

# 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