

First Call

"Billy On The Boulevard"

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(words by Paul McCusker and music by David Maddux)

Billy out on the boulevard
Preaching salvation on fire and tar
Some think he's crazy
Some just shake their heads
But Billy keeps on preaching
Yeah, Bill keeps on preaching
Billy out in the rain again
No one will know his suffering and pain
They say he's dying
But inside he's alive
And Billy keeps on preaching
Yeah, Billy keeps on preaching
No one seems to know the days are numbered
Some are going to sleep while others slumber
And some will never rest at all
CHORUS:
And the waves of heat are rising
And the steam escapes the street
Southern California shade offers no relief
But he's pounding out the pavement
With his leatherback in his hand
Trying to make the people understand
No one sees the fields are white to harvest
The laborers too few to hit the target
And some won't even try at all
And the waves of heat are rising
And the steam escapes the street
Southern California shade offers no relief
But he's pounding out the pavement
With his leatherback in his hand
Trying to make the people understand
Billy out in the barren wind
Feeling the last breath escaping within
When he talks of dying
He speaks of it firsthand
But Billy keeps on preaching
Yeah, Billy keeps on preaching to the end

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