

Mister, Can You Spare A Dime

Jackyl

All right people, step right up
Don't be afraid to throw that change
Me and my buddy gonna play you a tune
Goes something like this
I got a friend that lives in the city, in New York City
Puts a brown bag under his arm
Walks down the street till he gets into a big box
Crawls inside and has a sea, t in a cardboard box
In the city, New York City stop
Two, three, four
He always finds the cheap wine
Its liquid heat but it makes a meal
Finally takes a drink and he shakes his head
No, life's not pretty in the city, New York City
Life's ladder is so hard to climb
So won't you spare a moment of your time
I'll do a dance, sing you a rhyme
And say, 'Hey mister, can you spare a dime?'
Well, I'm standing on the edge of insanity
Looking over the edge
Things look greener on the other side
Sit around and worry about things
Wonder why, till I literally breakdown and cry
And it seems as though I've reached out
And slapped the world on the balls
Grabbed it by the throat
Slammed it up against the wall
Life's ladder is so hard to climb
So won't you spare a moment of your time
I'll do a dance, sing you a rhyme
And say, 'Hey mister, can you spare a dime?'
Take it on back to Georgia boys, yeah
Mr Worley
So if you're looking down on me
Don't like what you see
I've been around a time or two
And I'll make a fool of you
And so what if I reached out
And slapped the world on the balls
Grab me by the throat
And slam me up against the wall
Life's ladder is so hard to climb
So won't you spare a moment of your time
I'll do a dance, sing you a rhyme
And say, hey mister, hey mister
Life's ladder is so hard to climb
So won't you spare a moment of your time
I'll do a dance, sing you a rhyme
And say, 'Hey mister, hHey mister, hey mister, can you spare a dime'
Give it up