

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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