

John Mark McMillan

"Between The Cracks"

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Hope grows between cracks in the asphalt
In the downtown ghetto streets that contour
The government housing intentions of my heart
No one notices the daisies don't care
About gang related violence
As long as they get enough air and water and sun
They're all just fine

Who would've thought it but life is finding a way
Through this wasteland of cynics, concrete, and pain
There's a man down here somewhere between
The Saturday cartoons and the dirty magazines
He's raising the dead in the graveyards
Where we've laid down our dreams
His name is Hope

Hope stands high on the 15th floor
On a Christmas tree perched about the ledge of a
fortress
A steel that's trying to hard to be somebody's home
As it sees my attention from I-85 though the throws of
the day
Were still writhing inside
I lifted my head as I drove home that night and knew
Everything was gonna be fine

Who would've thought it but life is finding a way
Through this wasteland of cynics, concrete, and pain
There's a man down here not worried or afraid
That some politician forgot all the promises he made
And he's raising the dead in the graveyards
Where we've laid down our dreams
His name is Hope

Can you hear him outside he's been singing all night
He's saying when you gonna come out from behind
These paper thin walls, your cardboard box realities

Who would've thought it but life is finding a way
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