

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 beggars 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

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For they know not what they do
If there's no more room in heaven
For these forgotten few...

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