

When I get home it's late at night,  
I'm black and bloody from my life,  
I haven't time to clean my hands,  
Cuts will only sting me through my dreams.

It's well past midnight as I lie  
In a semi-conscious state.  
I dream of people fighting me  
Without any reason I can see.

In the morning I awake,  
My arms my legs my body aches,  
The sky outside is wet and grey  
So begins another weary day.  
So begins another weary day.

After eating I go out,  
People passing by me shout.  
I can't stand this agony  
Why don't they talk to me?

In the park I have to rest  
I lie down and I do my best,  
The rain is falling on my face  
I wish I could sink without a trace.

In the morning I awake,  
My arms my legs my body aches,  
The sky outside is wet and grey,  
So begins another weary day.  
So begins another weary day.

In the park I have to rest  
I lie down and I do my best,  
The rain is falling on my face  
I wish I could sink without a trace.

In the morning I awake,  
My arms my legs my body aches,  
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So begins another weary day.  
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