Beggin In The Slums

Defeater

I ain't been sleeping well these days
I lie awake listening to the trains
Wishing for one of them
To come take me away
Lost my way every place I've been
Tired of thinking of all the hurt I've seen
Wishing for death
To finally take me.My days are all the same
On the corners I beg and plead
I blow my lungs out
For some strangers change
The nights are long and cold
Under bridges where you're all alone
Embers of the fire build
Like drifts of snow
I've been thrown out
I've been let down
Never felt a promise
Of this town
That it was supposed to be
When I left home
I am washed up
On my last breath
Just an old man
With nothing left.
It ain't the way it was supposed to be
When I came home.
My ups and my downs
Have burnt me out
These people watching me
The swan song that I sing
And in the crowd
I feel the eyes
That have been broken down
Just like mine.
I hope these words dig deep
I hope he's listening
He sees what I've become
Just a broken man begging in slums

I found my hope
Finally found my hope
In the poor lost souls eyes
That were burning just like mine.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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