

## William Clark Green

### "Outcast"

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Excuse me mister, can I bum a light  
Or fifty cents, can I catch a ride  
Downtown, just bumming around

I'm cold and hungry, you don't care  
I lost my family to drugs and beer  
I'm alone, I ain't got no home

I'm just an outcast, white trash  
Hanging around the fill-in station begging for cash  
Amphetamines, and cocaine  
I feel the power running through my veins.

I went to this church on down the road  
They took me in gave me food and clothes  
And I was thankful but no one could tell

There were no goodbyes when I left that church  
I stole the collection I felt no remorse  
I know I'm going to hell

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