

The Daily Grind

Do Me Bad Things

Another morning and I'm awake
The same old thing but a different day
I want to drive but my tank is dry
But the ground is wet with rain
Greedy people are pushing me
Needy people in misery
It's a push and shove community
But how the hell can I complain
On the other side of town
People are sleeping on the ground
Look not far and you will find
A tragedy, the daily grind
Seems like when the times are tough
That hope is down and the price goes up

There's not enough jobs to fill a cup
And the streets are filled with shame
Here I am in a traffic jam
And ugly faces stare me down
And they call this the right side of town
But still I can't complain
On the other side of town,
People are sleeping on the ground.
Fighting wars that can't be won,
A 12 year old boy,
With a gun.
Look not far and you will find,
A tragedy,
The daily grind.

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