

## Breadline

Marty Friedman

Ain't got no job  
Ain't got no smoke  
Ain't got a car  
His life's a joke  
Living on the skids  
Thinks the world's just fine  
Forgot what he did  
Dancing on the breadline  
No one there to bind him  
Nothing to remind him  
Nowhere left to find him  
About to lose his lifeline  
He's dancing on the breadline  
Forgot who he is  
Forgot who he was  
Used to call the shots  
Now he can't connect the dots  
A mover and shaker  
Getting closer to his maker  
Lower than a hemline  
Dancing on the breadline  
No one there to bind him  
Nothing to remind him  
Nowhere left to find him  
About to lose his lifeline  
He's looking for a headline  
Sniffing up the white lines  
He's dancing on the breadline  
Watch him dance  
About to lose his lifeline  
He's looking for a headline  
Sniffing up the white lines  
He's dancing on the breadline  
About to lose his lifeline  
He's dancing on the breadline  
No one, nothing, nowhere  
Dancing on the breadline  
He forgot and he ain't got nothing