

Asylum Soul

"Beggars And Choosers"

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Right before the aftermath, I saw where it would end.

They said it was an accident, I guess that all depends

On who you talk to and who you know,

And where you come from and where - where you go.

In your crowd of pushers and users, takers and
losers,

Beggars and beggars and beggars and choosers.

Your childhood days are over as you stuff your shirt
and say

Made a choice it's wrong or right, it's this way I will stay.

You'll sell it to your children, you'll sell it to your wife.

Buying is your business, and selling is your life, It's
your life.

The vultures are all circling around you

Scavengers, evangelists will get to you some how.

Your mother and your ex-best friend, letters that you
never send.

Your illegitimate children are coming for you now.

They're always dragging you down, it's looking like a
showdown,

Between revenge and in the end you can't defend.

Can you try to imagine, a story that has no end?

I think you better steal it while you still understand it,

And sell it to one of your friends

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