

When I get home it's late at night,
I'm black and bloody from my life,
I haven't time to clean my hands,
Cuts will only sting me through my dreams.

It's well past midnight as I lie
In a semi-conscious state.
I dream of people fighting me
Without any reason I can see.

In the morning I awake,
My arms my legs my body aches,
The sky outside is wet and grey
So begins another weary day.
So begins another weary day.

After eating I go out,
People passing by me shout.
I can't stand this agony
Why don't they talk to me?

In the park I have to rest
I lie down and I do my best,
The rain is falling on my face
I wish I could sink without a trace.

In the morning I awake,
My arms my legs my body aches,
The sky outside is wet and grey,
So begins another weary day.
So begins another weary day.

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