

## Soup Kitchen

D.R.I.

Vicious circle's got me down  
Days turn into weeks of hanging out  
Got to shake these soup kitchen blues  
Growing tired of barley cabbage stew

And there being nothing  
Nothing new to do

Dumb and hungry, we make our way  
For free refueling  
Like an alarm clock, our minds know the times  
We plan our lives around the lines

12 P.M. at the soup kitchen  
Talking politics with the bag men  
Forced into their conversations  
Pessimistic contemplations

They tell me of their heart conditions  
Share with me their D.T. Visions  
Damn me with that bad outlook  
Or save me with that Good Book

Vicious circle's got me down  
Weeks turn into months of hanging out  
Got to shake these Haight-Ashbury blues  
Growing tired of Kezar Stadium cruise

And there being nothing  
Nothing new to do

Make the midday pilgrimage  
We travel far and wide  
Going to the soup kitchen  
To swallow some more pride