

# Steppenwolf, Slender Thread Of Hope

Words and music by John Kay

You see that endless line? They're victims of our time  
Who's only crime was to bank on their fathers dreams  
To work hard all your life, to raise your family with your wife  
And to survive all the heartaches and bad breaks fate may bring  
But dreams are seldom real and an aching heart won't heal  
Standing in a line for a meal at a strangers door  
As night begins to fall, they lay down in the hall of the mission  
Of the Salvation Army that is loosing the war

And they dream of home, where someone's waitin'  
Waitin' by the phone at the end of their rope  
But come early dawn as dreams are fading  
They're hanging by a slender thread of hope

Now it's closing time again, she turns her collar to the wind  
Goes running in the rain to a friend on the way back home  
To hold the only joy the world did not destroy  
A laughing little brown eyed boy she calls her own  
Though he leads her by the hand and tries to be her little man  
He's really still too young to understand her quiet fears  
Oh bills weigh on her mind and she hates her daily grind  
'Cause time for romance was impossible to find these last few years

Now they're goin' home, where no one's waiting  
Weary to the bone, she tries to cope  
Sitting there alone, while slowly fading  
She rocks to sleep her slender thread of hope

The news comes on at ten, the public servant will explain  
How pouring water on the drowning little man will solve the mess  
To save our way of life and to help us all survive  
Those with nothing will now have to stay alive on even less

And as he spoke these words of wisdom  
Like a cruel joke beyond his scope  
With just one stroke from his fountain pen  
He cut the last and final thread of hope

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