

## Evening News

He opens his eyes but can't rise and shine 'cause life is too hard.

But the hot sun comes up just like on any other day.

Now there's a boy with a gun standin' down in the school yard.

And it's for sure that he ain't there to play.

A single Mom presses both her palms into her red eyes.

A fat cat sits back enjoyin' livin' off his dividends.

One percent class bleedin' out the masses 'till they're bone dry.

And if there's change it's just different, but the same once again.

A cold dread washes over me. It's feeling like the end.

Mourn the loss of sanity. I need the touch of a friend.

A young man goes out looking for a hand out on the cold streets.

A hard crowd ignores him, they say that he's just a bum.

TV news anytime we choose to view it from our warm seats.

With endless streams of substances to keep us numb.

A cold dread washes over me. It's feeling like the end.

Mourn the loss of humanity. I need the touch of a friend.