

WON'T HAVE FAR TO CRAWL

By John Lipinski

It has once been said, ya know we ain't too proud to beg
When you got nothing, and you're bound to fall
And life's been really hard, and we ran that last yard
Without anyone, who ever counted at all
And nobody's still around, cuz, nobody wants a booze hound
For a neighbor, and there isn't anyone to call
And there's no place like home, when you're homeless
And you don't have far to crawl

And I don't have much to lose, if there's nothin' left to gain
Just another bottle of booze, to help ease the pain
You know I've worked for food before, once or twice, as I recall
It was just around the corner, so I wouldn't have far to crawl

The story, so it goes, everybody knows, at eighteen
I left home, to fight in a war
With pride, I held my head high, never wondering why
I'm a soldier, no less and no more
But saw too many bad things, that no one should have to endure
The bodies mounted up, and no one's keeping score
And I was just following orders
It wasn't what we'd bargained for

And now the government gives me money, to try to take some blame
But it can't replace the memories, or help ease my shame
And if you touch my shopping cart, you know were probably gonna brawl
And if you knock me down again, I won't have far to crawl
Cause very soon, I'll be drunk again, and won't have far to crawl