

## **Bradley Walker**

### **"A Little Change"**

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Eighth avenue and Broadway  
Cussin' at the light  
Wrapped up in my existence  
My perfect little life  
When he tapped on my window  
It scared me half to death  
And even through the glass I swore  
I smelled the whiskey on his breath.

I turned back and starred straight ahead  
Wishing I could drive away  
And just before the light turned green  
I heard the old man say  
I'm awful cold and hungry  
Not a nickel to my name  
Mister could you spare a little change

As I sped away in anger  
Saw his sadness in the mirror  
It haunted me for miles and miles  
Just wouldn't disappear  
That moment of reflection  
Pulled my conscience off the shelf  
And the question crossed my mind  
Was I looking at myself

I pulled over on the shoulder  
Finally broke down  
Surrendered to emotion  
As my knees hit the ground  
I looked up to heaven  
And cried in Jesus name  
Father could you spare a little change

Could you make me a better man  
For my children and my wife  
Don't let me take for granted  
All the blessings of my life  
Please forgive me lord I've lost my way  
And turned my back on you  
Perhaps its time I walked a mile  
In someone else's shoes

Much stranger than fiction  
The truth can open up your eyes  
Angels walk among us  
In every shape and size  
Might be a bum on Broadway  
That God sends to explain  
Maybe your the one who needs the change  
We all could use a little change

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