

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