

Outsiders

Jesse Malin

Get your man-child off the street
Tell your fortunes to the thieves
From the wastelands of the world
Through the shadows of a girl Moving to the rhythm of the primal drum
You've been working all your life
'Nother slave to all that jive
Like an actor in the rain
With somebody else's fame Moving to the rhythm of the final drum
Whatever you believe in, we all get corrupted I'm an outsider after the party's over
I'm an outsider after the show
I'm outsider trying to kick it over
I'm an outsider, that's all I know Moving to the rhythm of the final drum
Whatever you believe in, we all get corrupted

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