

# Good Riddance, Shame, Rights & Privilege

Stumbling drunk off a bus downtown  
You've got it bad for the system  
'Cause you know it let you down  
You see the marks on the whores  
And the dimes they lent you  
And your paranoia soars  
On the wings of your dementia

Without a system that compels  
The growth of human compassion  
Its a face that will never change  
Nobodys well when ever one soul suffers  
We're bound by circumstances  
We cant dissarrange  
Does shame prevent you  
>From engaging in the indigents struggle

Just filling up a vacancy  
With nothing new to live for  
When I was young and naive  
I believed I could be so much more  
Out of touch with a world  
That never cared or knew me  
More dead than alive  
when you stare right through me

Its a face that will never, never change  
never change  
You could be the one  
With your hand held out