

# Dri, Soup Kitchen

Vicious circle's got me down  
Days turn into weeks of hanging out  
Got to shake these soup kitchen blues  
Growing tired of barley cabbage stew  
And there being nothing  
Nothing new to do  
Dumb and hungry, we make our way  
For free refueling  
Like an alarm clock, our minds know the times  
We plan our lives around the lines  
Twelve p.m. At the soup kitchen  
Talking politics with the bag men  
Forced into their conversations  
Pessimistic contemplations  
They tell me of their heart conditions  
Share with me their D.T. Visions  
Damn me with that bad outlook  
Or save me with that "good book"  
Vicious circle's got me down  
Days turn into weeks of hanging out  
Got to shake these Haight-Ashbury blues  
Growing tired of the Kezar Stadium cruise  
And there being nothing  
Nothing new to do  
Just make the midday pilgrimage  
We travel far and wide  
Going to the soup kitchen  
To swallow some more pride