

Nanci Griffith, Down 'N' Outer

I once was a lot like you
We share a dream I couldn't make come true
I was a child who wrote my name
across a frosted window pane

And there are jobs that I might hold
if they'd just let me through the door
without a shower and new clothes
that I can ill afford

Can you spare the time?
Can you spare a dime?
Can you look me in the eye?
I'm down 'n' out
and I am lonely
Do you ever think of me on
Sunday?
No. I don't live
across the water
Hey, I live right here
on this corner
...just a bank account away from
America

I won't hurt your family
I don't want a house there on your street
And I know you think that I'm...
as lazy as a hobo's sigh
Now, you call me down 'n' outer
if there's a way out...
I've not found 'er
I only want to earn my piece of America

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