

Homeless

[Litmus A Freeman](#) & Cliff Coates

There's a house in a street that wasn't there before
It never had a window and it never had a door
It never had a roof and it never had a wall
And now I come to think of it, it wasn't there at all

There's a room in the house that wasn't there before
It never had a cupboard that never had a drawer
It never had a carpet cos. it never had a floor
I didn't think so at the time and now I'm not so sure

There's a bed in the room that wasn't there before
It never had a mattress that never held the poor
It never had a headboard so it never made a sound
But if you didn't lay on it, you lay upon the ground

There's a man in the bed that wasn't there before
He never had a torso, gutted in the war
He never had a brain because he never had a head
And if he'd been alive at all he'd rather have been dead

There's a heart in the man that wasn't there before
It never had a purpose or knew what it was for
It never had a pulse and it never had a beat
It lay inside the man lay on an inner city street

There's a pain in the heart that wasn't there before
But it's never had a spokesman or been against the law
It's never been important because it's never had a home
Except inside the homeless left outside alone.