

Mad Ones

There's music in the language of the mad ones
Screamin' obscenities at everyone
Yellin' at god why did they make them
Why is the sidewalk so cold

E A
E A
D G
D Ennnnn

It's too cold who you lookin' at?
You got enough to eat lookin' kind a fat
I'm skin and bones just look at me
Too busy with your phone you can't see

CM FM
CM FM
Am Em
Am Ennnnn

Or hear the music that I'm singin'
The prayer for your soul to heaven
The fact I've not got socks
Slippers thin I feel the rocks
of the surface of the sidewalk

Break

I don't want your attention can't help myself
I'm not asking for anything you can't help
You'd have to care and we know you don't
Cross the street so you don't walk by
and smell me

I pick through the rags in the bins
If it almost fits that's what I'm wearin'
I can't care what it looks like I know you do
Listen to the music I'm singin' to you

Even though you might not think it is
It's a song of hope for better days
That my mind will mend itself
And I'll no longer bother you.