Between the Cracks

John Mark McMillan

Hope grows between
The cracks in the asphalt
In the down downtown
Ghetto streets
That contour the government
Housing intentions
Of my heart

And no one notices
The daisies don't care
About gang related violence
As long as they get enough air and
Water and sun
They're just fine

Who would have thought it but life
Is finding a way
Through this wasteland
Of cynics concrete and pain
There's a man down here
Somewhere between
Those saturday cartoons and the
Dirty magazines
He's raising the
Dead in the graveyards
Where we've laid
Down our dreams
And his name is hope

Hope stands high
On the fifteenth floor
Of a christmas tree perched
About the ledge
Of a fortress of steel
That's trying too hard
To be somebody's home
As it seized
My attention from I-85
Though the throes of the day were
Still writhing inside
I lifted my head
As I drove home that night
And knew that everything
Was gonna be fine

Who would have thought it
But life is finding a way
Through this wasteland
Of cynics concrete and pain
There's a man down here
Somewhere between
Those saturday cartoons
And the dirty magazines
He's raising the
Dead in the graveyards
Where we've laid
Down our dreams

And his name is hope

His name is hope
Everybody needs a little

Can hear him outside
He's been singing all night
He's saying, "when are you gonna
Come out from behind"
These paper thin walls of your
Cardboard box reality

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