

The Vagrant

Mordred

You have to help me with this theory of a nation
I'd stand to greet you but I've sores upon my feet
I think I'd rather stay sublime
You have the money to keep me alive for a day now
I hear the jingle and smell the ripple so sweet
I just don't care if I'm on time
You said you'd help me but you tell me you're late for your train

Can you tell me why?
I'm left with no means to survive

My child looks at you and turns away from your stare now

It's ok, he's just ashamed of the hunger in his eyes
I know the nights no friend of mine
Now I'm sifting through the garbage for my next meal

Can you tell me why?
I'm left with no means to survive

Will work for food you read so clear
The sign in front of me was my inspiration for the year

Can you tell me why?
I'm left with no means to survive