

Alan Menken, God Help the Outcasts (Bette)

I don't know if you can hear me, or if you're even there
I don't know if you will listen to a humble prayer
They tell me 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
The lost and forgotten, they look to you still
God help the outcasts, or nobody will
I ask for nothing, I can get by
But I know so many less lucky than I
God help the outcasts, the poor and downtrod
I thought we all were the children of God

I don't know if there's a reason
Why some are blessed, some not
Why the few you seem to favor
They fear us, flee us, try not to see us
God help the outcasts, the tattered, the torn
Seeking an answer to why they were born
Winds of misfortune have blown them about
You made the outcasts, don't cast them out
The poor and unlucky, the weak and the odd
I thought we all were the children of God