

John Pippus "Shopping Cart Joe"

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Leaning in to an April wind
Sifting through my past
Funny how the time takes things away
One wrong turn too many
And I guess I lost the thread
I didn't plan to end up this way

Shopping Cart Joe
That's what they call me
That's all they know

Slamming doors and social workers
The neighborhood disgrace
I wish I never took it out on her
Beer on tap and small cigars
Are my only friends
I got swallowed by my pride

Shopping Cart Joe
That's what they call me
That's all they know

If you only knew what I could do
When I was on my game
I bet you'd want to be my friend
If you only knew what I was like
When I was seventeen
I bet you'd want to be my friend

Counting off the city blocks
Adding up the dimes
Trying to keep the angry voices low
Pissing on a miracle
But hoping for a change
I'd just settle for piece of mind

Shopping Cart Joe...

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