

People II 2: Still Peoplin'?

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If you've been kicked in or abused or mistreated or misused.
You were told there was nowhere to go but up for you.
If you've been hurt or you've been betrayed.
If you've been fucked or you've been displaced.
Then you were told it's probably been your fault anyway.
But when your Hustler subscription and your Xanax prescriptions
Make you feel lonelier instead.
You don't want to hear about all those starving children.
You don't want to be told it's all in your head.
'Cause if it's all in your head, that's terrible.

I saw a junkie laying in a puddle of his own blood last week,
I saw a cyclist get hit by a car.
I saw a homeless guy chug a bottle of mouthwash on Christmas eve.
No, you can never fall too far.
You can buy a Salad Glove, you can buy an iPod.
And you can sell that shit to Bookman's when your wife dies and
you lose your job
You can hope it gets better and you can follow your dreams
But hope is for presidents and dreams are for people who are sleeping.

My friend Erin says it best, "we're all two or three bad decisions away
From becoming the ones that we fear and pity"
And Tony says it's important to bear some witness when you can
And that's not hard to do in the city that I live in.
You don't have it any better and you don't have it any worse.
You're an irreplaceable human soul with your own understanding
of what it means to suffer.
And that's a huge bummer.