

# 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