Where are the amber waves of grain
When one of our homeless native sons has hunger pain
Under the overpass they build a fire for heat
They can't remember when they had a meal to eat

Some sleep in doorways waiting for the day Some sleep in boxes we have thrown away

Under the red, white and blue Right down the street in our view We're not doing all we can do To shelter the homeless few Shelter the homeless few

Standing in line for soup and bread Hoping tonight the downtown mission has a bed Dreaming about the home they thought they'd never lose Sleeping on benches covered by the daily news

People who pass them by just turn their heads Making them feel like they've been left for dead

Under the red, white and blue Right down the street from our pew We're not doing all we can do To shelter the homeless few Shelter the homeless few

It's up to me
It's up to you
We're not doing all we can do
To shelter the homeless few
Shelter the homeless few