

# Homeless

J. J. Cale

She said she had no money  
But he was in doubt  
He told her, "I used to be in too"  
But now he was out  
"Spare some small change lady  
And I'll be on my way"  
She looked into his eyes  
And deep in his soul  
I know she was wondering  
If he was in control  
She muttered to herself, "Those beggars,  
Where do they all come from?"  
He said, "I'm not a homeless man  
I'm a gypsy by trade  
And I'm travelling this land  
I'm not a homeless man"

He moved through the streets  
With his headband low  
Never thinking he would never see  
That woman again, you know  
Just sleeping in the doorways  
And alleys like he always had  
The years rolled by  
And later on  
He spotted an old woman  
All tattered and worn  
Hard times had got her  
Her clothes were ragged and old  
She said, "I'm not a homeless woman  
I'm a gypsy by trade  
And I'm travelling this land  
I'm not a homeless woman"

Sometime in the daytime  
Sometimes at night  
You will see a couple walking  
They'll come into sight  
Pushing their carts  
And holding hands  
If you ask to help  
They'll just run away  
Like little children, out to play  
And if you ask, "Who are you"  
They'll always say  
"I'm not a homeless man  
I'm a gypsy by trade  
And I'm travelling this land  
She's not a homeless woman  
I'm not a homeless man"