

Five Iron Frenzy, Where Zero Meets 15

My car broke down in Arizona, have to
ride the bus again, at ten-o'clock on
Tuesday night, with thirteen cents and a
broken pen. I put my backpack on the
bench, tell two people I don't smoke,
see the cop across the street, he thinks
that I am selling dope, I could have
walked another block, to get away from
the scene. Why does it always come to
this, where zero meets fifteen?

And so I gave my thirteen cents, to the
man who peed his pants. He passes out
and falls on me, I watch my change fall
from his hand. I see the lady next to
me, holds her baby black blue.
The junkie gutter-punks keeps asking,
where I got my new tattoo. What does
it matter anyway, thirteen cents or all I
own? How can I ever save the world,
on cup-o-soup and student loans?

I want to try and save the world, but it
never goes that way.
God I don't know what to do, down at
Colfax and Broadway.

Now the man with no shoes on, says I
don't know how to play. He says I
fumble all the time. He thinks that I am
John Elway. I put my face down in my
hands, water wells inside my eyes.
What do I have to give them? Does it
matter if I try? I can't stand to see you
suffer, I try to intellectualize, a formula
to end you pain, it doesn't work, God
knows I've tried.
Sometimes my cup is overfilled.
Sometimes I'm too afraid that I'm going to spill.