## 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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