

Andy Park, 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 these skin and bones
Make this heart a home, come to my rescue
Friend of the poor
On the streets of LA 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 anyone there?
You know his name and You hear his cries
Friend of the poor help me through the night
Help me in the fight, come to my rescue
Friend of the poor take these skin and bones
Make this heart a home, come to my rescue
It's getting dark, it's getting late
It's cold outside the rich man's gate
And I'm wondering do you have any friends around here?
Who are friends of the poor to help me through the night
Help me in the fight, come to my rescue
Friend of the poor take these skin and bones
Give this heart a home, come to my rescue
Friend of the poor help me through the night
Help me in the fight
Friend of the poor help me through the night
Help me in the fight, come to my rescue
Friend of the poor take these skin and bones
Give this heart a home, come to my rescue
Friend of the poor