

Empty Pockets, Empty Fridge

Fiddler's Green

The Day was Crap, i hing around and was feeling lonely
Empty Pockets, Empty Fridge, didn't know just what to do
My breath smelled like a Cigarette Butt, unshaved, my hair was greasy
Headache from the Night before, couldn't Remember anything

Last Night it was Saturday, I sat around, you passed my Way
I've had my problems anyway, just Hide
But now I've got to get away, you sit around and scream all day
And so the Story ends up all the Time

The Day was short, The Night was long, I had no Time for Shavin
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Lost my Keys, slept in the Yard, my Bones were aching bad
I hit the road again next Day, the cigarette pack was empty
My cotton Mouth reminded me I must have had some Fun

Time runs fast, my Life runs slow and I was sick and weary
Lost my Job, My Car broke down, accounts were overdrown
Had no Future, Had no Past, my Life just ran in Circles
My fate stood stil, No Glass to Fill and Troubles every Day