

Adam Lambert

"Quiet Desperation"

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Quiet Desperation

You're sitting on a milk mornin' noon and night

Fantisizin' the American dream

You're lookin' pretty good and you've got yourself
conviced

That the nightmare isn't a s 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 hard on 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 copper's driving past you lookin' 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

Your 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

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

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