

Bette Midler, God Help The Outcast

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.