

Bless Us All

Bettye LaVette

Bless the losers
Gods lost children
The drunks the fools
The ones that never do win
Huddled with their backs
Turned to the cold wind
Seeking any shelter
From their painBless the winners
Always doin'
The gifted few
The ones that always will win
Huddled with their backs
Turned to their old friends
Busy seeking any shelter
From the rainBless the dreamers
Always searchin'
With their eyes wide open
Seekin' any answers
While huddled with their backs
Turned all the others
Lord their gains their loss for now
They have no questionsBless the old ones
With their children
Busy now with children
Of their own
Huddled with their backs
Turned to the cold wind
Seeking any shelter
Bless us all

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