

# Take Me to the Alley

Gregory Porter

Well, the guild their houses  
In preparation for the King  
And the line the sidewalks  
With every sort of shiny thing  
They will be surprised  
When they hear him say

Take me to the alley  
Take me to the afflicted ones  
Take me to the lonely ones  
That somehow lost their ways

Let them hear me say  
I am your friend  
Come to my table  
Rest here in my garden  
You will have a pardon

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Take me to the alley  
Take me to the afflicted ones  
Take me, take me, take me