

# 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

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