## Jackyl "Mister Can You Spare A Dime"

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All right people
Step right up
Don't be afraid to throw that change...
Me and my buddy are going to play you a tune
Goes something like this
I got a friend that lives in the city, in New York City
He puts a brown bag under his arm
Walks down the street till he gets to big box
Crawls inside and has a seat in a cardboard box in the city
New York City and Stop.

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He always finds the cheap wine It's liquid heat but it make a meal Finally takes a drink and shakes his head No life's not pretty in the city, New York City

Life's ladder is so hard to climb So want cha spare a moment of your time I'll do a dance or sing you a rhyme and say Hey mister can you spare a dime?

Well I'm standing on the edge of insanity
Looking over the edge
Things look greener on the other side
Sit around and worry about things
Wonder why till I literally brake down and cry
And it seems if though I've reached out
And slapped the world on the balls
Grabbed it by the throat
And slammed it up against the wall

Life's ladder is so hard to climb So want cha spare a moment of your time I'll do a dance or sing you a rhyme and say Hey mister can you spare a dime?

Take it on back to Georgia boys... Heah Mr Worley...

So if your looking down on me and don't like what you see

I've been around a time or two and I'll make a fool of you

And so what if I reached out and slapped the world on the balls

Grab me by the throat and slam me up against the wall...

Life's ladder is so hard to climb So want cha spare a moment of your time I'll do a dance or sing you a rhyme and say Hey mister ...Hey Mister

Life's ladder is so hard to climb So want cha spare a moment of your time I'll do a dance or sing you a rhyme and say Hey mister ...Hey Mister ...Hey Mister Can you space a dime

Give it up

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