

No Use For A Name, Sidewalk

Sitting in the lazy chair, the channels look the same,
I realize that the roof is stable and start to feel ashamed.
It's cold outside, but don't ask me, the weather's fine in here,
Ask the man around the corner who lives his life in fear.

Two hundred pennies, forty ounces later he's okay,
He doesn't have the pressure to think about the next day,
But I bet it's something cold and hard and grey.

Complaining and whining all the time, I never seem to quit,
Always lying to myself, a shoe that always fits.
Never is a long time, and it feels like I'm a clock,
Ticking like a time bomb, someday soon his life will stop.

I listen to the radio, but nothing good is on,
My friends are calling up but I'm pretending that I'm gone.
We're all pieces in a chess game, he's a pawn.

I wonder how it turned out like this, no one seems to care,
The scale has tipped me fortunate, is this what we call fair?
But I've never had the mind to know it,
I've never had the guts to show it,
All I know is his dream is my nightmare.