

## The Daily Grind

No Use for a Name

Another morning and I'm awake  
The same old thing on a different day  
I want to drive but my tank is dry  
But the ground is wet with rain  
Greedy people are pushing me  
Needy people in misery  
It's a push & shove community  
But how the hell can I complain

On the other side of town  
People are sleeping on the ground  
Look not far and you will find  
A tragedy, the daily grind

Seems like when the times are tough  
That hope is down and the price goes up  
There's not enough jobs to fill a cup  
And the streets are filled with shame  
Here I am in a traffic jam  
And ugly faces stare me down  
They call this the right side of town  
But still I can't complain

On the other side of town  
People are sleeping on the ground  
Fighting wars that can't be won  
Twelve year-old boy with a gun  
Look not far and you will find  
A tragedy, the daily grind