

## **Anjani**

### **"Shelter for my soul"**

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People talking to themselves  
People living private hells  
In a cardboard box or looking for a can to sell  
Brother, can I bend your ear  
I need some shelter for my soul

Don't know how things got this way  
Had a job, a house, a family  
But the streets are staking out another claim  
Brother, can you help me here  
With some shelter for my soul

Hard times befallen the human race  
Can't find no doorway that's warm and safe  
Don't turn away  
Don't think, "she'll be okay"  
You might find yourself in my shoes one day

Who can say what's right or wrong  
Who can see that far beyond  
I'm just trying to find a space where I belong  
Brother, it's getting cold out here  
A nickel just won't get me home  
Brother, I ain't gonna disappear  
Till I get shelter for my soul

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