

Too Short

Michael McDonald

I met a girl that lived in Blue Hills
She said her name was Beverly
She had a smile that'd make a man's heart melt
One gold tooth she could not hide from me
I said girl it breaks my heart to wonder
Why you walk these streets alone
Why you sell your body in the shadows
There's just one thing I need to know
Where do you hide your heart and soul

She said
This life, it was too short to give up
She told me
This life, it was too short to give up
Too short to give up

Away at school he would read her letters
How he was his momma's pride and joy
But like the fate of many others
The virus took his mother
And a father's drunken silence leaves a lost and wayward boy
Free souls that for all the best intentions
Are just another sad tale this cruel world will tell
Where the best intentions are good for nothing more
Than to pave a road to hell
Still they hears a voice
Like a faint and distant bell

Saying
This life, it was too short to give up
She told him
This life, it was too short to give up
Too short, too short
This life, too short, too short
This life, is just too short to give up
Too short, too short
Too short

Tattooed arms
Clutching a weathered bible
From a prison cell they put him on the street
To spread his message of revival
To every lost and lonely soul
Every broken heart he meets
On every crowded street corner
In the gutters of defeat

He tells them
This life, it was too short to give up
He told them
This life, it was too short to give up

There is a light that shines for us
And one everlasting love that lifts us up
This life, it was too short to give up
It was too short, was too short
Too short

Too short to give up
Too short, too short
Too short, too short
Too short, too short
Too short, too short
Too short, too short...