

## Hans Theessink

### "Homeless"

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When the weatherman says sunshine but the beams  
don't touch your window-sill  
When the weatherman says sunshine and the beams  
don't never touch your window-sill  
You know the good times didn't get you and you know  
that the hard times will

All my money gone, everyday there's a knocking on the  
door  
All my money gone, everyday there's a loud knocking  
on the door  
It's that mean old rent collector-man, he's coming back  
to get himself some more

All my money gone  
All my money gone  
Man says: you gotta pay your bills now  
Or I have to put y'all out on the street

Dancing 'round the golden calf  
People don't see the writing on the wall  
When you're down so low, you know  
You ain't got so far to fall  
In this city full of plenty  
Some folks just got a piece of street and that's all

See them poor homeless people  
Shoving grocery-carts along the street  
Carry everything they own  
In a grocery-cart they shove along the street  
See them lie in the gutter  
Lost their hope, lost their pride and dignity

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