

Sidewalk

Hatcham Social

(T. Sly/C. Shiflett/M. Riddle/R. Koff)

Sitting in the lazy chair, the channels
look the same

I realize that the roof is stable and start
to feel ashamed

it's cold outside but don't ask me the
weather's fine in here

ask the man around the corner who
lives his life in fear

Two hundred pennies, forty ounces later
he's okay

he doesn't have the pressure to think
about the next day

but I bet it's something cold and hard
and grey

Complaining and whining all the time, I
never seem to quit

always lying to myself, a shoe that

seems to fit

never is a long time and it feels like I'm
a clock

ticking like a time bomb, someday soon
his life will stop

I listen to the radio but nothing
good is on

my friends are calling up but I'm
pretending that I'm gone

we're all pieces in a chess game,
he's a pawn

I wonder how it turned out like this, no
one seems to care

the scale has tipped me fortunate is this
what we call fair?

but I've never had the mind to no it,
never had the guts to show it

I know one thing, his dream is my
nightmare

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