Between The Cracks John Mark McMillan

G

Hope grows between cracks in the asphault

Em

In the downtown ghetto streets that contour

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

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 cartooons 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

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

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D
I lifted my head as I drove home that night and knew C
Everything was gonna be fine

Em G
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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 not worried or afraid

G

That some politician forgot all the promises he made

D

And he s raising the dead in the graveyards $\ensuremath{\mathtt{C}}$

Where we ve laid down our dreams ${\bf G}$

His name is Hope

C His name is Hope

D Everybody needs a little x2

 $$\tt C$$ His name is Hope $$\tt D$$ Everybody wants a little $$\tt x2$$

C
His name is Hope
D
Everybody needs a little

Em G D C

Er

There s a man down here not worried or afraid $\boldsymbol{\alpha}$

That some politician forgot all the promises he made ${\bf D}$

And he s raising the dead in the graveyards

Where we ve laid down our dreams

His name is Hope

G

Can you hear him outside he s been singing all night $_{\mbox{\bf Em}}$

He s saying when you gonna come out from behind

These paper thin walls, your cardboard box realities