

Norma Jean, Tramp On The Street

Only a tramp was Lazurus' sad fate, he who laid down at the rich man's gate
He begged for the crumbs from the rich man to eat
He was only a tramp found dead on the street
He was some mother's darling he was some mother's son
Once he was fair and once he was young
Some mother rocked him her darling to sleep
But they left him to die like a tramp on the street
Jesus he died on Calvary's tree he shed his life's blood for you and for me
They pierced his sides his hands and his feet
Then they left him to die like a tramp on the street
If Jesus should come and knock your door
For a place to come in or bread from your store
Would you welcome him in or turn him away
Then God would deny you on that great judgement day
He was Mary's own darling he was God's chosen son
Once he was fair and once he was young
Mary she rocked him her darling to sleep
But they left him to die like a tramp on the street