

FRIEND OF THE POOR

On the African plains,
A young mother weeps, for her hungry child
She prays he'll survive, with tear-filled eyes
She looks up to heaven, and calls your name
She pours out her pain
You know her name, and you hear her cries

Friend of the poor, help me through the night
Help me in the fight, come to my rescue
Friend of the poor, take this skin and bones
Make this heart a home, come to my rescue

On the streets of L.A.
An old man lies in his cardboard home
He feels so alone, with tear-stained eyes
He looks up to heaven, and prays a prayer:
"Is there anyone there?"
You know his name and you hear his cries,

It's getting dark, it's getting late
It's cold outside the rich mans gate
And I'm wondering,
Do you have any friends around here?

