

## **Bill Miller**

# **"As Long As The Grass Will Grow"**

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The last fall of the morning rain drips off the wino's shoes  
He's sleeping in a cardboard tent too drunk to know it's through  
But the rainbow from this morning storm can't be too far behind  
Down his alley where the sun won't shine the blind must lead the blind

Ten stories up a boy looks out, his face pressed to the screen  
He heard the thunder rolling in, woke him from his dream  
His mother's calling out to him, boy get up and make your bed  
But that kid's a thousand miles away hasn't heard a word she said

But as long as the grass will grow in the cracks of the sidewalks  
Next to the old lampposts, as long as the birds will fly  
In the thick broken air against a high rise sky  
Then the morning sun will shed it's light on the city down below  
Then the morning sun will shed it's light on the city down below

Inside a cab, the driver yawns, he's worked an all night shift  
He sets his meter one last time before he call it quits  
And the heartbeat of the homeless still echoes in the streets  
They're all wrapped in coats and blankets, don't have enough to eat

But as long as the grass will grow in the cracks of the sidewalks  
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