

Five Iron Frenzy

"Where The Zero Meets The 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 I am selling dope,
I could have walked another block,
to get away from the scene.
Why does it always come to this,
where 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 hand.
I see the lady next to me,
holds her baby black blue.
The junkie gutter-punks keeps asking,
where I got my new tattoo.
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 at 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 you pain,
it doesnt work,
God knows Ive tried.
Sometimes my cup is overfilled.
Sometimes Im too afraid that Im going to spill.

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