

# Mychal

## Black 47

### MYCHAL

In New York City I made my home  
I loved the streets, the very stones  
Cared for my comrades, cherished my friends  
Loved all beginnings, had no time for ends

A city's streets are full of woe  
I saw suffering where'er I'd go  
I did my best to console and heal  
Treat each human with full dignity

I never saw a reason to  
Hate someone who thinks different than you  
Each one has their anointed place  
In the love reflected in their God's face

We all have sorrow, our share of trials  
We all are sinners in each other's eyes  
Love alone can heal the pain  
God bestows love in so many ways

I love the company of friends  
The fire and the music sparkling in their eyes  
But I achieved my heart's desire  
When I rode beside the ones who fight the fires

I have my failings and I have tried  
To look them squarely in the eye  
To be there when someone might call  
For I know cruel well how hard it is to fall

As I arise on this September morn  
The sun is beaming down, the streets are warm  
God's in His heaven and all is well

I will go forth and do His will.

Â© Starry Plough Music (BMI)

---

Lyrics submitted by Larry.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>