

Quiet Desperation

Scatman John

You're sitting on a milk mornin' noon and night
Fantisizin' the American dream
You're lookin' pretty good and you've got yourself convinced
That the nightmare isn't as bad as it seems
You try your best to hide yourself beneath your turned up collar
And a plastic bag is all you've got to show
And your books inside your shopping cart
Is probably the best education you're ever gonna know (Hmm)

The guy in the Mercedes is just hollered with the dollar
Better grab it 'cause the signal's turnin' green
And while you're at it put the jug behind the picket fence
'Cause the cop that's drivin' by sho'looking mean
Institution, contribution, restitution, destitution
Doesn't mean a thing to you now
You're the freeway feature
For your audience are driving by
So maybe you should stand and take a bow

You're living in desperation
And you never have felt complete
You live in anticipation
Of another day on the street, sing with me

[Scatting by Scatman John]

You're sitting in the same spot
You want to go home
But there ain't no home but home on the range
You've forgotten what you look like and it looks like you've forgotten
That the look inside your eye is very strange
Ain't nothing left to hide
You're stripped of all your pride and all you feel inside
Is a hole a mile wide
You're the freedom desperado
And the perfect living model
Of a land that hasn't any good excuse

You're living in desperation
And you never have felt complete
You live in anticipation
Of another day on the street, sing with me

[Scatting by Scatman John]

Sittin' on your milkcrate, blanket wrapped around you
I see you sitting day after day
I really like to talk but I know if I approached you
You'd probably get up and walk away
You're wishin' that your home of the American dream
Wasn't only smoke and exhaust
I love you desperado and all I gotta say
You let me know how much I really lost

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