

Three and a Half Letters

Chickenfoot

I'm 37 years old
Married to my childhood sweetheart
Two beautiful girls, two and a half and four
Worked nine years at the plant where my father worked
And his father before him
I have a B.A. but laid off seven months ago
It's been hard tough so many others
But I still believe
Can you help, brother?
Can you help? I need a job
I need a job
I'm willing to work
But I need a job I stand in the street
With a sign in my hand
But I need the work
I need a job, yeah I just returned from Afghanistan
Spent four years in the military service
I'm 24, strong and I can't find work in my hometown
I'm married with one beautiful son
Seven months old today
Never had a chance to buy a home
Can't afford the apartment we've been living in
Moving in with Debbie's parents, whose home is now in foreclosure
Can you help? I need a job
I need a job
I'm willing to work
But I need a job I stand in the street
With a sign in my hand
I'm willing to work
But I need a job I'm sorry this letter is hand-written but I don't have a computer
I don't have access to one
I'm 51 years old
I lost my wife to breast cancer three years ago
Lost my job of 26 years one year later
I'm homeless with no one to turn to
I've been through a lot, brother
I heard you like to help people
Well, I need help I need a job
I need a job

I'm willing to work
But I need a job I stand in the street
With a sign in my hand
I'm willing to work
But I need a job Got nothin' left
Lost it all
Can I get back to zero
Zero, zero, zero, zero, zero
I need a job Yeah, I need a job
I need a job And the last letter said:
I'm nine years old and homeless.
Fuck!

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