

THE BUM

See that dirty unshaven man
Sitting on the curb with outstretched hand.

We could do without his kind
Let's dismiss him from our mind.

Raggedy clothes and very unkempt
He searches through dumpsters for what others have left.

I bet he's so lazy he won't even work
I never could stand that kind of jerk,

What's he good for in this world of ours?
Just another added to fools and liars.

Why he's not worth a thing
Not even a dime to his name.

Useless and hopeless I can't stand
His kind should be cleared from all our land.

Why so quiet? You look upset.
Is it something I've said of this derelict?

Well, my friends, I agree.
There's more to that man than we can see.
He has the same maker as you and me.

Loved and cherished and held very dear.
Such attitude and judgment I very much fear.

He's our brother in much need of help
Could use some kindness from those of wealth.

Not just money or fancy clothes,
But someone special to hear his woes.

Something went wrong in his distant past.
Hopes and dreams didn't last.

We should help this sad, sad man.
Won't you help and give a hand.

There're many others in time of need.
Families and singles, so please hear me.

We'll start with food, the healthy kind.
Then hope for the best for shattered minds.
Yes, hope, that's the true goal,
To give them hope for a tortured soul.

Friend, let's do for others what we can
To prevent them from becoming like this man.

A little help at the right time
Could be a loving God's true sign.

It's the same story from times of old.
Our Lord wants mercy for His needy souls.

Oh please, oh please, let us try.
My dear friends, we all know why.
My dear friends, we all know why.

Ron Kunkel
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