

Joan Baez, Tramp On The Street

(Grady and Hazel Cole)

Only a tramp was Lazarus that day,
He lay down by the rich man's gate.
He begged for crumbs from the rich man to eat
But they left him to die like a tramp on the street.

And Jesus who died on Calvary's tree,
Shed his life blood for you and for me
They pierced his side, his hands and his feet
And they left Him to die like a tramp on the street.

He was Mary's own darlin', he was Mary's own son;
Once he was fair and once he was young,
And Mary she rocked him, her little darlin' to sleep,
But they left him to die like a tramp on the street.

When the battles are over, and the victory's won,
Everyone mourns with the poor man's son,
Red white and blue, and victory sweet,
And they left him to die like a tramp on the street.