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Title: Homeless

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When the weatherman says sunshine but the beams don't touch your window-sill
When the weatherman says sunshine and the beams don't never touch your window-sill
You know the good times didn't get you and you know that the hard times will

All my money gone, everyday there's a knocking on the door
All my money gone, everyday there's a loud knocking on the door
It's that mean old rent collector-man, he's coming back to get himself some more

All my money gone
All my money gone
Man says: you gotta pay your bills now
Or I have to put y'all out on the street

Dancing 'round the golden calf
People don't see the writing on the wall
When you're down so low, you know
You ain't got so far to fall
In this city full of plenty
Some folks just got a piece of street and that's all

See them poor homeless people
Shoving grocery-carts along the street
Carry everything they own
In a grocery-cart they shove along the street
See them lie in the gutter
Lost their hope, lost their pride and dignity