

# 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

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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