

Rez Band, N.Y.C.

Out on the curbside sat a little boy whose crying caused a story to unfold,
"I've no father, I've no family, it's getting dark and getting cold,
I've been left here by myself and I'm alone."

Oh, in a New Your City project another victim sits,
Her life is lost from being tossed down streets of trash and brick,
It ain't nice in the city when it's time to turn the trick,
When the fence is late the pimp will wait, and you know you're getting sick.

No "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star,"
No one to wonder who you are,
We're all deserting, for bigger boys, the zone.

Like Jack and Jill, we've fallen down,
We're bruised and battered, tarnished crowns,
No water in the well to carry home.

'Cause everyone's a Judas when the truth is finally told,
And everyone's a lonely little child,
We afford life a commodity, our friendship's bought and sold,
But until we've been reborn we're all defiled.

Through life we learn dishonesty and how to never cry, to harden our hearts and watch your pain,
We learn the art of blasphemy, to laugh in Jesus' face, though salvation comes in no other name.

It's time to live in honesty, it's time we learn to cry, to soften our hearts once again,
Oh, it's time we laid our burdens down and raised to Jesus' love - salvation comes in no other name.

In no other name,
Yeah, yeah, yeah.