

Mankind

"Rude Awakenings"

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a rusty carriage with personal belongings
accommodations in a cardboard shelter
wretched clothes to insulate warmth
a soup kitchen line in frigid weather
beg and plead for passers' change
provides your food for this hard days work
live day-by-day, don't consider tomorrow
yesterday's paper will be today's comfort
now there's a dying man living on the streets
he's freezing and ill with nothing on his feet
under the bridge is where he stays
on a bed of trash is where he lays
doesn't ask for much but sincerity
when he begs for spare change so that he can feed
but you kick him down, what gives you the right
then the question's asked, "Why don't they value life?"
reluctantly living on the street
though for some it's not their fault
they had a disease that they could not stop
born schizophrenic right from the start
they sit on the bench and count the clouds
they don't know what's real or who they are
while you lift your nose and walk right by
you laugh and say that they're just insane
never asked for poverty, never asked for disease
never asked for you to push them down to their knees
why do you turn them away, are you that afraid
your attitude only helps them dig their grave
homeless, cold, diseased and alone
you take for granted that you have a home
they once did too but if you only knew
how people judged them as they grew
maybe the majority is on drugs
and maybe they do it for survival
maybe it's for the warmth they supply
or for the feeling that they give all
to put a smile on their face
make them feel good and not disgraced
gives you the image that they're all crazed
when your greed is what put them there in the first
place
maybe death for them is better on drugs

'cause the pain without them is just too much
turned to for the security they provide
is better than living a painful life
you say that they are just all bums
drink and drugs are all they love
well they'd love life just like you
if they were given the chance too

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(Before I save this file and spread it around, I just want to mention that it is one of THE best records I own. The lyrics, while seemingly off-rhythm and grammatically garbled at times, strike right to the heart and mind, as you have just seen. The music, while not too complex, is hauntingly catchy and has a quality of growing on you. Anyway, I hope to type up some more lyrics soon by The Pist, Aus Rotten, Brutally Familiar and Progress. If you have any requests, you can email me at the address given at the top of this file. Also, just a word of warning, I wrote a 4-page letter to the band at their PO Box, and after a month I have still not received a reply, either a phone call or a letter. And having met Picasso several times at shows, I can definitely say that his attitude problem is not at all reflective of his intelligent and insightful lyrics. Oh well. I'm out).

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