Blood

Dispatch

One old man a ten hour day
And not a dime to spare
Playin' on his pawn shop horn
And breathin' into the air
I've got more coal to fire
And another soul to feed
Little old lady left the scene
About an hour ago
Her purse was filled
All her silver unsold
Little old lady had a mouth
But nothing to say
Despite her allegiances
She has found a way

Even a bling squirrel needs a nut yea
Do rebut that
And if you open up your mouth
You better shut that
It's never ever gonna go away
"I'm homeless, God bless, good day"
Would that I were you
Would I be free
And would that you were me
Would you burn or flee
The blood is on your hands
You've got it on your feet
Your first is in the air
And somewhere in between

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