# HOMELESS 



Recordings of this work may be found at: www.míchaelkentobrien.com/music, uww.emilysdomain.org/Recorderland/shop, and on all streaming services.
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Notes

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 Mollenhauer Helder Harmonic tenor recorder, 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 flute, a B foot is required for the last note, but this can be altered at the player's discretion.
Although notated here for six-string guitar in standard tuning, the guitar part is easily adapted to the harp-guitar 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.

Recordings 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 streaming services or at: www.emilysdomain.org/Recorderland/shop and www.michaelkentobrien.com.

## 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
Forme,
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 earníng. 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.

## Homeless

Flute (recorder) and Guitar


Flt


Flt


Flt



Flt


Flt



Flt

Gtr


Flt


Flt


Flt


Flt


Flt


Flt

Gtr


Flt


Flt


Flt


## HOMELESS

MICHAEL KENT O'BRIEN, ASCAP


Gtr


Gtr




Gtr


Gtr


