



THE ALLEY

***You could see him most anytime, anytime night or day
Slumped over in the dark, the dark of an alley way
A cheap wine bottle clutched tightly in his hand
Looking more like some animal, than he did a man
Beard long and matted, hair down on his back
Somewhere along the way he'd gotten on the wrong track
Now he spends his days in hopelessness, his nights are long and cold
Oh how he'd love to change his life, but how he just doesn't know***

***Through the fog he remembers stories told him as a kid
He recalls a man named Jesus, and all the things he did
He remembers time he healed the lame, and made blind eyes to see
But still he wonders was there any hope that he could be set free***

***Where it seems there is no hope you'll find him
Where hearts are broken Jesus can be found
Anywhere God's children cries to be set free
God's amazing grace abounds***

***One day while hunting for food, the bread of life he found
In an old worn out bible, in the bottom of garbage can
He read about the Messiah, how he came to set him free
That day he met Jesus in that alley on his knees***

*Now you can still see him most anytime, anytime night or day
Still back in the dark, the dark of an alleyway
And Old worn out bible clutched tightly in his hand
Listen closely you can hear him say
Where it seems there is no hope you'll find him
Where hearts are broken Jesus can be found
Anywhere God's children cries to be set free
God's amazing grace abounds*

Mike Bishop