

Loser's Lament

Black Lips

When the boy became a man
Put away his childish things
And he left his home and left his childish sorrow

He set out to make a plan
And he kitted out with haste
But he couldn't earn and he was forced to borrow

He would walk alone a mile
He would suffer with a smile
He would give his final dime to his brother

He would give away his all
And he'd stumble lurch and fall
And he'd spend alone at night in the gutter

But he bore his burden proud
As he tried to get away
With things that hounor life

And he gave up everything
Just to hear his freedom ring
And he hoped for better things for tomorrow

And one one day it came to pass
After giving up his last
He could not obtain his cash to carry onward

So the boy become a man
Had to make his final stand
And he died without a friend to do him honor

But he bore his burden proud
As he tried to get away
With things that honor life

And he gave up everything
Just to hear his freedom ring
And he hoped for better things for tomorrow