

Where Zero Meets Fifteen

Five Iron Frenzy

My car broke down in Arizona, have to ride the bus again,
at ten-o'clock on Tuesday night, with thirteen cents and a broken pen.

I put my backpack on the bench, tell two people I dont smoke,
see the cop across the street, he thinks that I am selling dope,
I could have walked another block, to get away from the scene.

Why does it always come to this, where zero meets fifteen?
And so I gave my thirteen cents, to the man who peed his pants.
He passes out and falls on me, I watch my change fall from his hand.

I see the lady next to me, holds her baby black blue.
The junkie gutter-punks keeps asking, where I got my new tattoo.

What does it matter anyway, thirteen cents or all I own?
How can I ever save the world, on cup-o-soup and student loans?

I want to try and save the world, but it never goes that way.
God I dont know what to do, down at Colfax and Broadway.
Now the man with no shoes on, says I dont know how to play.
He says I fumble all the time. He thinks that I am John Elway.
I put my face down in my hands, water wells inside my eyes.

What do I have to give them? Does it matter if I try?

I cant stand to see you suffer, I try to intellectualize,
a formula to end you pain, it doesnt work,
God knows Ive tried. Sometimes my cup is overfilled.
Sometimes Im too afraid that Im going to spill.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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