

# Homeboy

Michael McDonald

He was born on the roadside  
Where hopelessness breeds  
Where pride is hard to come by  
And violence fills a need

Lord, what will the answer be?  
Lookin' from his point of view  
'Cause here on these desperate streets  
Better a short lived legend  
Then a long life played for a fool

Homeboy wants to rule the hot town  
But the innocent will fall  
Santa Ana blows across the killin' ground  
Sweeps away what mercy is left to be found

A child on a corner, instrument of greed  
Seduced without knowing the harsh reality

Lord, what will the answer be?  
Is there nothing we can do?  
To save him on these desperate streets  
Better a long life of tryin'  
Than a short life playin' to lose

Homeboy wants to rule the hot town  
But the innocent will fall  
Santa Ana blows across the killin' ground  
Sweeps away what mercy is left to be found  
Nowhere, nowhere to be found

Lord, what will the answer be?  
Is there nothing You can do?  
To save us on these desperate streets  
Better a long life of tryin'  
Than a shorter life playin' to lose

Homeboy wants to rule the hot town  
But the innocent will fall  
Well, Santa Ana blows across the killin' ground  
Sweeps away what mercy is left to be found  
Nowhere, nowhere to be found, nowhere