

Old man on the street
Chin down he walks alone
He has nothing to eat
He has nowhere to go
Preacher man he approach
Says he knows what to do
Old man he looks up
With tear filled eyes he doubts there's anything new
And the preacher man says

Your hope is round the corner
Waiting for you (to turn the corner)
And if you round that corner
He'll show it to you

Woman pushing her cart
Filled with all that she owns
A tear freezes in her heart
But she can't sell her heart though it's made of gold
She stumbles upon a house
The food's warm she'll stay dry for the night
She asks them how much it costs
They replied, it's already been paid on a cross

Your hope is round the corner
Waiting for you (to turn the corner)
And if you round that corner
He'll show it to you

Hope's there in front of you
Open your heart and He'll see you through
There can be no other way