

## 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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With a sign that reads will work for food

And later I'll take my place around the trash barrel fire  
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