

Take Me to the Alley

Gregory Porter

Well, the guild their houses
In preparation for the King
And the line the sidewalks
With every sort of shiny thing
They will be surprised
When they hear him say

Take me to the alley
Take me to the afflicted ones
Take me to the lonely ones
That somehow lost their ways

Let them hear me say
I am your friend
Come to my table
Rest here in my garden
You will have a pardon

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Take me, take me, take me