

Five Iron Frenzy

"Where 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
don't 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 don't know what to do, down at Colfax and
Broadway.
Now the man with no shoes on, says I don't 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 can't stand to see you suffer, I try to
intellectualize,
a formula to end you pain, it doesn't work,
God knows I've tried. Sometimes my cup is
overfilled.
Sometimes I'm too afraid that I'm going to spill.

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