

Where Zero Meets Fifteen

Five Iron Frenzy

My car broke down in Arizona, have to ride the bus again,
at ten-o'clock on Tuesday night, with thirteen cents and a broken pen.

I put my backpack on the bench, tell two people I dont smoke,
see the cop across the street, he thinks that I am selling dope,
I could have walked another block, to get away from the scene.

Why does it always come to this, where zero meets fifteen?
And so I gave my thirteen cents, to the man who peed his pants.
He passes out and falls on me, I watch my change fall from his hand.

I see the lady next to me, holds her baby black blue.
The junkie gutter-punks keeps asking, where I got my new tattoo.

What does it matter anyway, thirteen cents or all I own?
How can I ever save the world, on cup-o-soup and student loans?

I want to try and save the world, but it never goes that way.
God I dont know what to do, down at Colfax and Broadway.
Now the man with no shoes on, says I dont know how to play.
He says I fumble all the time. He thinks that I am John Elway.
I put my face down in my hands, water wells inside my eyes.

What do I have to give them? Does it matter if I try?

I cant stand to see you suffer, I try to intellectualize,
a formula to end you pain, it doesnt work,
God knows Ive tried. Sometimes my cup is overfilled.
Sometimes Im too afraid that Im going to spill.

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