

# Irrational

## Nasty Savage

Music-Rich,Dave  
Lyrics-RonThe color  
Of Money  
Is the  
Color of greed  
Grab  
What you can  
Take  
What you need  
A wishful  
Thinker  
Lives  
In the past  
Climbed on  
The world  
That went by  
Too fast  
More temper  
Than  
Imagination  
Portrait of  
A losing side  
Opinions formed  
Without  
Taking time  
To careThe stone thrower  
Broke the windows of his glass house  
Thoughtless search  
For a  
Scapegoat  
A human coin  
On edge  
For a time  
Having a fallout  
All of his own  
Hungry for  
Want of gentleness  
A carnival story  
With absence

Of scenes  
Slightly tilt  
And left  
Of center  
He can run  
A four minute mile  
Just as long as  
He was chasing  
A fast buck  
Sour man  
Sit in the rubble  
Of your own making  
Feed off your own  
Disillusions  
When your irrational  
It's always a sorrow  
A thin line into  
The dust  
Sour man  
Feed off your own  
Disillusions  
Sit in the rubble  
Of your own makings

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