

Alan Menken, God Help the Outcasts

I don't know if You can hear me, or if You're even there
I don't know if You would listen to a gypsy's prayer
Yes, I know I am just an outcast, I shouldn't speak to You
Still I see Your face and wonder, were You once an outcast too?
God help the outcasts, hungry from birth
Show them the mercy they don't find on Earth
God help my people, will look to You still
God help the outcasts or nobody will
I ask for wealth, I ask for fame
I ask for glory to shine on my name
I ask for love I can possess
I ask for Lord and His Angels to bless me
I ask for nothing, I can get by
But I know so many less lucky than I
Listen my people, the poor and downtrod
I thought we all were the children of God
God help the outcasts, children of God