

## Junior Brown

### "They Don't Choose To Live That Way"

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Their house is made of cardboard,  
And the street is where they lay,  
Their children beg for money,  
and they get through another day.  
When they can find a payin' job  
They'll find a place to stay.  
It's sad to say that people think  
They choose to live that way.

Folks think if you're on the street  
It's some big happy family.  
The drunks, the losers, looney tunes,  
And demons in the night.  
And when good people lose their home,  
Their treated like they want to roam,  
But all they ever did was let the payments get behind.  
They don't choose to live that way  
and you don't chose to change your mind.

There's a certain attitude  
Some folks seem to have today,  
Who always have good food to eat,  
And a decent place to stay.  
It really gets me angry,  
When I hear those people say,  
That homeless folks don't want a home,  
They choose to live that way.

Folks think if you're on the street  
It's some big happy family.  
The drunks, the losers, looney tunes,  
And demons in the night.  
And when good people lose their home,  
Their treated like they want to roam,  
But all they ever did was let the payments get behind.  
They don't choose to live that way  
and you don't chose to change your mind.  
Change your mind.

