

Poor Man's Lyric

[Birdwu](#)

It's needless to say my words, they don't mean nothing
Without a dollar behind
To help along the way. I say this as a fool and as a broken lamb
I would shout but my pocket is dry all over
I'm a mute to you Forgive me now for what i say but I'm on the record
The ones who make it out of here have bills as a lever
Guess I'm the poor, unlucky one The image of any system that contradicts me
Is far away in a hole
And buried in all the same cut-throat denials as me
And in a silent yell
I would move but my legs are tied all over
I'm immobile to you (Chorus) I may be imminent
But I feel like it's overruled
The end is getting closer but I'm alright
The populations' deaf to the poor man's lyric tonight Forgive me now for what i say but I'm on the record
The ones who make it out of here have bills as a lever
To permeate the suits in line now more than ever
Guess I'm the poor, unlucky one

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