



## I've passed you by at the bus stand

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I've passed you by at the bus stand,  
I have crossed over your streets,  
Back when you had a home,  
And lived within walls of concrete.

I have revived your body,  
Even when you demeaned it,  
I have dressed your wounds like  
It was my heart that bled.  
I have eased your pain when  
I couldn't fight its cause,  
I have stood relentless,  
Even when you said you'd rather give up.

I was here when your concrete broke into pieces,  
Home was me and you, friend,  
Your family, my responsibility.

In health, what I could not,  
In sickness, I promise,  
Whenever you'll need me,  
I'll come running even in the wee hours of morning.

This white coat bears little resemblance,  
To the fire of my spirit.

The blood that flows in your veins,  
Flows as well through my brain.

Fought so hard all this time,  
And we'll fight some more, too.

My friend, life's bus is waiting.  
And I won't leave till after you do.

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