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Stop And See Me

Reference number PT0491

Not that I mind the street...
Live how I gotta live...
Thing that I mind after years of the grind is
I'm still a bit sensitive.
Silly me, but I wish as folks walk by, they'd stop... and see me.
Say "hi".

Sometimes I catch a glance.
Contact is all too brief.
Eyes dart aside like they're wanting to hide,
just as guilty as any thief.

Hey, no cause for alarm.
No need to stay...
Just stop... and see me.
Okay?...

Once upon a wish.
I'd've wished that life were fair, once upon a wish,
I'd've wished for no more fear, once upon a wish,
I'd've wished for one more chance.
Now I only wish I wouldn't disappear

One thing about the street: used to a lotta stuff.
Others I've seen, it's too much or too mean,
and they die when they're mad enough.

Me, whatever.
I force that extra mile,... cuz someday, someone,...
don't know - just... *someone* ...
might stop... and see me.
And smile.