

# Homeless

Hans Theessink

When the weatherman says sunshine but the beams don't touch your window-sill  
When the weatherman says sunshine and the beams don't never touch your window-sill  
You know the good times didn't get you and you know that the hard times will  
All my money gone, everyday there's a knocking on the door  
All my money gone, everyday there's a loud knocking on the door  
It's that mean old rent collector-man, he's coming back to get himself some more  
All my money gone All my money gone Man says: you gotta pay your bills now  
Or I have to put y'all out on the street Dancing 'round the golden calf  
People don't see the writing on the wall When you're down so low, you know  
You ain't got so far to fall In this city full of plenty Some folks just got a piece of street  
and that's all See them poor homeless people Shoving grocery-carts along the street  
Carry everything they own In a grocery-cart they shove along the street  
See them lie in the gutter Lost their hope, lost their pride and dignity