

Linda McLean, Calling

I've got Jesus in my pocket, he's all I own, can't carry much when you've got no home
I've been living on these streets, the dust has filled my soul, I'm dry as Jesus, hanging on the cross
Calling, 'Where are you now, where are you now, I'm broke in two.'
He says, I've seen a lot of war, been around a long time, since the mother's lined these streets with
And I used to be a soldier, til the poison filled my mind, and the blood ran to landfill where the boys
Calling 'Where are you now, where are you now, where are you now, where are you, where are you
'Where are you now, where are you now, where are you now, where are you, where are you now, v