

Five Iron Frenzy "Were Zero Meets Fifteen"

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My car broke down in Arizona, have to ride the bus
again, at ten-o-clock on
Tuesday night, with thirteen cents and a broken pen.
I put my backpack on the bench, tell two people i dont
smoke, see the cop
across the street, he thinks that am selling dope.
I could have walked another block, to get away from
the scene.
Why does it always come to this, where the zero meets
fifteen?
And so i gave my thirteen cents, to the man who peed
his pants.
He passes out and falls on me, i watch my change fall
from his hands.
I see the lady next to me, holds her baby black and
blue.
The junkie gutter-punks keep asking, where i got my
new tatoo.
What does it matter anyway, thirteen cents or all I own?
HOW can i ever save the world, on cup-o-soup and
student loans?
I want to try and save the world, but it never goes that
way.
God i dont know what to do, down oat Colfax and
Broadway.

Now the man with no shoes on, says i dont know how to
play.
He says i fumble all the time.
He thinks that i am John Elway.
I put my face down in my hands, water wells inside my
eyes.
What do i have to give them?
Does it matter if i try?
I cant stand to see you suffer, i try to intellectualize, a
formula to end
your pain, it doesnt work, God knows Ive tried.
Sometimes myu cup is overfilled.
Sometimes Im to afradi that Im going to spill.

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