... apparently

All we can do is prove them wrong
And do the best to teach our kids
When they grow up to stop the stares
As those strangers once did.

So next time these strangers' eyes happen to stare
Just ignore the whispers
And smile and nod
And show them you don't care