

Bette Midler

"God Help The Outcasts"

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I don't know if You can hear me
Or if You're even there
I don't know if You will listen
To a humble prayer

They tell me I'm just an outcast
I shouldn't speak to You
Still I see Your face and wonder
Were You once an outcast too?

God help the outcasts
Hungry from birth
Show them the mercy
They don't find on earth

The lost and forgotten
They look to You still
God help the outcasts
Or nobody will

Well, I ask for nothing
I can get by
But I know so many
Less lucky than I

God help the outcasts
The poor and down trod
I thought we all were
The children of God

I don't know if there's a reason
Why some are blessed, some not
Why the few You seem to favor
They fear us, flee us, try not to see us

God help the outcasts
The tattered, the torn
Seeking an answer
To why they were born

Winds of misfortune
Have blown them about

You made the outcasts
Don't cast them out

The poor and unlucky
The weak and the odd
I thought we all were
The children of God

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