



## Hastings Street

David W. Bower

Hey there tell me who ya are  
Mister you are still someone  
We've all been there before  
Heaven helps the helpless  
Don't you know  
Who is there for you tonight

Taking the time to care  
Even though nobody's there

The city not pretty  
When the evening comes  
It takes you forsakes you  
'Til the night is gone  
Because you may not cry  
Because you don't ask why  
Tell me your story now  
Break down those walls somehow

You're under a dark day cloud

Don't know what to tell you



The city not pretty  
When the evening comes  
It takes you forsakes you  
'Til the night is gone  
Because you may not cry  
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Tell me your story now  
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What have we done with love  
What have we done with love  
What did we do with love

