

Outcast

William Clark Green

Excuse me mister, can I bum a light
Or fifty cents, can I catch a ride
Downtown, just bumming around

I'm cold and hungry, you don't care
I lost my family to drugs and beer
I'm alone, I ain't got no home

I'm just an outcast, white trash
Hanging around the fill-in station begging for cash
Amphetamines, and cocaine
I feel the power running through my veins.

I went to this church on down the road
They took me in gave me food and clothes
And I was thankful but no one could tell

There were no goodbyes when I left that church
I stole the collection I felt no remorse
I know I'm going to hell

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