

# The Tramp On The Street

Hank Thompson

Only a tramp was Lazarus sad fate  
He who lay down at the rich man's gate  
He begged for some crumbs from the rich man to eat  
But they left him to die like a tramp on the street.  
He was some mother's darlin', he was some mother's son  
Once he was fair and once he was young  
Some mother once rocked him, her darlin' to sleep  
But they left him to die like a tramp on the street.  
Jesus, He died on Calvary's tree  
Shed His life's blood for you and for me  
They pierced His side, His hands and His feet  
And they left Him to die like a tramp on the street.  
He was Mary's own darlin', he was God's chosen Son  
Once He was fair and once He was young  
Mary, she rocked Him, her darlin' to sleep  
But they left Him to die like a tramp on the street.  
If Jesus should come and knock on your door  
For a place to come in, or bread from your store  
Would you welcome Him in, or turn Him away  
Then the God's would deny you on the Great Judgement Day.  
Only a tramp was Lazarus sad fate  
He who lay down at the rich man's gate  
He begged for some crumbs from the rich man to eat  
But they left him to die like a tramp on the street.  
He was some mother's darlin', he was some mother's son  
Once he was fair and once he was young  
Some mother once rocked him, her darlin' to sleep  
But they left him to die like a tramp on the street.  
Jesus, He died on Calvary's tree  
Shed His life's blood for you and for me  
They pierced His side, His hands and His feet  
And they left Him to die like a tramp on the street.  
He was Mary's own darlin', he was God's chosen Son  
Once He was fair and once He was young  
Mary, she rocked Him, her darlin' to sleep  
But they left Him to die like a tramp on the street.  
If Jesus should come and knock on your door

For a place to come in, or bread from your store  
Would you welcome Him in, or turn Him away  
Then the God's would deny you on the Great Judgement Day.