



Looking Back... **MOVING FORWARD**

**NATIONAL LOW INCOME
HOUSING COALITION**

IMAGINE

Composed and Performed by *Split This Rock*

40th Anniversary Commemorative Event
Monday, November 17, 2014

*I'm coming home
I'm coming home
tell the World I'm coming home
Let the rain wash away all the pain of yesterday
I know my kingdom awaits and they've forgiven my
mistakes
I'm coming home, I'm coming home
tell the World that I'm coming*

*Imagine...
Bones becoming too much of a burden to bear
Hands too helpless, too much of a hassle
Too weak and worn for work
Birthing babies, providing them a home, now not able to
provide one for myself
Having to choose between resources and residency
Retirement fund on it's last leg, can barely afford medical
bills as is
bills, bills, bills
Homelessness lingers in the air like death
It's found it's way under my fingernails,
I've been scratching and clawing for affordability
But the government has forgotten about me*

*Have you ever been forced to sacrifice protection?
Even if you choose one
One will still be without
One will still have to be waiting for change
And I have none to give
Imagine...*

*Imagine your dollar bill waving in the wind like your
praised pin striped galaxy
Every morning my salutations are regarded to bus stop
benches
I earned my ranks fighting for a bed in the nearest shelter
364 days of the year you walk past me vicariously
Yet appreciating me one day out of the year proves your
patriotism
I imagine a world where we help out our vets just a little
bit more
Where wicker baskets filled with trinkets
wouldn't be considered my life savings
Where 12% of the homeless population isn't veterans
Where you don't walk past me like I'm non existent
Where every person has a place to sleep.*

*Home is not an absent father I have to pay to be with
And the backseat of a car does not act as the catalyst for
my loneliness
Mom says, "we couldn't afford to pay the rent this
month"
But something about sleeping in the same compact
space
you must drive in makes me feel poor
Childhood, is the foreign word for happiness I have yet to
experience
The luxurious feeling of security in a closet of housing
Income, the only thing standing in between me and my
necessity
Homelessness, the only lifestyle
I've known
Has given me a vivid imagination*

*I'm coming home, I'm coming home
tell the World I'm coming home]
Imagine the day when capitalism does not keep people
out of homes
Imagine the day when mental health will actually be in
dialogues for solution
imagine the day when you won't subsidize me for my race
Imagine a day when we all can smile
Imagine a day when a mother can finally tell her daughter
they're going home
Imagine the way her eyes will light up
Imagine the veteran that can finally get treatment
Imagine the bills the mother can pay
Imagine a home for everyone
Imagine all of the lives we can save
Imagine 40 years of dedication to this mission
That's 2,080 weeks! 14,600 days!
350,400 hours of our coalition
Making dreams into REALITY
Together,
we can achieve all that we imagine.*

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To learn more about Split This Rock, visit www.splitthisrock.org

