

J Church "Travelers"

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They were standing in broken doorways,
Trying to hide their faces,
Trying to hide from the chilling, chilling hand of light,
But the blue light circled back on them,
They were blinded by the light,
Another night of not getting away,
Me, I was just walking down the street,
Just trying to kill some time,
"Not me sir, I'm just trying to find something to eat,
While I'm here I'm taking in the sights",
At 17th and Mission, there is just one distinction,
They'll tell you anything you want to hear at half the
price,
Another stranded traveller,
She knew she was travelling nowhere,
But now she's getting restless waiting on the side,
At first I turned away and didn't want to hear,
Didn't want to believe she was alive,
But somewhere under the nicotine was a voice,
It almost sounded sweet,
But the words were "Half and half for \$25"

They come here almost every day,
They come from all around the bay,
Trying to fill a void inside with fragments of broken
glass,
Laughter trapped in silence,
Laughter sounds like violence,
At times the sound is deafening, deafening,
But I had to walk away,
I convinced myself I was above it,
Three AM and I start to feel annoyed,
Like the show around Christmas time I watched when I
was a kid,
With an island inhabited by broken toys

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