

Rackets And Drapes, Home Street Home

See the children with the broken wings on their backs
Wounded angels can't fly
Sleep in alleys, using gutters as your pillows
Can't see God when they look in your eyes
Why

See the people in the church that still pretend to care
But they turn you away
They say that you can't be saved, they discriminate
Tip your hat and you're never going back
Home street home, is where the heart is

See the sign on the streets that say Jesus saves
But you're wondering who
They say that you can't be saved, they discriminate
Tip your hat and you're never going back
Home street home, is where the heart is