

## Work For Food

Dramarama

Yeah well no one really understands,  
A shopping cart is filled with cans,  
And a top hat, and a snare drum, and a horn  
And a poster and some magazines  
With my picture, and some magic beans  
And a blanket that I got when I was born

Different people do the same things everyday  
And I just look the other way  
But I keep on rollin', I keep on rollin'.....  
I deny a problem with my attitude  
Cause I will work for food  
Yeah I keep on rollin', I keep on rollin'.....

I wasn't always pararnoid,  
Sang a song on Uncle Floyd,  
But the records, never sold, and that was bad.  
And my Mommy still took care of me,  
Till I was almost thirty-three  
Now she's gone up to heaven, to see Dad.

Sheriffs came with pistols and on their stary sleeves  
Gimme thirty days to leave  
And I keep on rollin', I keep on rollin'.....  
No one wants to pay for me my broken heart  
So now I've got this shopping cart  
And I keep on rollin', I jeep on rollin'....  
On..on,and on,and on,and on,and on...

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