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## Refugee

Joseph's eight years old as far as he can tell  
He's a fine young boy with a big shy smile  
A dusty transit camp is his life and home  
It's the only one he's ever known

Chorus:

Refugee – Refugee  
There but for the grace of God my friends  
Go you and me

Round the camp's high fence the rusty barbed wire's curled  
To mark the frontiers of his poor small world  
Far beyond the fence living in his dreams  
Is the home that Joseph's never seen

In the dust and heat the women queue for hours  
For handouts of rice or maize or flour  
While their menfolk drown in a bitter sea  
Of rage and despair and charity

And the old people die nearly every day  
Turn their faces to the wall and slip away  
As if they know they can't live with the pain  
Of never seeing their homeland again