Bill Miller, Orphan Child

A orphan child is always looking for a home
A restless spirit with a burning desire to roam
Nobody can hold her too long, she's afraid she just might stay
When the nightbird starts a singing his song, like a gypsy she's on her way
Even the wind or the rain can't keep her from running away
On down that street through a long alley way

And the tears won't come
Cause there way inside
Somebody say a prayer
For the orphan child

Just nineteen but she looks much older than that
Pulling tricks down the avanue and shes working the streets at night like a cat
And the men she meets, their all the same
They don't even want to know her real name
When the morning sun is on the rise
She will sigh and call it a night

Just another fatherless one
And it nobody turns her around
She live and die in the streets of this town

And her tears won't come
Cause there way inside
Somebody say a prayer
For that orphan child

A orphan child is always looking for a home
She's looking for a home.
Somebody help that girl
Somebody say a prayer
She just looking for a home
Just looking for a home...