

A Little Change

Bradley Walker

Eighth avenue and Broadway
Cussin' at the light
Wrapped up in my existence
My perfect little life
When he tapped on my window
It scared me half to death
And even through the glass I swore
I smelled the whiskey on his breath. I turned back and starred straight ahead
Wishing I could drive away
And just before the light turned green
I heard the old man say
I'm awful cold and hungry
Not a nickel to my name
Mister could you spare a little change
As I sped away in anger
Saw his sadness in the mirror
It haunted me for miles and miles
Just wouldn't disappear
That moment of reflection
Pulled my conscience off the shelf
And the question crossed my mind
Was I looking at myself I pulled over on the shoulder
Finally broke down
Surrendered to emotion
As my knees hit the ground
I looked up to heaven
And cried in Jesus name
Father could you spare a little change
Could you make me a better man
For my children and my wife
Don't let me take for granted
All the blessings of my life
Please forgive me lord I've lost my way
And turned my back on you
Perhaps its time I walked a mile
In someone else's shoes Much stranger than fiction
The truth can open up your eyes
Angels walk among us
In every shape and size
Might be a bum on Broadway
That God sends to explain
Maybe your the one who needs the change

We all could use a little change
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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