

## Snowden

# "Between The Rent And Me"

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You were just swinging like a dime  
Posing with no reason and no rhyme  
Did you help me find the long way home?  
Sing me songs that I did not know?  
I'd been waking up for quite some time  
Workers breaking pavement outside  
Then one day at the bus stop getting high  
All legs and all hair dye

This is where I realize  
My trouble comes with bluest eyes  
Now when I walk in the room you know it's all I can do  
To stare at the floor and not to look at you  
What do you think I am leaning on the wall?  
What do you think I am, or do you think at all?

This is where I realize  
My trouble comes with bluest eyes  
Now when I walk in the room you know it's all I can do  
To stare at the floor and not to look at you  
I flavor to taste because taste is free  
There are so few things between the rent and me

You were standing outside of the lines  
You were just swinging like a dime  
You were something of a charity  
And I wanted you to give some to me  
But what do you think I am, the smoke in your clothes?  
What do you think I am, or do you think at all?

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