

Scaterd Few, Beggar

I'm a tired old beggar
Ragged and torn
Sleeping fetus shouldn't hurt

Frail by the wayside
Little hope for dopes with bottles
They say it's twice the joke

But in another slumber
My heart longers for another
God or Mammon make your choice

Baby nearly took me aside
I looked around and there was nowhere to hide
Are you looking for me I was nowhere to find

I'm a tired old beggar
Let it be known
The ways of men are never right

Sick on the inside
Little hope for dopes in bondage
Jesus Christ

Baby nearly took me aside
I looked around and there was nowhere to hide
Are you looking for me I was nowhere to find

Listen again