

# Durutti Column, The Beggar

Some words uttered by a beggar  
Struck a glancing blow  
Frames form in his mind  
Words form in his mouth  
Call into this night  
(chorus)  
At each new corner  
I grow more weary  
At each new corner  
I see more people  
I see more people  
Lay in this doorway  
In the orange street glare  
People seem so far away  
Their names mean nothing now  
I see them turn and stare  
I watch them slip away  
Their names mean nothing  
Their names mean nothing  
Their names mean nothing now  
(chorus)  
Has Jesus forgotten  
This man on the ground  
The dirt on his clothes  
And the blood on his face  
He has his own blood  
And the light in his eyes  
People seem so far away  
Their names mean nothing now  
People seem so far away  
Their names mean nothing now  
Their names mean nothing  
Their names mean nothing now  
(fade)