

# Broadways, Upton

i'm not angry i'm a no good piece of shit  
i hear that everyday, it just rolls off my back  
left out frustrated no one to talk to  
alone with the thoughts in my head  
the people i respect knock me down,  
so i sit like a piece of garbage washed up on the curb  
and it's funny in a place where one in ten have no money  
i hear only one in ten encouraging words  
"yeah the wisemen don't know shit, it's a poor fuck like me on the streets i got it all figured out  
said an old man piss drunk on a wednesday  
a smile from his dirty toothless mouth  
made me smile  
and he asked me for a smoke and some change  
a cigarette was all i had to give  
i sat around watching cars thinking stupid fucking thoughts about  
my friends and my girl and my school and myself  
and i wished i could go drinking  
where no one knew my name and i didn't know anyone else  
i sat alone bored accomplishing nothing  
another summer day, more thrown away sunshine  
"now don't be offended and don't curse me out,  
but i'm starving and i sure could use your dimes"  
i looked up at a young man not much older than me  
gave him a dollar and a smoke and some time  
he said "i fought for uncle sam and now he won't fight for me  
he threw me out when i was done serving time  
i said i wouldn't go into special forces and kill  
he said 'then stay out on the streets and fucking die'"  
yeah there's two kinds of prisons  
some say one where you're locked up and everything's outside  
and another where you're outside and everything is locked away.