

Dead Ends

The GC5

Spent a buck for every dime I earned
It's the story of my life
Down on my luck and now it's time I learned
Everything has it's price
But broken hearts and empty pockets
Don't determine wrong and right
When the thoughts that fill your head
Are the kind that make your eyeballs sweat at night
The view from the alley and the view from the valley
Are empty and surrounded by dead ends
The bridges that I burned and the lessons that I learned
Don't amount to a damn thing in the end
Been accused and called a criminal
But I've yet to speak my mind
I may lose but the damage is minimal
And I'll soon respond in kind
I need an angel or a patron to save me
I need a message or a sign
Kings and queens have set me on their assorted paths
But I'll find my way in time

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