Ugly Kid Joe, Panhandlin prince

Sittin' On A Rusty Park Bench Baby
Not Much Else To Do
Smoke Cigarettes And Rink My Mickey's
Fine Malt Liquor Brew
As I Start Drinkin' And I Start Thinkin'
That Death Is On My Side
If My Heart Stopped Beatin', The Street Kept Reekin'
That's Suicide.... That's Right!
I Grew Up In The Inner City
A Dark Part Of This Town
Just Another Innocent Backwoods Victim
Society Like To Put Down
You Can Call Me A Boozer, Or Call Me A Loser
It Really Doesn't Matter To Me
I Got A Bench For Snoozin', Some Sauce To Keep Boozin'
That's All I Neeed
Chorus
I Keep It Comin', Sometimes I Don't Know Why
I'm Gonna Do It 'til The Day I Die
Consider Me The Duke As I Dine In Your Dumpster
Unsanitary Engineer
Baron Of The Bench The Panhandlin' Master
Well, I'm Pullin' Twenty G's A Year
I Know It Ain't Much But At Least I'm In Touch, Yeah
With Reality
And I Wouldn't Trade No Places To Be In Rat Races
No Siree!
Chorus
Yo, Mr. Trump, Can I Ask You A Question
You Got Some Spare Change For Me Sucker?
'Cause I'm Down And Out And There Ain't No Doubt
That I Am Here To Stay
Yeah You See Me Lyin' With My Brothers
In The Gutter With My Paper Bag In Hand
Yeah The Streets Are Cold But At Least
There's Soul And That's All I Need!
You'll Take Away My Peace Of Mind
You'll Leave Me There To Rot And Die
But Look Again, My Careless Friend
The World You Live Is Just A Lie
It's A Give And Take, The More The Fake
The More The Pain, The More You Lose
Live Your Life, Don't Take No Sides
N'seize The Day And Drink Your Booze!