

Michael McDonald "Homeboy"

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He was born on the roadside
Where hopelessness breeds
Where pride is hard to come by
And violence fills a need

Lord, what will the answer be?
Lookin' from his point of view
'Cause here on these desperate streets
Better a short lived legend
Then a long life played for a fool

Homeboy wants to rule the hot town
But the innocent will fall
Santa Ana blows across the killin' ground
Sweeps away what mercy is left to be found

A child on a corner, instrument of greed
Seduced without knowing the harsh reality

Lord, what will the answer be?
Is there nothing we can do?
To save him on these desperate streets
Better a long life of tryin'
Than a short life playin' to lose

Homeboy wants to rule the hot town
But the innocent will fall
Santa Ana blows across the killin' ground
Sweeps away what mercy is left to be found
Nowhere, nowhere to be found

Lord, what will the answer be?
Is there nothing You can do?
To save us on these desperate streets
Better a long life of tryin'
Than a shorter life playin' to lose

Homeboy wants to rule the hot town
But the innocent will fall
Well, Santa Ana blows across the killin' ground
Sweeps away what mercy is left to be found
Nowhere, nowhere to be found, nowhere

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