## FLUTE, VIOLIN, OR TENOR RECORDER AND GUITAR OR GUITAR SOLO BOTH VERSION ARE INCLUDED

# HOMELESS



Recordings of this work may be found at: www.michaelkentobrien.com/music, www.emilysdomain.org/Recorderland/shop, and on all streaming services. Copyright © 2016 by Michael Kent O'Brien, ASCAP

## <u>Notes</u>

Slurs in the guitar part represent either hammer-ons or pull-offs. Slurs in the flute/recorder part represent phrases as well as articulations in the traditional way.

This piece was conceived for the <u>Mollenhauer Helder Harmonic tenor recorder</u>, which has an extended range. Other tenor recorder models may work with the use of a bell key. Modern altos with an extension to low E are also possible, omitting the few notes below that.

For <u>flute</u>, a B foot is required for the last note, but this can be altered at the player's discretion.

Although notated here for <u>six-string guitar in standard tuning</u>, the guitar part is easily adapted to the <u>harp-guitar</u> at the player's discretion. This is especially true for the very last note which is effectively played on an open-C, sub bass string.

<u>Recordings</u> of this piece may be found at: www.michaelkentobrien.com/music. "Homeless" is included on the album, "Songs From Home," by Emily O'Brien and Michael O'Brien available on all <u>streaming services</u> or at: <u>www.emilysdomain.org/Recorderland/shop</u> and <u>www.michaelkentobrien.com</u>.

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## HOMELESS

BLESSED are the children Who wander the streets. The world's at their fingers And pockets are deep. The REST are the others Who wander on by. Busy as hornets And can't figure out why.

GRANDFATHER'S calling. His sheets are appalling. Angels are calling. The future is falling. The alleys are crawling And besides, His wine glass is dry.

It's crazy. So, so crazy.

So, I need to find myself a bed. Rest these weary feet. Let my mind dry And watch the world go by.

I watched POLICEMEN coming For me, Happy and smiling, like

Sharks in the sea.

They came for NOTHING. But nothing's enough To give you a booking, or Rough you up tough for

Sleeping in graveyards. Riffing in churchyards where the Pastor's retiring. his sheep are expiring from living on fossils like twelve dead apostles.

And the Mayor's beguiling. His aids are all smiling. The beaches are burning. The banks are returning. Investors are earning. Consumers are buying. Parents are trying, But their children are crying, for

### THE CAT HAS NO HAT!

(So, someone is lying.)

It's crazy. So, so crazy.

So, I need to find myself a home. Rest these weary bones. Heat me up some soup.

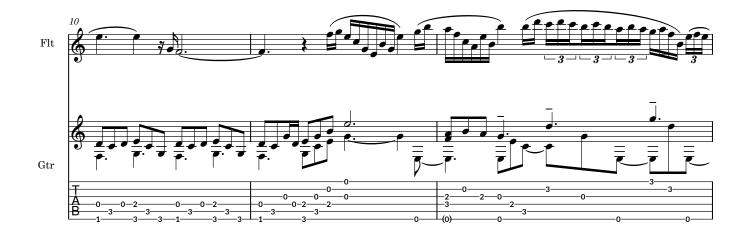
And watch the moon go down.

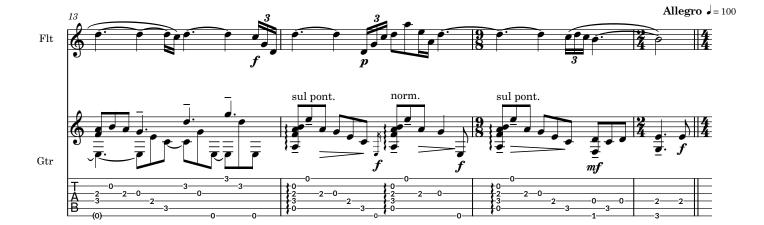
## Flute (recorder) and Guitar

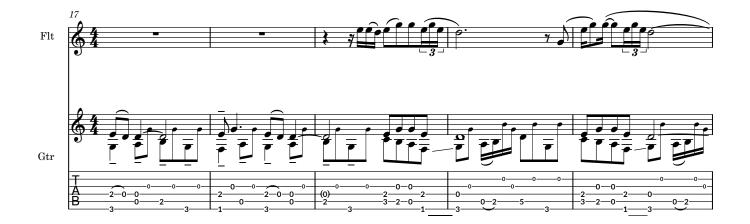
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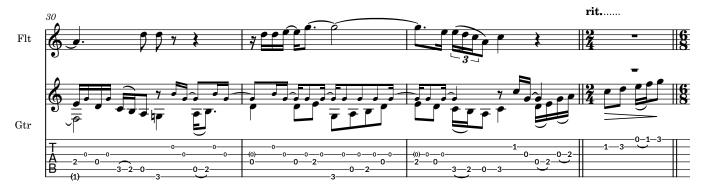


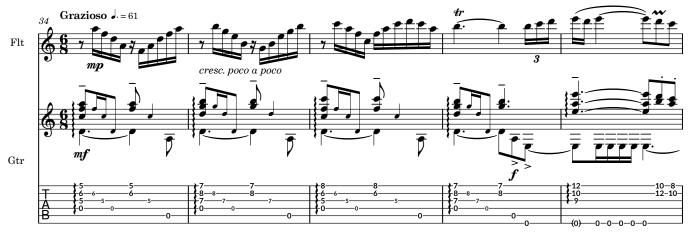






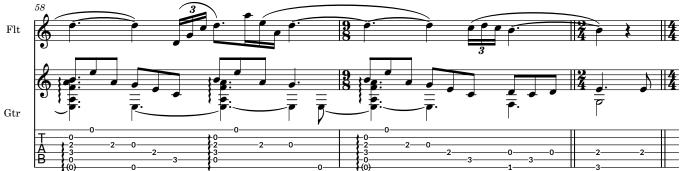




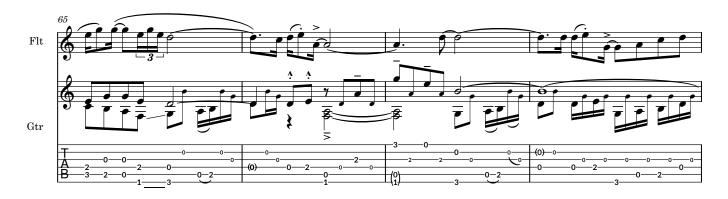






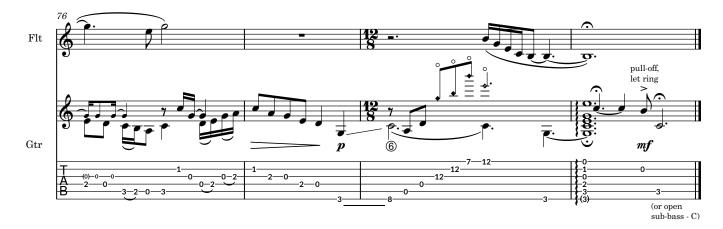






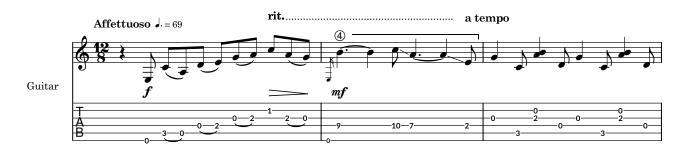


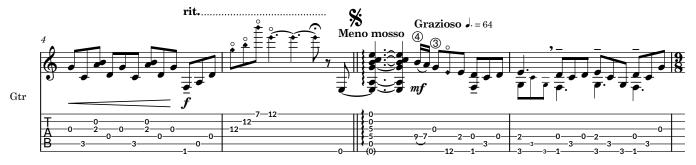


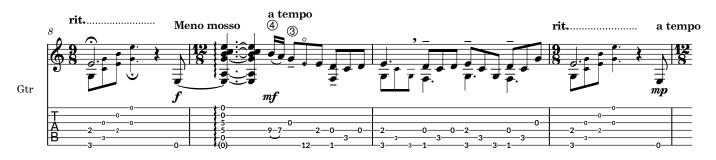


## HOMELESS

#### MICHAEL KENT O'BRIEN, ASCAP

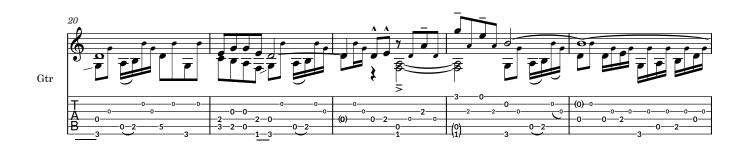








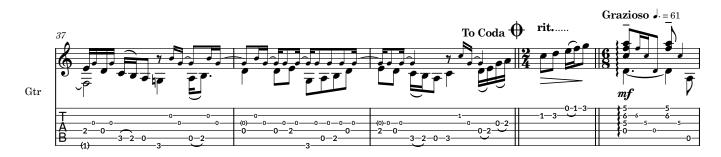


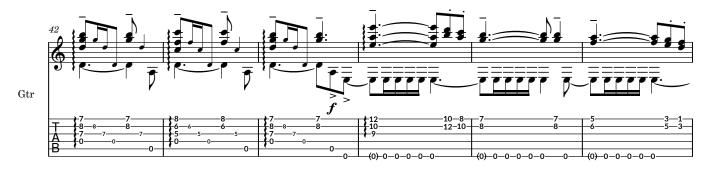


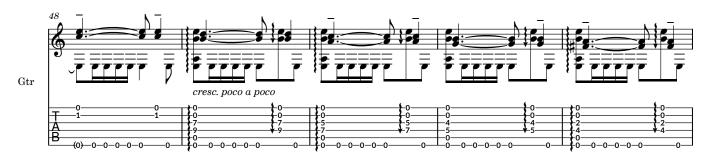


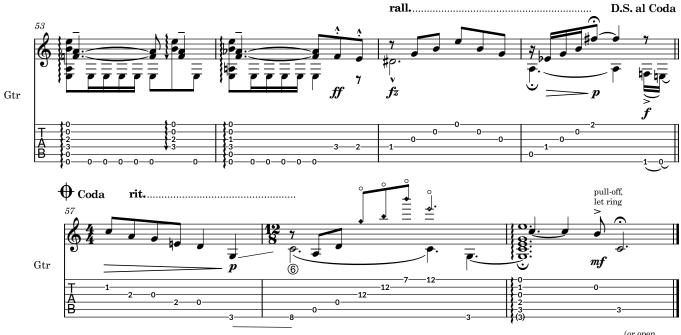












<sup>(</sup>or open sub-bass - C)