Rustic Overtones, Long Division

(D. Gutter)
there's a pain in my heart...
as it pumps blood through my veins
so flows a little shame.
I'll pull back on the reins a bit...
cause on the flip there's a man
with his aluminum can
in an old wheelchair he sits
I flip a coin into the wishing well
I stop to wish him well
There was hope once for us both
as our long division grows
failure upon failure made one mountain and one stones
pray for my friend tonight
because poor isn't that far from your middle class line
long division takes it's time.
There's too much daylight between
all our pockets and our dreams
so when you reach into your pocket
reach down further than the seams
to the leg that you could kneel down
and beg upon; one day a prince
and the next day a vagabond.
I flip a coin into a wishing well
this one's for you...
-chorus-
the depths of a man
with water in his hand
is shallower than sand
if it's water he doesn't share
this world's a low tide beach of lies and deceit
some go hungry and some eat
some are stupid and some teach
I flip a fist full of coins into a wishing well
now there is hope for us all.
-chorus-