

Walk On By

I have seen you before in this part of town
It's a rich mans playground but you're just a clown
As you sit with your dog and you put out your hat
I suppose you're expecting the shirt off my back
Well don't beg around here, no don't even try
Coz I was brought up to just walk on by

What a state you are in with your rags and your dirt
You could have so much more if you'd just get some work
If I gave you my money you'd waste it on drink
But its not going to happen so don't even think
That I'd stoop to your level or heed your cry
Its better for me to just walk on by

*Walk on by, walk on past
But there's conflict inside my heart
Where is home, family?
Your eyes tell a story
I see your hurt, see your pain
This feeling stirs my soul again*

I notice the lines and the cuts on your face
And I wonder how long you've been in this place
But I won't be sucked in to the guilt in my mind
I might help you one day but now's not the time
If you live then you live, if you die then you die
Its not my concern so I'll walk on by

Words Michael Sandeman, Music Michael Sandeman and Nathan Fellingham
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