

# Fiddler's Green, Empty Pockets, Empty Fridge

The Day was Crap, i hing around and was feeling lonely  
Empty Pockets,Empty Fridge, didn't know just what to do  
My breath smelled like a Cigarette Butt,unshaved,my hair was greasy  
Headache from the Night before, couldn't Remember anything

Last Night it was Saturday, I sat around, you passed my Way  
I've had my problems anyway, just Hide  
But now I've got to get away, you sit around and scream allday  
And so the Story ends up all the Time

The Day was short, The Night was long, I had no Time for Shaving  
Lost my Keys, slept in the Yard, my Bones were aching bad  
I hit the road again next Day, the cigarette pack was empty  
My cotton Mouth reminded me I must have had some Fun

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Time runs fast,my Life runs slow and I was sick and weary  
Lost my Job, My Car broke down, accounts were overdrown  
Had no Future, Had no Past, my Life just ran in Circles  
My fate stood stil, No Glass to Fill and Troubles every Day

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And so the Story ends up all the Time