

Andy Park

"Friend Of The Poor"

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On the African plains a young mother weeps for her
hungry child
She prays he'll survive
With tear-filled eyes she looks up to heaven and calls
Your name
She pours out her pain

You know her name and You hear her cries

Friend of the poor help me through the night
Help me in the fight, come to my rescue
Friend of the poor take these skin and bones
Make this heart a home, come to my rescue
Friend of the poor

On the streets of LA an old man lies in his cardboard
home
He feels so alone
With tear stained eyes he looks up to heaven and prays
a prayer
Is anyone there?

You know his name and You hear his cries

Friend of the poor help me through the night
Help me in the fight, come to my rescue
Friend of the poor take these skin and bones
Make this heart a home, come to my rescue

It's getting dark, it's getting late
It's cold outside the rich man's gate
And I'm wondering do you have any friends around
here?

Who are friends of the poor to help me through the
night
Help me in the fight, come to my rescue
Friend of the poor take these skin and bones
Give this heart a home, come to my rescue

Friend of the poor help me through the night
Help me in the fight

Friend of the poor help me through the night
Help me in the fight, come to my rescue
Friend of the poor take these skin and bones
Give this heart a home, come to my rescue
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