

# Samaritans

Labi Siffre

Old man I'm sorry, there's nothing I can do  
Well I got to walk on past you  
Your shoes are broken  
And your coat is made of holes  
And the police soon will move you

Well I'd like to help you  
But I don't know what to do  
Truth is I'm late for the job  
And the mortgage you have escaped  
Here we come, here we come

Here we come  
Marching from the eight fifteen  
You get our glances, some sympathy  
Yeah we're the good guys but understand  
Bottom line? We don't give a damn  
Here we come  
Marching from the eight fifteen  
You get our glances, some sympathy  
Jesus meant well but he didn't understand  
We're commuters not Samaritans  
We're commuters not Samaritans

One time I dropped some silver  
To your hungry hand  
I put it there to comfort me  
We work hard for our pay  
My friend says, "Why can't they?  
This is the land of opportunity"

Now the snow is falling  
I hope you'll be OK  
No ignoring, I don't have what it takes  
To survive your day... no way  
Here we come

Here we come  
Marching from the eight fifteen  
You get our glances, some sympathy  
Yeah we're the good guys but understand  
Bottom line? We don't give a damn  
Here we come  
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I hear you cursing  
I hear you call a name  
Then through the crowd I see you falling  
We are the Israelites, you are Moses I see  
The parting of the waves  
As we step around you carefully  
As we step around you carefully

Old man where are you?  
Winter's like a fist and your house  
The bench, is empty  
I search the doorways  
Does the subway shelter you?  
Is this the ending of your story

Now the snow is falling  
I hope you'll be OK  
No ignoring, I don't have what it takes  
To survive your day... no way... no way  
Here we come, here we come

Here we come  
Marching from the eight fifteen  
You get our glances, some sympathy  
Yeah we're the good guys but understand  
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