

Trash Can Sinatras

"Useless"

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Just off the boat
They pushed down a spending spree
I've spied and I've caught
A taxi to half-way home, I've miles, miles, miles to go

I gave the bar room boys
A lesson in making sure you walk home alone
With the dregs of your dignity to keep you company

A lull in language left my words stale
Flying bare faced I began to hate the sound of my own
voice
Some are born in heaven
Some are born in Irvine
And then the door is as far as they will go

Another chorus line urge
Crushed by the coast line quirks
Who've held their high tide
Since leaving their problems in the secondary modern

A man who tried harder than I
Boldly crossed to one side he said
'Hang on to your head I'll help you through'
Some are born in heaven
Some are born in Irvine
And then the door is as far as they will go

With an old hand on a young brow
He said 'I must go'
And I asked 'show me how'
Put one foot on the gravy train and
You'll get there
But I never left home- I just stayed downstairs

They told me something I already knew
They covered my frame in black and blue
They wrote underneath the conclusion they drew
Useless is just something beginning with you
Useless is just something beginning with you
Useless is just something beginning with you

Beginning with you

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