

Gary Morris

"Somebody Lives There"

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(Gary Morris - Craig Karp - Jenny Yates)

There's a house down the road with the roof cavin' in
Where an old man rockin' on the front porch is spittin'
in a tin
And the bankers think they owe him money's late lets
tear him down
But when they went to serve him papers he was no
where to be found.

Somebody lives there
Somebody lives there.

There's a cardboard box in an alley where a woman
sleeps alone
She keeps her things in a plastic bag she puts her head
on a pillow of stone
And the trash man thinks he owns it, it's his job to move
it away
But as he reached for those paper walls he heard a
neighbor softly say.

Somebody lives there
Somebody lives there.

Chorus:
And everybody needs a little shelter from the cold
So why not line your pockets with the truth instead of
gold
Somebody lives there.

There's an Indian Reservation in old New Mexico
They're losin' land to greedy hands now they weep
because they know
That the baron's win the battles and the case is quietly
closed
Uncle Sam allows the plan that kills the Navajo's.

Somebody lives there
Somebody lives there.

Chorus:

And everybody needs a little shelter from the cold
So why not line your pockets with the truth instead of
gold
Somebody lives there.

There's a city in a country south of Mexico
Where the cost of life is less than the price of the
coffee beans they grow
And the war down there means nothin' unless the final
bomb should blow
If another race should find this place no one would
ever know.

That somebody lives there.
Somebody lives there.

Chorus:

And everybody needs a little shelter from the cold
So why not line your pockets with the truth instead of
gold
Somebody lives there...

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