Half a Day a Week

Bif Naked

I have found a lack of sympathy
for my chemically dependant brothers and sisters.
It disturbs me my eye rolling attitudes,
I search through my studies of gods,
I search for the compassion within me.
And I only have it half a day a week.
I try and I try and I try and I try,
having myself cross the fucking death junk line,
the forcid cock the back hand of love,
I know, I know, I know I, know,
if I can get my shit clean after all the shit I seen,
if I can still fall in love,
and laugh my head off at my life,
and my hard hard lessons.
Then why don't you you rich 35 yr. old junkie fuck,
I want compassion for you, but my friend I have none!
You bear your victimization like a cross, a crutch.
Your lazy, its easier than to cop out than to rise above,
believe me, believe you me,
I can't believe you but just to be nice
right now is that half a day a week,
that ill make a search for compassion.
For you, poor you, you fucking white millionaire!
My eyes are aching from roll.

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