

# 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