

## Down on Their Luck

Xasthur

If they weren't already dead they'd just want to die  
Here's to a living grave in which they lie  
Knowing things that no one needs to know  
They're walking with no place left to go  
Left with a handful of broken tools  
The streets got them wandering like fools  
A full dumpster can't keep him fed  
Living where I hear all the voices in his head  
He's got a lot of stories for never leaving this place  
His skin is gray and dim  
She was a bigger mess than him  
He had to leave her  
On the streets he caught cabin fever  
He chose the wrong time when he felt her  
She thought he had a home but he's living in a shelter  
He tells his tales and he reflects  
About the good old days in the projects  
Telling all the losers down on their luck  
Shouting to the world, he just doesn't give a f\*ck  
There's no one on the other end of that phone  
He's got an audience but he's all alone  
He can't hear his own voice but he knows what you're saying  
There's no other role he could be playing

Things that don't add up, things that have fallen apart  
Their life's not much different than their shopping cart...  
He says talking to himself keeps him from going insane  
As if he hasn't seen his life go down the drain  
Living too fast to see or to know  
That's the high price of living on skid row  
Can't afford to stay or to leave  
Inmate of the ghetto written on his sleeve  
I see the looks on their faces  
Hard to believe the streets are better places  
Don't stare into their eyes or listen to their voice  
A reflection of yourself, or are you here by choice?  
Some folks appear to have a lot more  
Left with no choice but to mingle with the poor  
Nothing good would come knocking if they had a door  
Can't kick the bottle, its the best friend he ever had  
But when death calls his name he'll sure be glad  
Can't afford to leave or to stay  
The high price of poverty getting in his way  
And we're just living to see him another day