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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