

## **Worthless**

Two quarters in my hand, nothing else in my pocket  
I'm a wild horse pawing at the cracked dead earth  
The stoplight turning and a long white lincoln  
Goes screaming by, the bass line lingers

It's hot as the devil, the rubber and the metal  
Black smell of something burning  
I never did wrong, i never did gamble  
Til the day you called me worthless

Two quarters in my hand, nothing else in my pocket  
I'm a fuse box sparking in the summer grass  
I'm a hooded figure, a crazy killer  
I'm a dead man walking on the overpass

It's hot as the devil, the asphalt melting  
The sweat wet smell of danger  
I never did wrong, i never was tempted  
Til the day you named my anger

Two quarters in my hand, nothing else in my pocket  
I'm a count-down rocket in a cloud of smoke  
My fists are clenched, my whole body tense  
My mouth screwed up, my eyes half closed

It's hot as the devil, a screaming kettle  
The bassline slowly burning  
I never did wrong, I was kind and careful  
Til the day you called me worthless



