

Walkabouts, Feast Or Famine

In a trailer park with hungry dogs
Eat stolen bread
With stolen credit cards
With half a brain
I'd torch this mess
Have all these things
So I don't ask for more
Never sure it's about to happen
Wait for sweepstakes in the mail
What you don't know it will rip you open
Feast or famine
Feast or famine
Took a leave from better sense
A hypocrite who bit on every line
Have no time for another laugh
Bought a car and drove it off a cliff
Never sure it's about to happen
Wait for sweepstakes in the mail
What you don't know it will rip you open
Feast or famine
Feast or famine
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