Petra, Homeless Few

Words by Bob Hartman
Based on Luke 10:30-37, 1 John 3:17

Where are the amber waves of grain
When one of our homeless native sons has hunger pain
Under the overpass they build a fire for heat
They can't remember when they had a meal to eat

Some sleep in doorways waiting for the day
Some sleep in boxes we have thrown away

Under the red, white and blue
Right down the street in our view
We're not doing all we can do
To shelter the homeless few
Shelter the homeless few

Standing in line for soup and bread
Hoping tonight the downtown mission has a bed
Dreaming about the home they thought they'd never lose
Sleeping on benches covered by the daily news

People who pass them by just turn their heads
Making them feel like they've been left for dead

Under the red, white and blue
Right down the street from our pew
We're not doing all we can do
To shelter the homeless few
Shelter the homeless few

It's up to me
It's up to you
We're not doing all we can do
To shelter the homeless few
Shelter the homeless few