

Pennywise, Homeless

look at all these people lying around
look at all these people being scraped right off the ground
because of too many broken homes
too many cardboard boxes
too many people who just can't survive
hard losses well americans don't belong in tins
let's learn to help ourselves before we help the foreign
wounded decay shout out dismay
can you hear their voices yelling out mayday
why are we sending money over seas
look out your window our nation's the one that needs
because there's not enough income
there's too much poverty
why must we lose more lives before our eyes will see
we'll leave it alone hope it goes away
its hard to ignore life when you live it everyday
I'd like to see I'd like to say I'd like to hear that help is on the way
here today where tomorrow?
death in the shadows
affects us all
too many bodies lie in the street
too many hungry mouths that have the right to feed