

# Funeral Dress, Homeless

Always alone, always the same  
Nowhere to go, it's not a game  
This is their life no fairy-tale  
No happy ends, but better than jail  
They have no home, live on the street  
They have no job, nothing to eat  
A way of life, but not their choice  
Nobody cares, don't hear their voice

It's a daily battle, there's no other way  
What brings tomorrow, if they live the day  
Why all this pain, nightmares in their head  
How does it feel, almost being dead?

On the streets, out in the cold  
nobody to hug, no one to love  
He got no shoes on his feet  
Nothing to drink, nothing to eat  
On the sidewalk, begging all day  
people pass, look the other way  
a daily struggle, trying to survive  
wondering how he earned this life