

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