Homeless

Funeral Dress

Always alone, always the same
Nowhere to go, it□s not a game
This is their life no fairy-tale
No happy ends, but better then jail
They have no home, live on the street
They have no job, nothing to eat
A way of live, but not their choice
Nobody cares, don□t hear their voice

It s a daily battle, there s no other way What brings tomorrow, if they live the day Why all this pain, nightmares in their head How does it feels, almost being dead?

On the streets, out in the cold nobody to hug, no one to love He got no shoes on his feet Nothing to drink, nothing to eat On the sidewalk, begging all day people pass, look the other way a daily struggle, trying to survive wondering how he earned this life