

Marah

"Poor People"

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We should not be livin'™ this life like this
The sink is chokin'™ on onion skins
While flies give birth in our breadbins
Box fans exhuming humidity's™ wind
And we will be forgotten
In a life like this

In the morning the TV cheers
As daytime soaps become our careers
A lifetime messin'™ with the rabbit ears
And we're™ tuning into nothing
This ain't™ life like this

We should not be livin'™ this life like this
The mice are crazy from paint chip crumbs
As the iron lung of the icebox hums
There's™ cool ranch dust on our lunchtime thumbs
And we treat each other rotten
This ain't™ life like this

We're™ poor people
We're™ poor, we're™ poor
We walk down to the corner store
We walk across the sticky floor
We're™ poor people
We're™ poor, we're™ poor
/]

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