

# 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.

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