

# 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