

Vomiturition "Trifle"

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Day by day, every morning
To the same place he arrives
Same clothes, same old hat
A bottle in a paper bag

People going to work
Or to buy a newspaper
They never wonder why
Does he sit here

He used to have a life
All he has are memories
And people passing by

His name is known
That's all they want to know
Just looking to somewhere else
Thinking (about) problems of their own
Then one day the place was emptied
No bottle, no man or paperbag

Still something in there reminds of him
An abandoned ol wretched hat...

Something that has always
Been in there and gone
Almost everything's unchanged
Life is just the same

People go to work
Or to buy a newspaper
They just wonder why
Does he (usually) sit in there

He used to have ambitions
He use to have a life
All he has are memories
And people passing by

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