

Hank Thompson

"The Tramp On The Street"

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THE TRAMP ON THE STREET

(Hazel Cole - Grady Cole)

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Hank Williams - THE TRAMP ON THE STREET Lyrics

Only a tramp was Lazarus sad fate

He who lay down at the rich man's gate

He begged for some crumbs from the rich man to eat

But they left him to die like a tramp on the street.

He was some mother's darlin', he was some mother's son

Once he was fair and once he was young

Some mother once rocked him, her darlin' to sleep

But they left him to die like a tramp on the street.

Jesus, He died on Calvary's tree

Shed His life's blood for you and for me

They pierced His side, His hands and His feet

And they left Him to die like a tramp on the street.

He was Mary's own darlin', he was God's chosen Son

Once He was fair and once He was young

Mary, she rocked Him, her darlin' to sleep

But they left Him to die like a tramp on the street.

If Jesus should come and knock on your door

For a place to come in, or bread from your store

Would you welcome Him in, or turn Him away

Then the God's would deny you on the Great

Judgement Day.

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