

**When the Truth is calling by**

When the Truth is calling by  
In our street  
Nobody opens the door  
It feels like a stranger  
It seems there's some danger  
So no one would know what for  
Must be a beggar  
Now just look how he staggers  
He can hardly stand on his feet  
Must be that stalker  
Is he still freely walking  
Through our town  
Someone call the police  
I'm scared that he steals  
What's dear to me

So lonely the tramp  
Must continue his travel  
Looking for an open door  
Trying the trash can  
For you never know  
What the people throw  
Oh what a waste bin stores  
Maybe a heart that is torn  
Maybe some pain that is lost  
Or aborted by a whore

When the Truth is calling by  
In our street  
Nobody opens the door  
The tramp feels frozen  
But the curtains are closing  
Inside it is cosily warm  
The TV shining  
It's the only light  
In the otherwise  
Pitch-dark house  
The volume's put higher  
So his footsteps are dying

Justin Heart – When the Truth is calling by

So slow and creepy they sound

So lonely the tramp  
Continues his travel  
Looking for an open door  
Trying the trash can  
For you never know  
What the people throw  
Oh what a waste bin shows  
Maybe a heart that is torn  
Maybe some pain that is lost  
Or aborted by a whore

When the Truth is calling by  
In our street  
Nobody opens the door  
Better the telly  
For the ones of the many  
A show raising money  
For the homeless and poor  
What's that...?  
Must be that burden  
He's so dark and so dirty  
God I wish he did not exist  
Must be that stalker  
Who refuses to talk  
And who just looks  
Who gives me the creeps  
Disturbing my sleep

So lonely the tramp  
Must continue his travel  
Looking for an open window  
Trying the trash can  
For you never know  
What the people throw  
Oh what a waste bin shows  
Maybe a heart that is torn  
Maybe some pain that is lost  
Or aborted by a whore

Truth is calling by in our street  
Nobody opens the door