

# Bless Us All

Bettye Lavette

The world's lost children  
The drunks, the fool  
The ones that never do anything  
With their backs turned  
Seeking any kind of shield from their pain

Bless them  
They always doin'  
They gift a few  
The ones that always seem to win  
With their backs turned to their friends  
Was still seeking shelter from the rain

Let the dreamers, they're always searchin'  
With their eyes wide opened  
Seeking answers  
While they have their backs turned to all the others  
The game's lost  
And now they don't have no questions

Bless the old ones  
Ones with their children  
The children of their own  
With their backs turned to the cold wind  
Seeking any shelter

Bless us all  
Bless us all  
Bless us all  
Bless us all