

# God Help the Outcasts

Bette Midler

I don't know if You can hear me  
Or if You're even there  
I don't know if You will listen  
To a humble prayer  
They tell me I am just an outcast  
I shouldn't speak to You  
Still, I see your face and wonder  
Were You once an outcast, too? God help the outcasts  
Hungry from birth  
Show them the mercy  
They don't find on earth  
The lost and forgotten  
They look to You still  
God help the outcasts  
Or nobody will ask for nothing  
I can get by  
But I know so many  
Less lucky than I  
God help the outcasts  
The poor and down trod  
I thought we all were  
The children of God I don't know if there's a reason  
Why some are blessed, some not  
Why the few You seem to favor  
They fear us  
Flee us  
Try not to see us

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