

Fiddler's Green

"Empty Pockets Empty Fridge"

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The Day was Crap, I hing around and was feeling lonely
Empty Pockets, Empty Fridge, didn't know just what to
do

My breath smelled like a Cigarette Butt, unshaved, my
Hair was greasy
Headache from the Night before, couldn't Remember
Anything

Last Night it was Saturday, I sat around, you passed my
Way
I've had my problems anyway, just Hide
But now I've got to get away, you sit around and
scream
All day
And so the Story ends up all the Time

The Day was short, The Night was long, I had no Time
for
Shaving
Lost my Keys, slept in the Yard, my Bones were aching
bad
I hit the road again next Day, the cigarette pack was
Empty
My cotton Mouth reminded me I must have had some
Fun

Time runs fast, my Life runs slow and I was sick and
weary
Lost my Job, My Car broke down, accounts were
overdrown
Had no Future, Had no Past, my Life just ran in Circles
My fate stood stil, No Glass to Fill and Troubles every
Day

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