

Bless Us All

Bettye Lavette

The world's lost children
The drunks, the fool
The ones that never do anything
With their backs turned
Seeking any kind of shield from their pain

Bless them
They always doin'
They gift a few
The ones that always seem to win
With their backs turned to their friends
Was still seeking shelter from the rain

Let the dreamers, they're always searchin'
With their eyes wide opened
Seeking answers
While they have their backs turned to all the others
The game's lost
And now they don't have no questions

Bless the old ones
Ones with their children
The children of their own
With their backs turned to the cold wind
Seeking any shelter

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