

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 everythings outside
and another where you're outside and everything is locked away.