

American Welfare Poem

Damon Albarn

That comes from the night
And no one wants to know in the day
That puts you in the same place
That's the people laid out on the streets
Everyday you should be

Either look after by us or by people
But we ain't got enough money
'Round here
Show my feeling
Walks down the street, in a town that I don't live in
And as long as I'm not
Rude or weird or strange or crazy
It goes unnoticed

Far from the thought
That I was let out
This morning
But I let myself far from my hotel
From my room, and my number and my card and my, people
I've seen all the new movies
And I've met the people in them
But it doesn't seem to answer
And the answers are the questions that
I always think about

This ain't a song
This is just something I thought about just before I went to bed
'Cause I don't wanna walk down that street
Early in the morning
People think I'm afraid, no
I just hide away□