

HEART OF THE HOMELESS

Music and Lyrics
Bob Farrell, Van Stephenson

IT GETS COLD IN THE WINTERTIME
AND THE HANDOUTS ARE FEW
IS THE WHOLE WORLD SO BLIND
TO THE PLIGHT OF THE FEW

IT COULD BE YOUR NEIGHBOR
WHO SHOULD BE YOUR FRIEND
IN THE HEART OF THE HOMELESS
THE HEARTACHES DON'T END

AND THE HEART OF THE HOMELESS
IS THE SOUL ON THE STREET
AND THE HEART OF THE HOMELESS
IS A SAD PLACE TO BE

IN A LAND FULL OF WHEAT FIELDS
YOU WONDER HOW THIS CAN BE
HERE IN THE WEALTHIEST NATION IN ALL HISTORY
WE'RE BUILDING OUR CHURCHES TO GOD UP ABOVE
IN OUR RACE TO BE HUMAN
WE FORGOT ABOUT LOVE