## Andy Park, Friend Of The Poor

On the African plains a young mother weeps for her hungry child She prays he'll survive

With tear-filled eyes she looks up to heaven and calls Your name She pours out her pain

You know her name and You hear her cries

Friend of the poor help me through the night

Help me in the fight, come to my rescue

Friend of the poor take these skin and bones

Make this heart a home, come to my rescue

Friend of the poor

On the streets of LA an old man lies in his cardboard home

He feels so alone

With tear stained eyes he looks up to heaven and prays a prayer Is anyone there?

You know his name and You hear his cries

Friend of the poor help me through the night

Help me in the fight, come to my rescue

Friend of the poor take these skin and bones

Make this heart a home, come to my rescue

It's getting dark, it's getting late

It's cold outside the rich man's gate

And I'm wondering do you have any friends around here?

Who are friends of the poor to help me through the night

Help me in the fight, come to my rescue

Friend of the poor take these skin and bones

Give this heart a home, come to my rescue

Friend of the poor help me through the night

Help me in the fight

Friend of the poor help me through the night

Help me in the fight, come to my rescue

Friend of the poor take these skin and bones

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