

Otis Read

"Our Shared Distress"

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I've got no home, I've got no pillow
bent and tired, a weeping willow
for I am transient in restless sorrow
here today and gone tomorrow

I've lost my friends, I stand here broken
My deepest thoughts, they go unspoken
I once took chances, I've lost my faith
The cold rain slaps against my face

Take me sister and hold my hand
lead me brother through this barren land
Is this walk eternal? Is this road endless?
Is there no comfort in our shared distress?

They say there's forgiveness without condition
if we continue on a pure mission
that our transgressions out of the past
they will not linger, they will not last

In this world of pain, of black and white,
of "us and them," disdain and spite
It holds no promise, it's just a prison
deliver me, restore my vision

Take me sister and hold my hand
lead me brother through this barren land
Is this walk eternal? Is this road endless?
Is there no comfort in our shared distress?

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