

# Beggars and Choosers

## Soul Asylum

Right before the aftermath, I saw where it would end  
They said it was an accident, I guess that all depends  
On who you talk to and who you know  
And where you come from and where, where you go  
In your crowd of pushers and users, takers and losers  
Beggars and beggars and beggars and choosers  
Your childhood days are over as you stuff your shirt and say  
Made a choice and wrong or right it's this way I will stay  
You'll sell it to your children, you'll sell it to your wife  
Buying is your business and selling it's your life, it's your life  
The vultures are all circling around your window  
now  
Scavengers, evangelists will get to you some how  
Your mother and your ex-best friend, letters that you never send  
Your illegitimate children are coming for you now

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