

i'm not angry i'm a no good piece of shit  
i hear that everyday, it just rolls off my back  
left out frustrated no one to talk to  
alone with the thoughts in my head  
the people i respect knock me down,  
so i sit like a piece of garbage washed up on the curb  
and it's funny in a place where one in ten have no money  
i hear only one in ten encouraging words  
"yeah the wisemen don't know shit, it's a poor f\*\*\*k like me on  
the streets i got it all figured out"  
said an old man piss drunk on a wednesday  
a smile from his dirty toothless mouth made me smile  
and he asked me for a smoke and some change  
a cigarette was all i had to give  
i sat around watching cars thinking stupid f\*\*\*king thoughts abo  
ut  
my friends and my girl and my school and myself  
and i wished i could go drinking  
where noone knew my name and i didn't know anyone else  
i sat alone bored accomplishing nothing  
another summer day, more thrown away sunshine  
"now don't be offended and don't curse me out,  
but i'm starving and i sure could use your dimes"  
i looked up at a young man not much older than me  
gave him a dollar and a smoke and some time  
he said "i fought for uncle sam and now he won't fight for me  
he threw me out when i was done serving time i said i wouldn't  
go into special forces and kill  
he said 'then stay out on the streets and f\*\*\*king die'"  
yeah there's two kinds of prisons  
some say one where you're locked up and everythings outside  
and another where you're outside and everything is olcked away.