I hear that in New York  
At the corner of 26th street and Broadway  
A man stands every evening during the winter months  
And gets beds for the homeless there  
By appealing to passers-by.  
  
It won't change the world  
It won't improve relations among men  
It will not shorten the age of exploitation  
But a few men have a bed for the night  
For a night the wind is kept from them  
The snow meant for them falls on the roadway.  
  
Don't put down the book on reading this, man.  
  
A few people have a bed for the night  
For a night the wind is kept from them  
The snow meant for them falls on the roadway  
But it won't change the world  
It won't improve relations among men  
It will not shorten the age of exploitation.