

No Use For A Name, The Daily Grind

Another morning and I'm awake
The same old thing on a different day
I want to drive but my tank is dry
But the ground is wet with rain
Greedy people are pushing me
Needy people in misery
It's a push & shove community
But how the hell can I complain

On the other side of town
People are sleeping on the ground
Look not far and you will find
A tragedy, the daily grind

Seems like when the times are tough
That hope is down and the price goes up
There's not enough jobs to fill a cup
And the streets are filled with shame
Here I am in a traffic jam
And ugly faces stare me down
They call this the right side of town
But still I can't complain

On the other side of town
People are sleeping on the ground
Fighting wars that can't be won
Twelve year-old boy with a gun
Look not far and you will find
A tragedy, the daily grind