

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