Cher, Our Lady Of San Francisco

I met a woman in San Francisco Who was lying in the street I walked on past her in a hurry I didn't want her at my feet

Am I just numb or overloaded Or have I lost all sense of worth This lady beggin' for survival Doomed by a twist of fate from Earth

I met this woman in San Francisco She only had one shoe Have we all gone crazy How can this happen Is there nothin' we can do

I don't believe that for a fuckin' minute No system's coming to her rescue While she lay crying, I felt helpless Where are these cracks that she fell through

The times we live in have less value Than Bob Dole's useless arm There are no fires burning brightly What's even worse, there's no alarm

I met this lady in San Francisco She was dying at my feet People passed her like she was nothing Less than garbage in the street

The times we live in must have value We can't all turn away 'Cause that woman who had nothing Might be me or you some day Some day, some day