

# Out of Eden, Sarah Jane

little sarah jane ran away from home  
fourteen and pregnant she was all alone  
couldn't run from wrong, and was gonna be sent away  
walkin' with her black and blue eyes full tears  
the burden that she carries much too old for her years  
looking at her face would confirm your worst fears  
but instead she goes unnoticed  
Sarah Jane another girl who is dying inside  
you'd think that someone would stop  
but we hide, to intent on completing our day  
and she's left there to say

Chorus:

Do you hear me?  
Can you see me?  
Walking down the street watching you  
You could help me  
But your not looking  
I bet you would if only you knew  
You could make a difference  
Do you hear me?  
Can you see me?  
Walking down the street needing you  
I want to make it  
How can I get there?  
If you showed me that you cared, you know  
You could make the difference

He's left to watch the world from the fifteenth floor  
alone with the reminder, don't go out anymore  
You know those boys are trouble here in our neighborhood  
BUT you're my boy and you've got the chance to be something good  
Still the call of the streets was too much to ignore  
Now he's caught up in the game and can't find an open door  
He's a good boy gone bad and he's trying to get out  
But everybody's too afraid to hear what he's talking about  
Marcus Brown, lives a life much too old for his age  
If no one responds, he'll be words on a page  
Another statistic dead cause no calls were made  
To check on the boy who was missing from the fifth grade

chorus

bridge

Everywhere you turn there's hurting people passing by  
Its such a shame that we could change a life but we don't try  
To look outside out world and delve  
Into the problems in this place  
The children need an answer, and God needs your face

lisa:

Well I really want to know if you're feeling me  
The situation is real to me

bonafide:

You got me feelin you under my skin  
Like Stevie got me wandering blind, again and again

lisa:

Do you really have a heart for the least of these  
And understand that we really need to teach to these  
Or keep living in a world where death is a fact  
Little kids asking, "why my daddy gotta die like that"  
Don't want to send my kids to school when they feel they got  
to pack the heat to survive the walk of the streets  
Where young women aren't alive because they still believe the

lies and never recognize who God made them inside  
God help us if we don't help them find their way  
God help us if we don't change our living today  
God help us if we hide in the corner and ignore the cries of the street,  
Do you hear what they say?  
God please help them make it through the day  
God please send somebody to ease the pain  
You know they need a way up out the game  
I know you hear her God, her name is Sarah Jane