

Between The Cracks
John Mark McMillan

G

Hope grows between cracks in the asphalt

Em

In the downtown ghetto streets that contour

D

G

The government housing intentions of my heart

No one notices the daisies don't care

Em

About gang related violence

D

As long as they get enough air and water and sun

C

They're all just fine

Em

G

Who would've thought it but life is finding a way

D

Through this wasteland of cynics, concrete, and pain

Em

There's a man down here somewhere between

G

The Saturday cartoons and the dirty magazines

D

He's raising the dead in the graveyards

C

Where we've laid down our dreams

G

His name is Hope

G

Hope stands high on the 15th floor

Em

On a Christmas tree perched about the ledge of a fortress

D

G

of steel that's trying to hard to be somebody's home

Em

As it sees my attention from I-85 though the throws of the day

Were still writhing inside

D

I lifted my head as I drove home that night and knew

C

Everything was gonna be fine

Em

Who would've thought it but life is finding a way

G

Through this wasteland of cynics, concrete, and pain

D

Em

There's a man down here not worried or afraid

G

That some politician forgot all the promises he made

D

And he's raising the dead in the graveyards

C

Where we've laid down our dreams

G

His name is Hope

C

His name is Hope

D

Everybody needs a little x2

C

His name is Hope

D

Everybody wants a little x2

C

His name is Hope

D

Everybody needs a little

Em G D C

Em

There's a man down here not worried or afraid

G

That some politician forgot all the promises he made

D

And he's raising the dead in the graveyards

C

Where we've laid down our dreams

G

His name is Hope

G

Can you hear him outside he s been singing all night

Em

He s saying when you gonna come out from behind

D

C

These paper thin walls, your cardboard box realities