

Bette Midler

"Hallelujah"

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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 would listen
To a humble prayer
Yes, I know I'm just an outcast
I shouldn't speak to you
Still I see your face and wonder
Were you once an outcast too

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 favour
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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