Dri, Under The Overpass

Hungry vets carrying signs to our shame
Starving homeless soldiers
And who's to blame?
Once protected our freedom and our lives
Now society has cut all ties
Once trained to defend our rights
At the risk of his own ass
Now sleeps in a cardboard box
Under the overpass
Under -- under the overpass
Like discarded pawns in a sick game of chess
Seems to be no place for them in this mess
A dime or a penny, whatever you can spare
They would work for food
For those of you who care
All used up and thrown out
Just like a worn out part
Keeps all that he owns
In a shopping cart
Under -- under the overpass