

Soup Kitchen

D.R.I.

Vicious circle's got me down
Days turn into weeks of hanging out
Got to shake these soup kitchen blues
Growing tired of barley cabbage stew And there being nothing
Nothing new to do Dumb and hungry, we make our way
For free refueling
Like an alarm clock, our minds know the times
We plan our lives around the lines 12 P.M. at the soup kitchen
Talking politics with the bag men
Forced into their conversations
Pessimistic contemplations They tell me of their heart conditions
Share with me their D.T. Visions
Damn me with that bad outlook
Or save me with that Good Book Vicious circle's got me down
Weeks turn into months of hanging out
Got to shake these Haight-Ashbury blues
Growing tired of Kesar Stadium cruise And there being nothing
Nothing new to do Make the midday pilgrimage
We travel far and wide
Going to the soup kitchen
To swallow some more pride

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