

Tramp On The Street

Joan Baez

Only a tramp was Lazarus that day
He lay down by the rich man's gate
He begged for crumbs from the rich man to eat
But they left him to die like a tramp on the street

And Jesus who died on Calvary's tree
Shed his life blood for you and for me
They pierced his side, his hands and his feet
And they left Him to die like a tramp on the street

He was Mary's own darlin', he was Mary's own son
Once he was fair and once he was young
And Mary she rocked him, her little darlin' to sleep
But they left him to die like a tramp on the street

When the battles are over, and the victory's won
Everyone mourns with the poor man's son
Red white and blue, and victory sweet
And they left him to die like a tramp on the street