

Bette Midler

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame - 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 would listen
To a gypsy's 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?

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

I ask for nothing
I can get by
But I know so many
Less lucky than I
God help the outcasts
The poor and downtrod
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 they all were
The children of God

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