

A Street Man Named Desire

Pirates of the Mississippi

The assembly plant moved to Mexico
The domestic sales started getting slow
But the bills kept pouring in me
And Beck took it on the chin

And the day the landlord threw us out
Becky she threw in the towel
She had enough at last
Of these modern grapes of wrath

Saddam Hussein still has a job but I don't
Tonight he'll sleep in a big warm bed but I won't
You'll see me standing in front of a bus stop both
With a sign that reads will work for food
And later I'll take my place around the trash barrel fire
Where's the pot of gold for a street man named desire

It seems like a million years ago
I faced each day full of hope
Honest labor with my hands
Making a livin', making plans

Well, I never was much at drinking before
But these days its all that
Keeps me warm
Its still hard to believe
This could ever happen to me

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The President still has a job but I don't
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And later I'll take my place around the trash barrel fire
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