

Bill Miller, As Long As The Grass Will Grow

The last fall of the morning rain drips off the wino's shoes
He's sleeping in a cardboard tent too drunk to know its through
But the rainbow from this morning sun can't be too far behind
Down his alley where the sun won't shine the blind must lead the blind

Ten stories up the boy looks out his face pressed to the screen
He heard the thunder rolling in it woke him from his dream
And his mother's calling out to him boy get up and make your bed
But that kid's a thousand miles away hasn't heard a word she said

CHORUS:

But as long as the grass will grow
In the cracks of the sidewalk
Next to the old lampposts
As long as the birds will fly
In the thick broken air against a highrise sky
Then the morning sun will shed it's light
On the city down below

Inside a cab, the driver yawns, he's worked an all night shift
He sets his meter one last time before he call it quits
The heartbeat of the homeless still echoes in the streets
They're all wrapped in coats and blankets don't have enough to eat

CHORUS