

# Edna's Goldfish, Just Less

What little faith I have in the human spirit  
Seems like everybody's in it to win it  
Poor brushed aside  
Rich come on inside  
Take a bite, eat the bread, eat the gold eat your own

Well it doesn't matter if your faceless  
heartless, or just less  
Well it doesn't matter if your faceless  
hopeless, or just less

You're Just Less

Dirt and Filth crawls up my walls  
Night falls, nobody cares so nobody calls  
Trapped in my room with the locks on the inside  
Scared to take another look on the outside

The ink from my pen flows quick as I hear another go down  
outside my window

Take a look and there's nothing there at all

A thousand sounds I want to hear them all  
Smells that I can't bear, Looks that turn to stares  
And I wonder where it all came from