Rights to Your Soul

Street Dogs

Walking on a summer day down in Warland Square
When we came upon a begging flower with dreadlocks in her hair
A younger girl, cyanotic too soon
She shoots us back a look, keep that pity to yourself
Then she turns away so violently and fixes up again
Life-stealing chill digging into her

Why have you turned out this way?
Have all those cheap shots got you running so far away?

Because it owns, owns the rights to your soul
Numb like a mortician, funeral parlor cold
Somewhere beneath the rot lies a rose
Before the poison stream stole the rights to your soul
Rights to your soul, rights to your soul

Reluctantly I throw some cash and pity in her can
Knowing full well that the money is earmarked for a bad plan
Admit kindness to a fault, I guess
She half smiles, half cries, catch that pity in my eyes
Then she looks away within a hurry for her begging cry
Christ, she looks on her last leg

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How do you concede young life to a dragon?
How about kicking your demons loose for a ride on the wagon?

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Owns, owns the rights to your soul
Numb like a mortician, funeral parlor cold
I remember such a little rose
Before the heroin stole the rights to your soul
Rights to your soul, rights to your soul

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