

# First Call, Billy On The Boulevard

(words by Paul McCusker and music by David Maddux)

Billy out on the boulevard  
Preaching salvation on fire and tar  
Some think he's crazy  
Some just shake their heads  
But Billy keeps on preaching  
Yeah, Billy keeps on preaching  
Billy out in the rain again  
No one will know his suffering and pain  
They say he's dying  
But inside he's alive  
And Billy keeps on preaching  
Yeah, Billy keeps on preaching  
No one seems to know the days are numbered  
Some are going to sleep while others slumber  
And some will never rest at all

CHORUS:

And the waves of heat are rising  
And the steam escapes the street  
Southern California shade offers no relief  
But he's pounding out the pavement  
With his leatherback in his hand  
Trying to make the people understand  
No one sees the fields are white to harvest  
The laborers too few to hit the target  
And some won't even try at all  
And the waves of heat are rising  
And the steam escapes the street  
Southern California shade offers no relief  
But he's pounding out the pavement  
With his leatherback in his hand  
Trying to make the people understand  
Billy out in the barren wind  
Feeling the last breath escaping within  
When he talks of dying  
He speaks of it firsthand  
But Billy keeps on preaching  
Yeah, Billy keeps on preaching to the end