

# Those Less Fortunate Than I

**Darryl Worley**

I don't have a lot, but I'm proud of what I've got  
I can't complain  
'Cause I see people hangin' 'round, on the city streets downtown  
Living on pocket change  
There're times I've been confused, felt that I was born to lose  
Oh but I survived  
Unlike the one's who pray and feel more than blessed each day  
To just be still alive  
Is there something we can do  
Seems the odds against survival are a million to one  
The only hope they have will die  
In the hearts of you and I if nothing's ever done  
I can't save them by myself  
Oh but God forbid that I just turn my head  
And walk on by  
Don't let me be a stranger to those less fortunate than I  
Seems that old golden rule, that I learned back in school  
Has lost its shine  
It's a crying shame, and I wonder could the blame  
Be yours and mine  
Discipline was tough, and that old principal was rough  
But the times were good  
'Cause no one ever found one single child shot down  
In the neighborhood  
Is there something we can do  
Seems the odds against survival are a million to one  
'Cause every day that passes by  
Another street gang victim dies  
And still there's nothing done  
I can't save them by myself  
Oh, but God forbid that I just run away somewhere and hide  
From the fear and the danger of those less fortunate than I  
Lord, don't let me be a stranger to those less fortunate than I

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