

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"