

## **The Barclay James Harvest**

### **"Three Weeks To Despair"**

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Time now an empty shell  
Memories in the broken glass  
The daily journey to despair  
Where luck's poured out till nothing's left  
And she wants to run away  
Away from the light  
And the rain falls and the night calls  
In the shadows we've all passed

Life like an empty book  
With pictures that fade and die  
Tears in a bottle of dreams  
Schemes that never last  
He wants to runaway, away from the lies  
And the rain falls and the night calls  
In the shadows we've all passed

Hope in an empty box  
Reality in a paper cup  
Empty in a hungry world  
Did they fall or did we push?  
And they want to run away  
Away from the fight  
And the rain falls and the night calls  
In the shadows we've all passed  
Rain falls and the night calls  
In the shadows we've all passed

Spoken by the homeless man:

"I start about half eight in the morning, right, I do a bit of begging, like, till about nine at night-time."

"There's only one problem with the police - they keep moving me on."

"It's hard to make friends these days, they tell me."

"I was in Stockport, once, right, begging, and I was kicked in the face."

"I know I look a bit dirty and scruffy and so on."

"I haven't had a bath now for two weeks - bad news, isn't it? I don't smell, do I?"

"All right, you've got to have a joke, sometimes."

"I haven't slept for two nights, now."

"The last two places where I stopped, the kids burned it down."

"They poured petrol on a homeless guy - they set him alight."

"Why can't he go out and get a job?"

Behind every tatty sleeping bag  
and cardboard box there is a human being  
with a family, a history and a personality

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