

Barely Exist

Chuck Prophet

Well they said he was crazy
nobody ever said that much to him
so he thought it could be true
When he left his boy was eight years old
got a picture in his wallet, gonna show it to you
Now kids that age on the playground are cruel, son
don't let 'em see you cry
You gotta be strong
But when you got asbestos
in your Kool Aid for breakfast
there's no good way to look alive
No good way at all
And when you barely exist
you're a long way from that
and you're a longer way from this
When you barely exist
who's gonna miss you when you're gone?
From a sandstorm in El Paso
out along the 10, to a mansion way up high
She's gonna teach your baby Spanish
rock her to sleep she will, hold her when she cries
Now that kid might grow up to play in the symphony
or be the next LeBron James
And that beats dying slowly in the heat
on a cattle farm, a face without a name
No two ways about it
And when you barely exist
you're a long way from that
and you're a longer way from this
When you barely exist
who's gonna miss you when you're gone?
Well a billion dollars is a lot of money
just to keep people out
What good's it ever done?
When you're following a light so bright
you've got to take it in
like taking air into your lungs
On the border towns of death
it's hard to live with a big move on your back
You pray for water on a moonless night
keep your head down, move for cover along the track
And when you barely exist
you're a long way from that
and you're a longer way from this
When you barely exist
who's gonna miss you when you're gone?

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