

# Mullins Rich, You Did Not Have A Home

Rich Mullins

Oh, You did not have a home  
There were places You visited frequently  
You took off Your shoes and scratched Your feet  
'Cause you knew that the whole world belongs to the meek  
But You did not have a home  
No, You did not have a home  
And You did not take a wife  
There were pretty maids all in a row  
Who lined up to touch the hem of Your robe  
But You had no place to take them, so  
You did not take a wife  
No, You did not take a wife  
Birds have nests, foxes have dens  
But the hope of the whole world rests  
On the shoulders of a homeless man  
You had the shoulders of a homeless man  
No, You did not have a home  
Well you had no stones to throw  
You came without an ax to grind  
You did not tow the party line  
No wonder sight came to the blind  
You had no stones to throw  
You had no stones to throw  
And You rode an ass' foal  
They spread their coats and cut down palms  
For You and Your donkey to walk upon  
But the world won't find what it thinks it wants  
On the back of an ass' foal  
So I guess You had to get sold  
'Cause the world can't stand what it can't own  
And it can't own You  
'Cause You did not have a home  
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And the world can't stand what it can't own  
And it can't own You  
'Cause You did not have a home