

# Easy Street ('B' Side of Single)

Phoebe Snow

I was feeling lost, and kind of ill  
So I wrote to God on my last dollar bill  
My finances were nil  
Please God, help me I'm so poor  
Send me something to wear  
And something to eat  
'Cause I want to cross over onto easy street  
(Yes) I want to cross over onto easy street I think I can see you through this fog of doom  
You look like the type that rides on a broom  
But can you tell me where I can rent a room  
Please God, help me Walking through the park at half-past nine  
I met a bum who was drinking cheap wine  
He said "Here have some of mine"  
Please God, help me

Songwriters

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