

Take Me to the Alley

Gregory Porter

Well, they build their houses in preparation for the king
And they line the sidewalks
With every sort of shiny thing
They will be surprised
When they hear him say Take me to the alley
Take me to the afflicted ones
Take me to the lonely ones
That somehow lost their way Let them hear me say
I am your friend
Come to my table
Rest here in my garden
You will have a pardon
You will have a pardon Take me to the alley
Take me to the afflicted ones
Take me to the lonely ones
That somehow lost their way Let them hear me say
I am your friend
Come to my table
Rest here in my garden
You will have a pardon
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Rest here in my garden
You will have a pardon
You will have a pardon You will have a pardon
Take me to the alley
Take me to the afflicted ones
Take me, take me, take me, take me, take me

Songwriters

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