

The Acc?sed "Down And Out"

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On doorsteps and in alleyways
I see these fools passed out
At any time of the day
Crashed out in a bed of piss
Empty bottle cradled in their arms.

So tell me
Who's job is it to tend these few people?
Back to self-sufficiency and respect
I turn my head it puts chills in my heart
If I give you some change to clear my mind
Would I have played my part?
There's a man who has a dream
But never seems to make it
'Cause everytime he gets some, someone tries to take
it.

A second chance at life, no one will give him
In an alley wat is where he's livin'
You see him there you walk by laughing and smirking
Thinking to yourself it's only his fault, he ain't working.

That might be true but it's only half the story so
Kick back while we tell you his story.
He came back from the war a veteran
The only thing he learned to do was kill and shoot a
gun.
That comes in handy when you're fighting a war
But when you came back to society you need much
more.
So all he had was terror in his mind
No job skills so a job he couldn't find.
The only thing he had was memories
Of his friends being killed and crying and dying babies.

So he grabbed bottle for an escape
From all the mental torment that the war had made.
Now you're calling him a bum 'cause he can't get none
While you're sitting at home not willing to get some.

Sharing and caring is what he needs now

Some support for his marals, some help for his ego.
So he can go to the top where every man can
And all he really needs is a helping hand.

So tell me
Who's job is it to tend these few people?
Back to self-sufficiency and respect
I turn my head it puts chills in my heart
If I give you some change to clear my mind
Would I have played my part?

Cold dark and lonely
Broken and abused
Homeless hungry and hated
Forgotten
Only remembered on the streets
And they're down, down and out.

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