Easy Street

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 meI'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 streetI 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 meWalking 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

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