

Breadline

Jamie Webster

Walking down this same road again
Not knowing where I'll end up
These old shoes are carrying my pain
Of broken homes and no one's love

I see
Rolling up shutters, boys fixing gutters
I've got nothing at all
Over the summer I lost a brother
Like leaves I fell in the fall

And now I'm on the breadline
Everyone knows your name
It's a deadline
Oh it's a crying shame
You'll be back again

Slowly now I'm picking up my feet
The tides are turning
An offer came to take me from these streets
Yes I've got a chance of earning
Hoping one day I could

Go find a lover, bedsheets and covers
A place to ease my mind
Maybe tomorrow I'll lose my sorrows
But for now I'm wasting time

On the breadline
Everyone knows your name
It's a deadline
Oh it's a crying shame
You'll be back again

This don't have to be forever
One day a change will come
We've all got to pull together
I know it's easier said than done
Dreams are sold, growing old
Get out of the cold into the sun
We could break bread and wine
But for now
We've gotta break out of the breadline