

Cruel, Cruel World

Ezra Furman

Lost my job, lost my money in a flash
Watching my old life turn to dust and ash
Called you up on the telephone
Ended up in a new town all alone Took the bus on the highway tangled up
Felt the billboards' images fuck me up
Buy and sell yourself awake
Fall in love with a new thing every day It's cold, cold, cruel, cruel world.
Saw your hair in the sunlight glistening
Told your stories, you weren't even listening
Living out of an old suitcase
Looking at your stone-cold pretty face
Out of work like a true American
Got real sick with no health-care benefits
Everything turned black and blue
Government says, "We can't take care of you" Goodbye, goodbye, cruel, cruel world
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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