Work for Food

Dramarama

Yeah well, no one really understands
A shopping cart is filled with cans
And a top hat and a snare drum and a horn
And a poster and some magazines
With my picture and some magic beans
And a blanket that I got when I was bornDifferent people do the same things everyday
And I just look the other way but I keep on rollin', I keep on rollin'
I deny a problem with my attitude
'Cause I will work for food, yeah I keep on rollin', I keep on rollin'I wasn't always paranoid, sang a song on Uncle Floyd
But the records never sold and that was bad
And my Mommy still took care of me till I was almost thirty-three
Now she's gone up to heaven to see DadSheriffs came with pistols and on their stary sleeves
Gimme thirty days to leave and I keep on rollin', I keep on rollin'
No one wants to pay for me my broken heart
So now I've got this shopping cart and I keep on rollin', I jeep on rollin'
On, on and on and on and on and onYeah, well no one really understands
A shopping cart is filled with cans
And a top hat and a snare drum and a horn
And a poster and some magazines
With my picture and some magic beans
And a blanket that I got when I was bornDifferent people do the same things everyday
I just look the other way and I keep on rollin', I keep on rollin'
And I keep on rollin', I keep on rollin', on, on and on and on
And on and on, on and on and on and on and on and on
And on and on and on

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