

Ellis Paul, Last At The Table

Preacher won't you preach to me,
I need a pint of philosophy.
I'm hurt and thirsty, set me on my way.
Mondays come and Mondays go,
But this one seems to be sort of slow.
Can you tell me sir, when will there come a change?

I'm the one who's last at the table,
I'm the one who never gets the gold.
You're the one who says I'm able,
But you turn your words with lies and fables...
Mothers won't you cry for me,
I'll sell your tears for a token fee

On a street corner where drunk patrons stand laughing.
And they'll stop, they'll stare at me,
Scratch at their heads, "How can this be?"
I'll say, "I was born like you, --
" then I'll startin dancin'...

Hello, Mr. Bureaucrat.

You pick who's thin -- you pick who's fat.
Now what makes you so fit for the shoes you walk in?
In an office space you get a taste

For paper money and paper waste.
Now who gets what depends on who is talking...