

Nervous

You know you're making me nervous
Because I've never known anyone live life
With such purpose... on purpose

Pretty boys, pretty boys
No more glamour of disease
Pity boys, pity boys
That it's your common sense everybody needs
Instead of...

Help yourself
What's mine is yours and yours to keep
Help yourself
But just don't bite the hand that feeds

Nameless
The homeless shall remain nameless
And your barber shop bravado
Doesn't cut at Barnardo's
Just with the brainless... and the shameless

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Righteous
I could never be righteous
Because I can't afford
The brains
The time
The smiles
And the niceness... it's priceless

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