

Key:A

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Everybody's Gotta Be Somewhere

D E A
Everybody's gotta be somewhere
D E A
Pushin' people off the streets won't get us anywhere
D E

You can push 'em into corners
A D
But their voices will ring loud and clear
E A

Everybody's gotta be somewhere

D E A
It's the same rain fallin' on the rich and poor
D E
There's no shelter from the storms of life

A
at the rich man's door

D E A D
And there's no place in the market place to stand & hold a cup
E
No one gives a dime or damn to try & fill it up CHORUS

Take another look at the bottom line
Can it be that poverty is now a crime?
These are people who have suffered as this coutry's gone awry
Throw a dollar in their cup, and try to find out why CHORUS

We know there are troubles, these are troubled times
There are people on the streets, God knows, who've grown half-
crazy minds
But the heart that's lost compassion is a kind of crazy, too,
There's some who run the banks and shops you don't dare turn your back
to. CHORUS

I composed this first in 1994, while living in Berkeley. There, as in so many cities, laws were being passed to remove the homeless from sight, without really dealing with the problem. Now in Bellingham where I live, I see more creative advocacy happening for the homeless. At the same time, I've never seen as many homeless people on our streets.