

Beggars and Choosers

Soul Asylum

Right before the aftermath, I saw where it would end
They said it was an accident, I guess that all depends
On who you talk to and who you know
And where you come from and where... where you go (where you go)

In your crowd of pushers and users
Takers and losers
Beggars and- beggars and-
Beggars and choosers

Your childhood days are over as you stuff your shirt and say
"Made a choice and wrong or right, it's this way I will stay"
You'll sell it to your children, you'll sell it to your wife
Buying is your business, and selling, it's your life

It's your life

In your crowd of pushers and users
Takers and losers
Beggars and- beggars and-
Beggars and choosers

The vultures are all circling around your window now
Scavengers, evangelists will get to you somehow
Your mother and your ex-
best friend, letters that you never send
Your illegitimate children are coming for you now

They're always tracking you down, it's looking like a showdown
Between revenge and the ends you can't defend

Can you try to imagine, a story that has no end?
I think you'd better steal it while you still understand it
Sell it to one of your friends