

The Beggar

The Durutti Column

Some words uttered by a beggar
Struck a glancing blow
Frames form in his mind
Words form in his mouth
Call into this night
At each new corner
I grow more weary
At each new corner
I see more people
I see more people
Lay in this doorway
In the orange street glare
People seem so far away
Their names mean nothing now
I see them turn and stare
I watch them slip away
Their names mean nothing
Their names mean nothing
Their names mean nothing now
Has Jesus forgotten
This man on the ground
The dirt on his clothes
And the blood on his face
He has his own blood
And the light in his eyes
People seem so far away
Their names mean nothing now
People seem so far away
Their names mean nothing now
Their names mean nothing
Their names mean nothing now