

Street Children

Ian Brown

Sweet dreams my little amigo
Barefoot and homeless in Rio De Janiero
Sleepin' on the step of a church
Whose doors are locked
Livin' in a cardboard box
Inside at the shrine
The Priest sips fine wine
Dines on fine food and looks for a sing
No mother no father
No shoes nor a bed
No place to relax and rest his weary head
Where his next meal will come from
Nobody knows
But everyone can see the church is covered in gold

Wish I had a home
With ten million rooms
I'd open up the doors
And let the street children through
Wish that I could scoop
All of those children in my arms
And give the love they need
And to protect them all from harm

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