

An American Bum

Abraham Cloud

They set you up while you're still in the swing. With one big push you could have anything. You know one day you will live like a king. They hook you up to a giant machine. You're on your way, you're feeling so mean. You buy a car, but they sold you a dream. It's hard to be an American Bum. The war's been fought, that war's been won, collect your pay when the week is done. You're satisfied with two weeks in the sun. There's bums in suits, there's bums in the street. There's bums who starve, and others who treat. There's bums who work eighty hours a week. It's hard to be an American Bum. You try your best, you do what you can, you give it all for your small piece of land. You build your house but it's made out of sand. 'Cause everyone is out for their own, you fall behind and they take all you own. Nobody cares if you're if you're sick or you're old.....but oh, that open road is calling louder than before, its paved with all the pain of things you never got, look in the distance at the
Land of Oz

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