

Room For the Poor

Utah Phillips

one cold autumn morning
leaves had turned brown
an old bum come trampin
through a small western town
he walked thru the church yard
to the preacher's back door
where he knew there was refuge and room for the poor
he knocked and then waited for the preacher to come
with just a kind word for a broken down bum
the preacher arrived
and looked out in dismay
with a few angry words he drove him away
if you won't offer me something to eat
may I sit here a moment and rest my poor feet
I've travelled so far
I'm weary and sore
and stay up in heaven is there room for the poor
is there room for the poor
across the divide
where bums don't go hungry
and freeze up outside
or will they be driven from the saviour's back door
oh say up in heaven is there room for the poor?

Songwriters

UTAH PHILLIPS Published by

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