Government Center

Jaya the Cat

Caught the twelve thirty from ashmont station
32 ounces with the rum mixed in
God knows I need it with the way I've been living
Self medicated, chemical salvation
Afternoon show up at central station
When the music hits I don't feel no pain
Now I'm outside in the cold again trying to find my wayThe sun is setting in the combat zone
The streets are empty all the bars are closed
And I'm walking thru government center
Trying to find my way back homeDodging the cops at the ATMs
Three third hand suits and a record collection
From late night raids on the salvation army bins
Whatever god I pray to must be broke as me
Got a busted 4 track and a dead end job
Up at the downs on friday trying to make it pay off
On a twelve to one, but I got shut out
Man I'd be late to my own fuckin' funeral
Read the headlines passing out of town news
Says the world is still fucked and run by fools
And it don't seem to matter which drugs you use
It still turns out the sameThis record spins the same old song
The speaker's blown and the needle's worn
Don't matter nothing in the end
They say when you leave
You can never go home again.

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