

Mark Erelli

"Here & Now"

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Cobblestone pillow
Newspaper sheets
Ten below zero
Sleeping on the street

Someday we all will have a home
A place to come in from the cold
Somewhere so high above the clouds
Why not here
Why not now

Pastures of plenty
For the tired and poor
Still too many hands empty
Behind the golden door

(Chorus)

Someday we all will live the dream
There'll be no cracks to fall between
Somewhere where everyone will have enough
But here and now
It's up to us

Someday we all will be at peace
And all of our suffering will cease
There's more than enough to go around
Why not here
Why not now

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