

## **The Riot Before "The Cheapest Cigarettes"**

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Two tall cans and the cheapest cigarettes to relieve  
An honest man and another honest day of working.  
It'll help him through the night;  
It'll help him get some sleep.

Then he's up again and he's standing on the corner  
hoping  
His dirty hands can once again earn him a living.  
Then it's to the liquor store  
Another night spent on the street

Then a thought occurs to me  
With a knot inside my throat I balance on  
A rope thinner than feet a thousand feet above  
A canyon floor with one exception;  
Everyone can clearly see the safety net waiting  
For my falling body.

Look deep inside of muscles sore; there's acid eating  
But there's still life in spite of everything retreating  
Because a day of work still beats  
Not having any days at all.

What good is pride? It never stopped a stomach aching  
What good are rights when all you want is to be eating?  
A little shelter from the rain  
A little comfort in the cold  
A stubborn thought it sickens me

And I never learned a better lesson  
Than what I can't articulate about a smile and a sense  
of something better  
In what should be desolate and desperate  
Disenfranchised and disappointing and so distraught

I'm a fake a fraud a phony every step I take  
In a broken smile, he reminded me  
My net is bigger than a falling body.  
My hands are clean but my soul is dirty.

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