Across The Border, Time Of The Blackbirds

Golden leaves are falling down
from the old tree
while the blackbirds are landing
on the field, beside the sea
the singing birds had left this country weeks ago
its cold outside
I turn the heater on
but there are some people in this country
without a bed and a home
they are freezing, they are begging
on the streets alone
on our way to the church
we won't see their hungry eyes
we forget their reaching hands while we pray to jesus christ
beside a plastic christmas tree
a happy child gets a new coat
while the snow forms a shroad
on a cold body down the road