

## Life on the Streets

I don't know how I got here  
Could I have changed my path?  
I lay here with warmth from the grill  
Wrapped in a sleeping bag to hide from the chill.

Rich people walk past  
Not noticing me here  
Going to the cathedral  
Or going for a meal.

Here comes three people  
With trollies full of goodies  
"Do you want breakfast?" they ask  
"Maybe a hot drink from the flask?"

It seems they want to help  
But what makes them want to?  
Most people pretend I'm not here  
Or they stand over me and jeer.

I ask them why they do what they do.  
They told me simply, "Because Jesus loves you too!"

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