

# Joyslam

## "Empty"

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I'm sitting here alone in my house  
Got no money stone cold broke  
Ain't got nothing to do  
Might as well get pissed  
Oh yeah, I got no money not even for a beer

So it's down to me and the 4 walls  
No company, so conversations small  
Can't say there's too much to talk about anyway  
Frozen to the bone and I can't think straight

Woke up this morning, decided to dress  
Brushed my teeth and even combed my hair  
Thought a little breakfast wouldn't be out of text  
Started the searching and I couldn't find a piece of bread

CHOURS:  
Empty stomach  
Holes in my pocket  
Got to fill 'em one way or another

I think tomorrow, I'll get myself a job  
Maybe in an office, 9 to 5 sounds real good  
Landlord knocking at the door, pretend I'm not in  
Ain't got no more excuses, ain't got the balls to face him

So it's down to me and the 4 walls  
No company, so conversations small  
Can't say there's too much to talk about anyway  
Frozen to the bone and I can't think straight

CH

M-8:  
Scat/Ad-libs

SOLO

Woke up this morning, decided to dress  
Thought a little breakfast wouldn't be... out of text

Started the searching and I got into this real distress  
Couldn't even find myself a piece of funky bread

CH x 2/Ad-libs

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