

Mongrels

Joan Osborne

Whatever happened to this
it was an island of bliss
in this ridiculous place
But now the river runs black
and I don't know the way back
I feel it going to waste

We are the mongrels
underneath the table
fighting for the leavings
tearing us to shreds
We are the mongrels
tearing up the floorboards
unaware of the banquet
up above our heads

I reach across the divide
I want to take you inside
but something's holding me bound
There is a thorn in my side
that's coming on like a tide
these tender feelings do drown

We are the mongrels
underneath the table
fighting for the leavings
tearing us to shreds
We are the mongrels
tearing up the floorboards
unaware of the banquet
up above our heads

This is a chance for the prize
it's waiting here in my eyes
you hardly look at me now
With every beat of my heart
I want to make a new start
but I don't seem to know how

We are the mongrels
underneath the table
fighting for the leavings
tearing us to shreds
We are the mongrels
rolling on the floorboards
unaware of the banquet
up above our heads