

Brother Alaska "Poor Man"

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I see him walking down the lonely street,
Torn clothes and his bleeding feet,
Walking the street with his head down,
Sick of being driven into the ground,
Can't walk five metres without an evil stare,
Searching his soul for a bit of despair,
Trying desperately to mix with the crowd,
Suddenly he screams out loud,
I am the poor man,
I am the poor man,
I am the poor man,
Sitting on the corner watching people go by,
Stomachs empty and his mouth is dry,
Doesn't like doing it but he has to survive,
He gets down on his knees and begs,
Screams out with a ghastly plea,
Why wont anyone bloody help me,
They just walk past and stare and laugh at him,
His life sucks, it's looking really grim,
I am the poor man,
I am the poor man,
I am the poor man,
Arrives at his shelter very late,
Finds the doors locked no bed for the night,
The sky opens up and it begins to rain,
Grabs some papers and lid of a garbage can,
Sitting in the rain soaking wet,
Hating his life wishing he was dead,
Can't stand the poverty,
Sick of misery,
Points to his heart with his poor mans knife,
Doesn't need to think twice then takes his life,
He was the poor man,
He was the poor man,
He was the poor man,
I am the Lizard King, i can do everything

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