

Tramp On the Street

Peter, Paul & Mary

Jesus, he died on calvary's tree
Nails in his hands and nails in his feet.
Mary, she rocked him, her little baby to sleep.
But they left him to die like a tramp on the street. Only a poor man was laz'rus that day
When he lay down at the rich man's gate.
He begged for the crumbs of the rich man to eat;
He was only a tramp found dead on the street. He was some mother's darlin', he was some mother's son;
Once he was fair, and once he was young.
Some mother rocked him, her little baby, to sleep;
But they left him to die like a tramp on the street. Jesus who died on calvary's tree.
Shed his life's blood for you and for me.
They pierced his side, his hands and his feet.
But they left him to die like a tramp on the street.

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