

Listen, Listen up, Can you hear me, can you see the signs
Nobody ever listens or looks between the lines
You use your eyes, but you don't really see
I'm in front of you, and you can't see me

Listen, Listen up, what do you hear, can you hear my voice
I'm holding out my hand, because I've got no choice
Please! Excuse me! Can you help! Have you got a pound?
I know I'm begging, but I can't shout loud
My throat hurts, my feet ache, and I don't feel too good
Because we don't have doctors in this dirty neighbourhood

Listen, Listen up, and have a good stare
I'm a human under all this muck and greasy hair
I used to have a job and a really nice house
I even had children and a loving spouse
But now they're gone and so is my home
Though I still have a photo on my burnt out telephone
I also had a dog and a big posh car
We use to go for drives and go really far

Listen, Listen up, would you really like to know
Why I'm in front of you, dressed like a hobo
Do you want to hear my tale, even though it's sad
But I know you won't listen, then I'll only get mad

Listen, Listen up, here comes a friend
He comes in the darkness, and listens to no end
I close my eyes as he takes me by the hands
To a place where everyone listens and understands.