

The Tramp On The Street

Joan Baez

Only a tramp was Lazarus who begged.
He stood by the rich man's gate.
And, he begged for crumbs from the rich man to eat
But they left him to die, like a tramp on the street.

And, Jesus who 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 just like a tramp on the street.

He was Mary's own darling; he was Mary's own son.
Once he was fair and once he was young.
And, Mary she rocked him, her little darlin' to sleep
But, they left him to die like a tramp on the street.

When the battles are over and the victory's won
Everyone mourns for the poor man's son.
Red, white, and blue and victory sweet
And, they left them to die like a tramp on the street.