Back on the Street

Utopia

They tell me I've paid back the debt I owed
Forty-four months since the slammer door closed
They give me a suit and put me back on the road
And my thoughts are racing
Where do I go? What am I supposed to live on?
What happens when the twenty-five dollars is gone?
That leaves me lots of time to wonder why I was born
But the countdown is on
Everybody's dancing
The music sounds entrancing
But you can't find the beat
It's the ticking of a thousand human time bombs
Who are back on the street
Oh the names have been changed
But the story's the same
History will repeat
Add it all up and then divide it by zero
'Cause you're back on the street
I can't stand the strain of this job no more
I must have forgot what I took it on for
I make lots of money, yet still I want more
And my head is blazing
I think that I'll check out the shops downtown
Sometimes it helps to buy things when I feel brought down
At this hour I might dodge those hippie low-life's around
But the countdown is on
Once you had to stand out
Looking for a handout
Free love and body heat
And that money's just a crumpled green be
When you're back on the street
Back on the street again
Said you're back on the street again
The countdown is on
And nobody knows when
Spreading like a cancer
Looking for the answer
In everyone you meet
And each in his way has a hustle to play

When he's back on the street

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