

Edna's Goldfish, Just Less

What little faith I have in the human spirit
Seems like everybody's in it to win it
Poor brushed aside
Rich come on inside
Take a bite, eat the bread, eat the gold eat your own

Well it doesn't matter if your faceless
heartless, or just less
Well it doesn't matter if your faceless
hopeless, or just less

You're Just Less

Dirt and Filth crawls up my walls
Night falls, nobody cares so nobody calls
Trapped in my room with the locks on the inside
Scared to take another look on the outside

The ink from my pen flows quick as I hear another go down
outside my window

Take a look and there's nothing there at all

A thousand sounds I want to hear them all
Smells that I can't bear, Looks that turn to stares
And I wonder where it all came from