

Broken Cup

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Well the swing set is rusted,
The picture frame's cracked,
The photos have all faded to gray.
The faces you trusted,
Just never came back,
Yes childhood has eroded away.
And the songs that your mother sang,
As she rocked you to sleep,
You howl out of tune when you're drunk.
Wear good shoes on these streets,
Or you'll soon cut your feet,
On a piece of the broken cup.

After so many Johns and Janes,
Have stained your sheets,
Is it habit or thirst brings them back?
After so many pipers,
Have played on these streets,
Who is missed more, the children or the rats?
Yes we've traded our toy choo-choo trains,
And rosary beads,
For a bottle of gin and a fuck.
Now we sit 'round the bar,
Proud of how bored we are,
As we drink from our broken cup.

We sing, 'everything, everything, everything,
Is now permitted.
All the oaths we've taken,
Have been graciously forgotten,
And every sin, every sin,
Is now forgiven.'
And every sip somehow tastes rotten.

So let's drink to the men,
Who forgot what they lost.
They've got the best shoes that money can buy.
And a toast to our impotence,
Our cowardice, our sloth,
Nothing matters, why bother to try?
And three cheers for Mary,
Our virgin, our whore.
If she favors you, it's just dumb luck.
Now I'll lift up my glass,
To a life on our ass.
Brothers, lift your cup high,
While your waiting to die,
May we all find a trace,
A faint echo of grace,
Through the crack in our broken cup.