

Caught the twelve thirty from ashmont station  
32 ounces with the rum mixed in  
God knows I need it with the way I've been living  
Self medicated, chemical salvation  
Afternoon show up at central station  
When the music hits I don't feel no pain  
Now I'm outside in the cold again trying to find my way

The sun is setting in the combat zone  
The streets are empty all the bars are closed  
And I'm walking thru government center  
Trying to find my way back home

Dodging the cops at the ATMs  
Three third hand suits and a record collection  
From late night raids on the salvation army bins  
Whatever god I pray to must be broke as me  
Got a busted 4 track and a dead end job  
Up at the downs on friday trying to make it pay off  
On a twelve to one, but I got shut out  
Man I'd be late to my own fuckin' funeral  
Read the headlines passing out of town news  
Says the world is still fucked and run by fools  
And it don't seem to matter which drugs you use  
It still turns out the same

This record spins the same old song  
The speaker's blown and the needle's worn  
Don't matter nothing in the end  
They say when you leave  
You can never go home again.