

March, Friday or Saturday  
Art show with Ron English  
Says I'm a worthless bum  
You know they call me a worthless bum  
You know I had my share of chums  
But I'm a worthless bum, says I  
You might be thinkin' of Davinare  
You might be thinkin' of things that scare  
Whatever you're thinking, I don't care  
To be stripped bare  
Worthless bum says I  
I never deny a precious gift  
You know I probably stole all my riffs  
But I'm a worthless bum, says I

Oh, can't you see  
You belong to me  
How my poor heart aches  
Every move you make

You know if things get outta hand  
You know I'm the one who understands  
Without or with you I'm just doin', doin' fine  
You know I probably stole all my poetry  
Even they took the most of it from me  
But I will go on through the infinite  
Believin' the lie  
Worthless bum says I  
You know who that I hear is pretty good  
Understand, I'm a worthless bum  
Worthless bum says I  
You know I never tried to rip you off  
Never tried to take your life  
Worthless bum says I

If you were me  
And I was you  
Then everything's alright  
We're outta sight

Worthless bum  
Worthless bum  
Worthless bum, says I