

# Quiet Desperation

Scatman John

You're sitting on a milk mornin' noon and night  
Fantisizin' the American dream  
You're lookin' pretty good and you've got yourself convinced  
That the nightmare isn't as bad as it seems  
You try your best to hide yourself beneath your turned up collar  
And a plastic bag is all you've got to show  
And your books inside your shopping cart  
Is probably the best education you're ever gonna know (Hmm)

The guy in the Mercedes is just hollered with the dollar  
Better grab it 'cause the signal's turnin' green  
And while you're at it put the jug behind the picket fence  
'Cause the cop that's drivin' by sho'looking mean  
Institution, contribution, restitution, destitution  
Doesn't mean a thing to you now  
You're the freeway feature  
For your audience are driving by  
So maybe you should stand and take a bow

You're living in desperation  
And you never have felt complete  
You live in anticipation  
Of another day on the street, sing with me

[Scatting by Scatman John]

You're sitting in the same spot  
You want to go home  
But there ain't no home but home on the range  
You've forgotten what you look like and it looks like you've forgotten  
That the look inside your eye is very strange  
Ain't nothing left to hide  
You're stripped of all your pride and all you feel inside  
Is a hole a mile wide  
You're the freedom desperado  
And the perfect living model  
Of a land that hasn't any good excuse

You're living in desperation  
And you never have felt complete  
You live in anticipation  
Of another day on the street, sing with me

[Scatting by Scatman John]

Sittin' on your milkcrate, blanket wrapped around you  
I see you sitting day after day  
I really like to talk but I know if I approached you  
You'd probably get up and walk away  
You're wishin' that your home of the American dream  
Wasn't only smoke and exhaust  
I love you desperado and all I gotta say  
You let me know how much I really lost

You're living in desperation  
And you never have felt complete  
You live in anticipation

Of another day on the street, sing with me

[Scatting by Scatman John]

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