

Dramarama, Work For Food

Yeah well no one really understands,
A shopping cart is filled with cans,
And a top hat, and a snare drum, and a horn
And a poster and some magazines
With my picture, and some magic beans
And a blanket that I got when I was born

Different people do the same things everyday
And I just look the other way
But I keep on rollin', I keep on rollin'.....
I deny a problem with my attitude
Cause I will work for food
Yeah I keep on rollin', I keep on rollin'.....

I wasn't always paranoid,
Sang a song on Uncle Floyd,
But the records, never sold, and that was bad.
And my Mommy still took care of me,
Till I was almost thirty-three
Now she's gone up to heaven, to see Dad.

Sheriffs came with pistols and on their stary sleeves
Gimme thirty days to leave
And I keep on rollin', I keep on rollin'.....
No one wants to pay for me my broken heart
So now I've got this shopping cart
And I keep on rollin', I jeep on rollin'....
On..on,and on,and on,and on,and on...

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