

# Sidewalk

Paulo Olarte

(T. Sly/C. Shiflett/M. Riddle/R. Koff)

Sitting in the lazy chair, the channels  
look the same

I realize that the roof is stable and start  
to feel ashamed

it's cold outside but don't ask me the  
weather's fine in here

ask the man around the corner who  
lives his life in fear

Two hundred pennies, forty ounces later  
he's okay

he doesn't have the pressure to think  
about the next day

but I bet it's something cold and hard  
and grey

Complaining and whining all the time, I  
never seem to quit

always lying to myself, a shoe that

seems to fit

never is a long time and it feels like I'm  
a clock

ticking like a time bomb, someday soon  
his life will stop

I listen to the radio but nothing  
good is on

my friends are calling up but I'm  
pretending that I'm gone

we're all pieces in a chess game,  
he's a pawn

I wonder how it turned out like this, no  
one seems to care

the scale has tipped me fortunate is this  
what we call fair?

but I've never had the mind to no it,  
never had the guts to show it

I know one thing, his dream is my  
nightmare

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