

Shame, Rights & Privilege

Good Riddance

Stumbling drunk off a bus downtown
You've got it bad for the system
'Cause you know it let you down
You see the marks on the whores
And the dimes they lent you
And your paranoia soars
On the wings of your dementia Without a system that compels
The growth of human compassion
Its a face that will never change
Nobodys well when ever one soul suffers
We're bound by circumstances
We cant dissarrange
Does shame prevent you
>From engaging in the indigents struggle Just filling up a vacancy
With nothing new to live for
When I was young and naive
I believed I could be so much more
Out of touch with a world
That never cared or knew me
More dead than alive
when you stare right through me Its a face that will never, never change
never change
You could be the one
With your hand held out

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