

Metal Church, Date With Poverty

[K. Vanderhoof / M. Howe]

I live my life the best I can, sometimes I need a change
Losing all my marbles wasn't part of the game
Existing day by day tormented by the telephone
It's hard enough to live my life, why don't you live your own?

I pay out money with a check, I never use the cash
Collectors closing in on me, is this some kind of test?
Borrow is my middle name, the banks give graciously
With interest rates that terrify, they knock you senselessly

Bounce a check, lie a bit, do without
I'm in hiding, just leave me be
This is the first step to my date with poverty

You sit there in your cushy job and call me on the phone
You want my money and everything I own
I'll pay you soon as I get paid, the check is in the mail
Don't call my home anymore, I've long since jumped bail

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Living on a shoestring daily, maybe I'll make some money maybe
I hope to make a living someday, then I'll pay you what I owe you
Then you'll get off my back!

Someday I'll get ahead of things and life will be so grand
I'll buy a house down my the beach, stick my feet in the sand
For now I'll do what I can do to keep this dream alive
Until I win the lottery I must survive

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I'm so fuckin' broke
I can't even afford to pay attention
Don't you know who I am?
You got any food?
I need a drink
Aw, fuck you