

He was born and raised in privilege
Took everything it gave
Had financial help from his father
From the cradle to the grave

And this enabled him to believe in the things
He did try hard, God forbid he should give in to pointless wandering
But he would wander from time to time
Seeking guidance from the Holy he tried to find the truth

Among the radical revolutionaries
Who canonized his youth
And gathering strength from the feeling that
To believe could undoubtable change the world

Turned his back on education
And listened to the word
So with little or no formal education
He taught himself to work

Would often steal the pain it took
To rise up from the dirt
And out of desperation would
Disturb the millionaires

Whose patronage had helped the power
Rise up from thin air,
Then he sunk back into despair
Take me out in another world

Keep me warm and dry
Where other men are worrying
And other men must die
And when the lies are spoken

Give endurance to the weak
And when the heart of a man is broken
Give the power to believe