

# Too Bad Eugene, Drawing Straws

poor man sits all alone  
counts about nothing he owns  
you see him there, but you walk on by  
his cup of change is running dry

his whole world is cold and gray  
he didn't eat a single thing today  
but that don't phase you at all  
'cause you got your life together and you'll never fall

when i see through the eyes of the One who gave us His Son  
and loves us all the same, i can't just walk away  
'cause how could i defend when i've got so much to lend?  
so quick to turn my back to anyone that asks

you say he's just a thug  
hooked on alcohol and hooked on drugs  
but you're human just like him  
and when God gives you His grace  
He know that you'll still sin  
don't close your mind so tight  
nothing you say will make it all right  
and this person still won't have a home  
except these streets that he's always roamed

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there's not much difference between us  
we're all just drawing straws and he got the shorter one  
we see an ugly dirty bum  
it's in your point of view and  
he's so beautiful seen through

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