

## Streets Of Gold

Tiffany Darwish

He stands on the street  
with a jar at his feet  
And his arms stretched toward the sky

God's word in his grip  
There's a song on his lips  
I will not be denied

Winos walking past  
See the change in his glass  
and the Devil takes control

They commit their sin  
For a half pint of gin  
to help fight off the cold

They're laugh found joke (?)  
Talked is old tattered cold (?)  
Saying preacher pray for me

Satan made us his slaves  
Can three whores be saved  
Will Jesus set us free

He prays father please forgive them  
For they know not what they do  
If there's no room in heaven  
For these forgotten few

Lord, give this beggers mansion  
To these lost wondering souls  
And when I get to heaven  
I'll sleep on the streets of gold...

He lays down his head on the missions last bed  
as they turn out the front porch light  
There's a knock at the door  
Is there room for one more?  
I'm sorry not tonight

But he gives up his place  
For the sidewalk on 8th  
Where the angels take his soul

To a mansion so fair  
Built for many to share  
There by those streets of gold

He prays father please forgive them  
For they know not what they do  
If there's no more room in heaven  
For these forgotten few...

Lord, give this beggers mansion  
To these lost wondering souls...  
And when I get to heaven  
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I'll sleep on the streets of gold...  
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