

# 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