

Darryl Worley, Those Less Fortunate Than I

(Mark Nesler)

I don't have a lot, but I'm proud of what I've got

I can't complain

'Cause I see people hangin' round, on the city streets downtown

Living on pocket change

There're times I've been confused, felt that I was born to lose

Oh but I survived

Unlike the one's who pray and feel more than blessed each day

To just be still alive

Is there something we can do

Seems the odds against survival are a million to one

The only hope they have will die

In the hearts of you and I if nothing's ever done

I can't save them by myself

Oh but God forbid that I just turn my head

And walk on by

Don't let me be a stranger to those less fortunate than I

Seems that old golden rule, that I learned back in school

Has lost its shine

It's a crying shame, and I wonder could the blame

Be yours and mine

Discipline was tough, and that old principal was rough

But the times were good

'Cause no one ever found one single child shot down

In the neighborhood

Is there something we can do

Seems the odds against survival are a million to one

'Cause every day that passes by

Another street gang victim dies

And still there's nothing done

I can't save them by myself

Oh but God forbid that I just run away somewhere and hide

From the fear and the danger of those less fortunate than I

Lord don't let me be a stranger to those less fortunate than I