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There are no mystic jewels, embedded in my prose,
No moonlit haloed cherubs, perched on my piano,
No lyrics laced with pixie dust, no angels sings along.
I am just a beggar who gives alms.

Chorus:

Gold and silver have I none, but such I have give thee,
Borrowed words from the one, who gave the gift to me,
The pearl that I could never buy, this life, this dream,
this song,
And I am just a beggar who gives alms.

I am not the creator, but a scribe with a pen,

I'm recreating visions, through a cracked and broken
lens,
Only one has ever seen the home for which we long,
And I am just a beggar who gives alms.

Chorus:

Gold and silver have I none, but such I have give thee,
Borrowed words from the one, who gave the gift to me,
The pearl that I could never buy, this life, this dream,
this song,
And I am just a beggar who gives alms.

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